THE MAGAZINE OF TEN MILLION

SMITH'S MAGAZINE



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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME Vol. II

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1868-37th YEAR-

What the Editor has to say

IN Chicago they have a mayor who stands definitely committed to the principle of municipal ownership. In New York there are certainly enough people in favor of it to form a party of respectable size. People are talking about it, pro and con, all over the country. Experts from foreign lands have had their expenses paid here in order that they might look into conditions and advise us. There is no doubt that at all elections, for some time to come, municipal ownership will be discussed at great length. Just at present the American people are through with the tariff as a point on which to divide. A great many of them think that there is something radically wrong with existing conditions, and recommend municipal ownership as the cure.

43

N spite of all the talk, however, the notions of how municipal ownership is to be effected and put into operation are still very vague. The foreign expert who considered the problem in Chicago left the majority of Americans about as wise in regard to the question of municipal ownership as they were before his arrival. Those who are violently in favor of the system, or violently opposed to it, spend little time discussing how it could be managed, but expend all their energy shouting for or against it. In the meantime, the average American citizen, who has no particular ax to grind, is likely to become

bewildered with the clamor. He feels fairly certain that if the government owned certain public faculties, he would be benefited. He is not at all certain as to just what things should be municipally owned or how the change should be brought about. He wants very much to learn some of the details of the system—to hear how it has worked in other countries and how its disciples propose to work it in this country.

1A

IT was with the idea of giving a clear, comprehensive outline of the subject that we persuaded Mr. Gaylord Wilshire to write the article which we will publish in the next month's issue, entitled "Municipal Ownership-Its Meaning." Mr. Wilshire himself is in favor of a great many reforms. He has been denounced as a socialist for a good many years, and he himself issues a magazine devoted to the interests of socialism. He was one of the first to call for municipal ownership in this country, He is probably better posted on the subject than anyone in the United States, and in the article which he has written for Smith's, he has handled the whole matter as clearly and comprehensively as it can be handled in a magazine article. You will find it interesting reading. It has none of the dry mustiness that usually surrounds the writer on political economy, and it contains a good many hard facts that will surprise you.

NEXT month's issue of SMITH'S MAGAZINE will be the Christmas number. It will be the first Christmas number we have ever issued. Like the baby mentioned in the Sunday-school recitation, we have "never seen Christmas before." Unlike this baby, however, we are making vigorous preparations, with a view to bringing out an issue worthy of the holiday season. Our idea of celebrating the holidays is to give each of our readers a present in the shape of a better and bigger and more interesting magazine than they expect.

has a different view on the subject. "What Was the Star of Bethlehem?" is an article by Ray Hamilton to appear in next month's issue. The astronomers have their own explanation for the star in the east. No astronomical discovery ever made has been so important to mankind as the discovery made nineteen hundred and five years ago by the wise men in the East. Mr. Hamilton's article will be profusely illustrated, and will show and tell you as much about the star as can be told nowadays.

BEGINNING with the next issue, Mr. Charles Battell Loomis will appear regularly in SMITH'S. The work that he is going to do is one in which we have an especial interest. We feel that he has a message for the readers in SMITH'S. What he is going to do for us we will leave you to find out. We feel that you will agree with us in considering it an important and neces-

looked like. Perhaps each one of us

sary feature of the magazine.

W E all have heard of the three wise men from the East; how they saw the star and followed it; how it lead them to the manger of Bethlehem. We have all imagined what the star

MALLACE IRWIN will have a funny nautical poem, called "Trade Winds," in next month's SMITH'S. Arthur Morrison, author of "Tales of Mean Streets," will contribute an exceptionally strong and vivid story. Lilian Bell will discuss "The Ethics of Flirtation." There will be a striking picture and character sketch by Charles E. Hughes, the lawyer who has sprung into fame through the recent life insurance investigations. Channing Pollock will discuss the present theatrical season, and Grace Margaret Gould will tell girls how to get their Christmas things at moderate cost. The fashion department will be larger and more fully illustrated, and there will be jokes, short stories, serials and special articles of unusual merit and interest.



THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF

The Popular Magazine

WILL MARK A DISTINCT ADVANCE OVER THOSE WHICH HAVE PRECEDED IT; AND YOU MUST KNOW—YOU, PERSONALLY—HOW GOOD THEY HAVE BEEN.

The Complete Novel will be a strong, virile story, dealing with the diplomatic field—a subject as yet comparatively untouched by the best writers of fiction. It is entitled

"The Craft o' Kings"

and is full of action and incident. The author is Louis Joseph Vance, author of the well-known book, "Terence O'Rourke, Gentleman Adventurer" (which story appeared originally in the pages of The POPULAR MAGAZINE).



Other remarkable features, taken haphazard from a very lengthy table of contents, are as follows:

- "The Balance of Power"

 A McTurk story—the best yet.
- "A Plunge Into the Unknown" BY RICHARD MARSH
 A new serial of surpassing interest.
- "In Chinatown" By Charles K. Moser
 A weird sketch of low life.
- "The Mamori of Shinzaburo" By CLINTON DANGERFIELD Dealing with a Japanese soldier's sacrifice.
- "The Coming of Angel" By B. M. Bower One of this author's inimitable cowboy stories.
- "Winslow, Navy Half-Back" By Philip C. Stanton
 A strikingly original football story.
- "The Mysterious Heathwole" BY HOWARD FITZALAN .

 A serial which is exciting comment.

.

The above, of course, represent but a small portion of the contents of this admirable number. It has been the aim of the publishers to issue a magazine without a dull page in it. When you have read the December POPULAR, we feel sure that you will be glad to testify to their success. It will be for sale on all news-stands on the 10th day of November.

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Ainslee's

"THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS"

FOR DECEMBER

The December number of AINSLEE's will be a Christmas magazine; but that is not all that it will be. We have endeavored to make it essentially a climax of the policy that has directed the magazine during 1905, and at the same time a starting point for the further development of that policy in 1906. A summary of what the December number contains will speak for it more eloquently than pages of talk. These are the features:

LLOYD OSBOURNE

contributes a delightful Christmas story, entitled "Mr. Bob,"

O. HENRY

author of "Cabbages and Kings," a remarkable tale called "Blind Man's Holiday,"

EDITH WHARTON

author of "The House of Mirth," and the most notable figure in current American fiction, a Christmas story, "The Introducers,"

MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

one of the authors of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "The Lightning Conductor," and "The Princess Passes," a Christmas story of unusual merit called "The Man in the Moon."

Other Christmas stories will be by OWEN OLIVER and MARY B. MULLETT. The table of contents will also have a strong and interesting story by EDITH MACVANE and one by ANNE O'HAGAN. MRS. WILSON WOODROW will continue her "Conversations with Egeria."

MARIE VAN VORST'S remarkable serial "The Warreners," will also be continued.

Essays appropriate to the season will be by Julien Gordon and Anne Rittenhouse.



awake nights worrying because that will take care of itself. What I do want to know now is, how new! I can learn it, and how long it will take me to learn it. Everything else will take care of itself in its proper time." its proper time.

AGE-DAVIS students and graduates who are making from \$25.00 to \$100.00 a week would very likely still be receiving their former small salaries if they were back in their

The greatest financier in the world could make only a day laborer's wages at day laborer's work.

The man who sees the value of a Page-Davis course gets into the position that offers the highest reward for his services. He realizes that it takes no more time or energy to earn \$5,000.00 a year, than \$10, \$15, or \$20 a week. The only difference is in special preparation along definite

Page-Davis students drawing from \$25.00 to \$100.00 a week are men who had enough commonsense and sound business judgment to realize the value of advertising in whatever positions they held. This is the only vital respect in which they differ from smaller salaried men.

You can do what they have done if you have their judgment.

Just compare the careers of Page-Davis students whose salaries have been doubled and trebled, with those of their former companions, who are still back in the store, office, shop or factory, not far from where they started. One of our students was a telegraph operator, receiving \$50 a monthhe now makes \$100 a week, and doesn't work half as hard. Another was a dry goods clerk receiving \$7 a week-his income is now over \$4,000 a year. Still another spent five years in steno-graphic positions and had reached a salary of \$18 a week—his salary as an advertising man today is \$4,500 a year. During his course of study he was asked why he was studying advertising, and he replied:

"Ido not know yet, but I have figured it out that if others can make more money by learning advertising, I can do the same. At least I feel that I can do as well as the average man. Anyhow, I am not lying

That is the right spirit for a man to begin with when he studies advertising. It is impossible for you to figure out exactly how you will put your knowledge to the best advantage until you possess the knowledge.

You could not tell me right now how you would invest \$100,000.00 if you had it in your hands. Of course, you reasonably believe that the investment would be made wisely, but you can tell nothing definite about the exact earnings of the investment. The same idea rests with you right now while you are reading this article. You are wondering how you can make the best use of the advertising knowledge.

When you have acquired the knowledge of advertising you will then know how to put it to the best use in order to increase your present

salary from \$25 to \$100 per week.

We will teach you this business thoroughly and practically by mail. It will place you where it has placed hundreds of others-in a higher

and more remunerative position.

Write at once for our beautiful new prospectus, just issued, which will lay the profession and its opportunities plainly before you. We will also send you a late list of our employed students, whose salaries have been doubled and trebled since they first read our advertisement, as you are now doing, together with the names of men and women who thought it a good thing to know and are now agreeably surprised at their adcosts vanced salaries resulting directly from the increased knowledge of

business gained thro	ough us.	//	P noutlott
Page-Da	vis	130 a	a dorna
Company Address either office	y	print de la	11/1
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120/ 8	A South Agrice	My City &	ro .



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VOLUME 2

DECEMBER, 1905

NUMBER 3



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DRUSA HAD OPENED THE DOOR AND A TALL GENDARME ENTERED THE ROOM



KOY KNABENSHUE IN HIS MACHINE, "THE TOLEDO," RISING OVER CENTRAL PARK AT SIXTY-SECOND STREET AND CENTRAL PARK WEST, NEW YORK

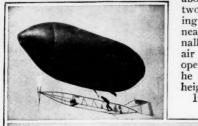
Flying Machines That Really Fly

By Charles H. Cochrane

ESS than one hundred years ago railroading was an uncoined word, and the thing itself less known and quite as unexpected as is regular air travel to-day. In the hour of Stephenson's success with his little locomotive there were men in plenty ready to wager that the iron horse would not go, or at least would not equal in speed an ordinary stagecoach and four. In this age of progress, there is less doubt in the minds of men as to the future of aviation. We have seen Dumont and Knabenshue in successful experiments, and we expect the commercial air ships.

On the twentieth of August last an air ship made its appearance over Central Park, New York, and for nearly an hour sailed above the great metropolis, startling old Father Knickerbocker, and creating a realizing sense that the day of actual aërial navigation had arrived. The trip was made entirely without accident, in the sight of thousands of spectators. New York has been hearing of air ships for many years, and some of them started not many miles from Manhattan Isle, but never a one sailed over the skyscrapers until A. Roy Knabenshue performed the feat at the invitation of an enterprising American newspaper.

Knabenshue hails from Toledo, Ohio, and though only twenty-eight years old, has some experience in air ships. His present machine is of the Dumont type, a dirigible balloon, shaped like a cucumber or sausage, with a triangular framed truss of bamboo for a car. The



about twelve hundred feet, he traveled some two miles, cutting a figure eight, and alighting in fifty-four minutes in Central Park, near Sixty-second Street, on the spot originally calculated. All the maneuvers in the air were entirely successful, the mechanism operating without a hitch. A few days later he made another ascension, and rose to a height estimated at five thousand feet.

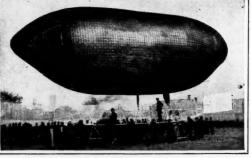
In the light of experience, is it too much to prophesy that the art of aërial navigation is on the eve of accomplishment, and that within a dozen years men of wealth may own their own auto-aviators, that every army will possess a reconnoitering corps of aëronauts, and that speed rec-

That the cleverest of living creatures should be surpassed

ords on real air lines will be broken every few weeks?

gas bag, made of the lightest balloon silk, is about fifteen feet in diameter by fifty-two in length. propeller, with four and one-half foot blades, is located at the forward end. and is driven by a six horse-power gasoline mo-The rudder is of stretched canvas, about three and one-half by eight feet. Knabenshue's seat is astride the upper rod of the triangle, with his feet on the lower crossbars. The bamboo rods of the car are fastened togéther with fine steel wire and tiny bolts.

On the occasion of his first flight, the aëronaut rose from Sixty-second Street and Central Park West, going south, with the intention of circling over the famous Flatiron Building, but he mistook the *Times* Building for the Flatiron, it having a similar appearance from above, being built on a lot of flatiron shape. Ascending to a height of



PROF. T. S. BALDWIN'S MACHINE, "THE ARROW," JUST BEFORE ITS SUC-CESSFUL FLIGHT AT ST. LOUIS, IN AUGUST, 1904. THE YOUNG MAN OPERATING IT IS ROY KNABENSHUE, WHO STEPPED UN-KNOWN OUT OF THE CROWD AND VOLUNTEERED TO OPERATE IT WHEN NO ONE ELSE WOULD

by a mere bird, skimming through the atmosphere with agile wing, while man clings to the earth like lead, has long been a standing challenge to inventors the world around, and has stimulated them to the building literally of thousands of machines for navigating the air. Most of these, unfortunately, developed a uniform habit of giving way to the law of gravitation, and refusing

to rise, much less support their makers in space; but of late years the proportion of machines that really fly has begun to exceed the number that remain inert, and the day of actual, practicable aërial navigation seems close at hand.

Aërial machines may be divided into two general classes: (1) those that utilize a balloon or gas bag for support, and (2) those that use aëroplanes or great kitelike surfaces, and depend on the inertia of the air to maintain them, The balloon settled the problem of support in one way, and the soaring experiments of the lamented Lilienthal demonstrated, as early as 1893, that artificial wings would support man. A little later the great motor-driven aëroplane of Maxim broke itself trying to rise from its fastenings, and since then aviators have looked upon the question of supporting power as settled, directing their attention to the quite as diffi-



LEO STEVENS' AERODROME, READY FOR AN ASCENSION, AT BRIGHTON BEACH, N. Y.

cult problems of starting, stopping and balancing.

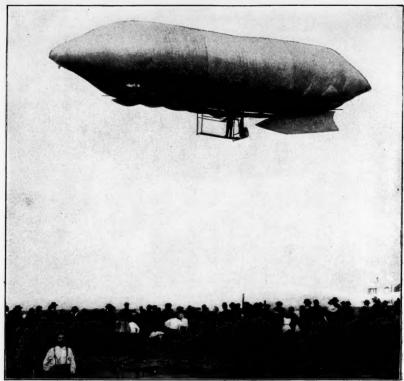
Let us consider first

Dirigible Balloons.

The elongated, sausage-shaped balloon was devised some sixty or more



ROY KNABENSHUE, THE YOUNG TOLEDO, OHIO, AERONAUT
WHO SAILED INTO FAME IN ONE DAY AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, WHEN HE VOLUNTEERED TO OPERATE PROF. BALDWIN'S MACHINE "THE ARROW"

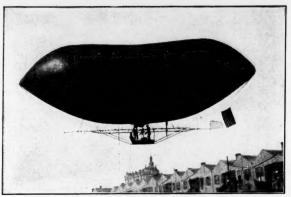


THE "CALIFORNIA MESSENGER," INVENTOR GEORGE HEATON AND HIS WIFE, SAILING OVER EAST OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

years ago, the form being designed to pierce the atmosphere, so as to assist steering, making the machine navigable, or, as some aëronauts prefer to say, dirigible. This type has been built in lengths varying from less than fifty to four hundred and twenty feet, and ordinarily has a gas envelope that looks like a giant cucumber. This gas bag supports a car, which is now generally a truss of bicycle tubing or bamboo braced with steel wire, and on this are placed the motor and the mechanism for the propellers, etc.

The material of which the gas envelopes are made has undergone a complete transformation since the days of Giffard, who was the first to construct a dirigible balloon that would float, the

date being 1852. He was obliged to use canvas, coated with rubber, that weighed nearly a pound to the yard, whereas reliable balloon silk can now be bought that weighs only one-sixth of a pound to the square yard. This silk is not wholly air-tight, however. Anyone who has had experience with a bicycle tire, which is at least a sixteenth of an inch thick, and contains not over a fifth of a yard of material, will realize the difficulty of maintaining air and escaping punctures in an envelope perhaps one hundredth of an inch thick, having a surface of fifteen thousand vards, and containing five thousand feet of stitching, as required for an elongated gas bag about one hundred feet in length. The latest refinements in



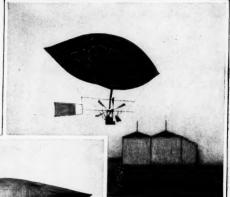
DR. AUGUST GRETH'S SHIP, THE "CALIFORNIA," FLYING AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

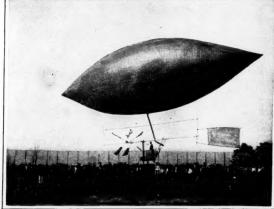
travel at a speed of almost seven miles an hour with such clumsy mechanism is astonishing, as aëronauts now experience difficulty in making three times the speed, although able to obtain motors that often weigh less than five pounds per horse power.

The securing of a suitable motor for balloons required many years of patient study and dangerous experiment. Santos

balloon covering are described further along, in the account of the Lebaudy machines.

Not less remarkable has been the advance in motors of light construction. Giffard could obtain nothing better than a steam engine that weighed, with its boiler, etc., four hundred and sixty-two pounds, though only of three horse power. That he found it possible to rise and





THE BENBOW AIRSHIP PROVING ITS DIRIGIBILITY BY RISING AND FLYING OVER
IN MONTANA. THE PADDLES RAISED, LOWERED AND PROPELLED THE
SHIP FORWARD AT THE WILL OF THE OPERATOR

Dumont solved the problem by adapting the petroleum motorsometimes called the gasoline motor-which theoretically the lightest known, to the purposes of a balloon. The use of petroleum was considered extremely dangerous at first, and so it was, for poor Wolfert and Bradsky lost their lives through firing the gas accidentally from their

motors; but Dumont, Myers, Knabenshue and later mechanicians have so perfected safety devices that it is not now regarded as involving serious conditions.

Another difficulty with the early bal-

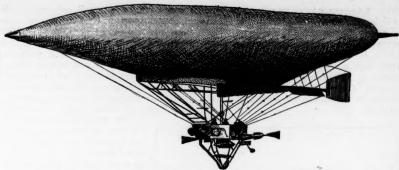
This condition has been overcome in modern machines by what is known as the compensating balloon. In the center, within the gas envelope, is an air bag of perhaps an eighth the capacity of the whole balloon. Into this inner



M. SANTOS DUMONT STANDING BY HIS LATEST FLYING MACHINE, NUMBER NINE

loons was the distending of the gas as the vessel ascended. The less the pressure of the surrounding air the more the gas in the balloon swelled. When the distension threatened bursting, the aëronaut was forced to let out the gas, and descend to a lower level, perhaps just when he most desired to ascend. bag air is pumped automatically when the gas bag shrinks, and from the air bag the air is allowed to flow when the gas envelope distends, thus preserving the even size and contour of the balloon proper, as well as reducing the danger of bursting.

The modern history of dirigible bal-



THE "LEBAUDY II.," KNOWN AS THE "PRINCE OF AIRSHIPS." IT ACCOMPLISHED WONDERS IN THE WAY OF FLYING IN FRANCE

loons may be said to commence with the much-advertised experiments of Santos Dumont, the clever young Brazilian, who spends most of his time in France, where he won the Deutsch prize in 1901 by sailing around the Eiffel Tower and back to the starting point-seven miles-in thirty minutes. He has built nine machines, and is still building, endeavoring to make each one a little better than the last. The French are certainly in the lead in this field, and the Parisian Aëro Club includes many if not most of the talented and enthusiastic students of aëronautics. The closest approach to Du-mont's work in the United Statesaside from Knabenshue's efforts-has been at Balloon Farm, in Herkimer County, New York, where Carl Myers for some years has been constructing air craft for use at county fairs and for

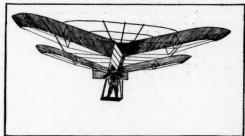
anyone who cared to experiment and could pay the bill. Mr. Myers has done much to improve the mechanism and stability of small-sized dirigible balloons.

The largest dirigible balloon was that of Count Zeppelin, tested over a Swiss lake in 1900. This mammoth structure was four hundred and twenty feet long and thirtynine in diameter, being in reality seventeen balloons in one casing. As a flyer it was not

specially successful. Within the past three years the most notable balloons of this class have been the Spencer, Barton and Andersen machines in England; the Greth, Baldwin and Benbow machines in the United States; and the Roze, Dumont No. 9 and Lebaudy machines in France—the latter being first in achievement; in fact, a distinct advance on all its predecessors.

Spencer made his first successful machine in 1903, its chief novelty being that the elongated gas bag was made flat on the under side, so as to serve as an aëroplane surface, and also constitute a parachute for use in case of accident.

Dr. Barton's dirigible balloon, however, has attracted more attention than any other of recent British make. It is one hundred and seventy-six feet long by forty-three in diameter, and carries



THE "PAULHAN-PEYRET" AERODROME, MADE TO FLY VERY READILY
AT THE CONCOURSE AVIATION, PARIS

three 50 horse power gasoline engines, which are expected to develop a speed of thirty or more miles an hour. The remaining English machine, Andersen's, is chiefly interesting because it resembles a catamaran, having parallel gas bags. The model was a pronounced success, and it is now being built of moderate dimensions—seventy feet over all.

CAPTAIN FERBER'S AERODROME, NUMBER SIX

The American dirigible balloons may be said to have begun with Myers' sky-cycle about 1890, this being an elongated balloon with propellers driven by foot power, bicycle fashion. The most recent products all resemble Santos Dumont's machines. Greth built one in 1903, and made successful evolutions over San Francisco bay. Baldwin constructed another for the St. Louis Exposition, that made three trips and

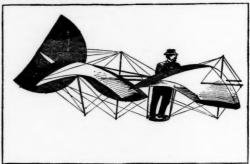
then blew away. Benbow, with Myers' assistance, built one at Balloon Farm; this had a novel arrangement for feathering the blades of the propellers. It was exhibited at St. Louis in 1904, but did nothing remarkable.

George E. Heaton, of East Oakland, California, built a dirigible machine recently of the Dumont type, which is here illustrated.

Of the French machines, Santos Du-

mont's No. 9 is small, of greater diameter proportionally than some he has built, and has the now fashionable sharp nose and blunt stern. The rudder is at the front, in accordance with the latest practice. He has been criticised for sacrificing stability to speed, and also for building one-man machines, but that aërial navigation owes a great deal to his constructions must be admitted.

The crowning efforts of the French inventors appear in the Lebaudy machines. Paul and Pierre Lebaudy, brothers, in 1903 brought out a balloon that far outclassed any previous construction. It was one hundred and eighty-eight feet long and thirty-two feet in diameter. A portion of the lower side was flat, fastened to a large oval hoop, which also supported the car. The envelope was composed of a sheet of rubber only four thousandths of an inch thick,



THE "SANTA CLARA," MONTGOMERY'S BALANCED AERODROME

strengthened by thin cotton cloth on both sides, and covered with several coats of a yellow dye, that served to increase the impermeability. Yellow was chosen as the color that best resists the effects of exposure to the sun. It was because of this striking yellow that the balloon was popularly called "Le Jaune" ["The Yellow"]. It is claimed that this balloon fabric is so tough and air-tight that it has held gas

satisfactorily for a period of forty days, a statement that requires to be received with caution in view of the fact that the longest period which any previous balloon was able to remain afloat was forty hours, in the case of De la Vaulx, who made the record one-hundred-mile trip in a spherical balloon from Paris to Russia a few years ago. Small-sized propellers were used on the Lebaudy machine, rotating at the unprecedented speed of one thousand revolutions per minute.

A special feature was the use of horizontal and vertical planes to preserve the stability of the balloon when in motion. This stability was further increased by locating the driving propellers in the position of paddle wheels, on either side of the car. Numerous successful ascensions were made in this balloon, which proved to be entirely under control, and could be directed to a certain place with more certainty than Dumont's machines. Notwithstanding the many safety devices and excellent construction, one day last summer a blunder in alighting, due to a misunderstanding by men who were to grasp the ropes, brought on a collision, and Le Jaune was destroyed.

The brothers immediately commenced building Lebaudy II., which is here illustrated. The same general details that had proved correct were followed, but the structure was strengthened in various parts. The gas bag of this prince of air ships incloses a great oval tube of steel braced with wires, and all the connections, whether cables or mere threads, are also of steel, since no material is so light for its strength.

Aeroplane Machines or Aerodromes.

Every boy understands how a kite flies. An aëroplane flying machine is nothing but a kite with some sort of motive power substituted for the string and the boy that holds it. Given a kite or aëroplane that will balance, and a motor that will pull or push hard enough without loading down the machine, and the result is an aërodrome that is as sure to fly as any bird or balloon.

The aëroplane is the true flying machine, yet it is nothing but a kite surface, though the word is applied also to a machine of this class, no matter how many such surfaces it employs. It is preferable to call the machines aërodromes and the kite-surfaces aëroplanes,

and thus avoid confusion.

A bird's wing is a sort of aëroplane, affording sustaining power for sailing in the air. The flapping of a bird's wings does not accomplish very much in the way of actual flight, but has served to deceive many an observer with the notion that this was the whole thing in flying. Constant wing-flapping is to a bird what running is to a man, and neither can keep it up for an extended period. The bird flaps its wings to get a start, and then sails on the air kitefashion, or like a playing card, which one can throw a long distance if one only has the knack. It is the lack of knack, or not knowing how, that makes the difference between a bird and an aërodrome.

Lilienthal, a Prussian engineer. taught the world that a man could float on the air from a hilltop on a pair of wings, with the forward edges slightly upturned, by running against the wind. In this way he glided on a cushion of air, descending about one foot in six, or eight, or ten, according to the strength of the breeze he faced. If he sailed against a strong enough wind, he was actually lifted by the wings, though presenting a surface of only some seven square yards.

After some years of these experiments, while trying to learn to circle in the air, poor Lilienthal's machine turned over, dropping him about fifty feet, and

he perished a martyr to science.

Pilcher, an Englishman, followed with very similar apparatus, and he, too, gave up his life in the effort to emulate the birds. Chanute, a Chicago engineer, was the next experimenter in this field; he naturally proceeded with extreme caution, and succeeded in developing the soaring machine without danger to himself or his assistants. He tried a series of planes, one above another, and finally determined on a twodecked affair as the most satisfactory, a result which agrees with the subsequent tests of many others, and which is in harmony with the Hargrave or box

kite, the steadiest kite known.

While Chanute was perfecting the soaring apparatus, Maxim, of England, spent one hundred thousand dollars on a very large aërodrome, having a series of great planes, and weighing altogether eight thousand pounds. This was the heaviest machine that ever arose from mother earth without being pulled by a gas bag. It was driven by a 350horse-power steam engine, the lightest large engine ever made, and Mr. Maxim takes a just pride in exhibiting occasionally a photograph of himself holding this powerful engine in his arms. He was refused a patent on his machine because the patent officials claimed that it would not fly. A month or so later it was tried, and developed such lifting power that it broke from the upper rails that held it down and went to smash, proving, in its destruction, that the lifting problem was solved, and the patent office experts in error.

The next aërodrome to come conspicuously before the public was Langley's No. 1, which sailed three-quarters of a mile over the Potomac in 1896, establishing a distance record for machines of this class. It was built on the plan of a four-winged insect, but of model size, weighing thirty pounds, and carrying a one-horse steam engine and boiler. The Langley No. 2 was a better machine, but through ill-luck was broken in launching, so that nobody knows just what it might have accomplished.

Ader, a French electrician, built and tried in 1897 a machine resembling a great bat, that weighed eleven hundred pounds, and flew a short distance before it turned and fell. Thus Maxim's, Langley's and Ader's machines all proved that the thing needed was to learn balancing. With this idea in mind, Wilbur and Orville Wright, two young American machinists, experimented with a two-decked soaring apparatus, at Kittyhawk, North Carolina, for several seasons, beginning in 1900. They built a number of machines, and improved upon

Chanute's, first by arranging that the man who rode should lie on his face horizontally, instead of hanging downward, the change reducing the surface presented to the wind; and, second, by placing the rudder in front, where its action is felt more quickly. This last idea was borrowed from the birds, who use their heads to assist all quick turns.

In their early experiments, the Wrights soared from the top of a sand dune down an incline of air to the base by gravity; but, having learned how to balance and guide their machine, they had the confidence, in 1903, to attach a motor, and with this they were entirely successful, succeeding in floating for

some time over the same spot.

In France, several aërodromes have attracted attention the past year. Archdeacon's machine somewhat resembled the Wrights', having two planes, twenty-five feet in the longer dimension by four and one-half feet, and superposed three and one-half feet apart. A rudder for maintaining the horizontal was placed in front, and a vertical rudder aft. This machine was submitted to a peculiar test; attached like a kite to an automobile, it was raised to a height of about one hundred feet, when the connecting rope was cut to see how it would fly unrestricted. A dummy weight represented a man, but no one was in control. The machine described several graceful curves, when, unfortunately, one of the rudders broke, and, the balance being destroyed, it fell.

About five years ago Captain Ferber began experimenting with aërodromes, and in 1903 devised a steel tower and balanced cantilever for swinging an aërodrome in a great circle, and thus testing its accomplishment without danger. The tower was fifty-nine feet high and the cantilever boom ninety-nine feet

in length.

By experiments with this mechanism much new knowledge was obtained in regard to the conditions of aërial flight, and at the Concourse of Aviation, held in Paris the present year, a number of practical aëroplane machines were shown. Perhaps the most interesting of these was that of Paulhan-Peyret,

somewhat resembling Langley's, but carrying a man instead of a motor, and operated simply as a gliding machine. It weighed ninety pounds and developed good qualities of balance.

Inventive Americans have recently produced a number of novel aerodromes. One specially deserving of mention, as scientifically constructed, is that built by Montgomery, and tested near San José, California, in March and April of the present year. This has two curved or parabolic wings, side by side, and a half-moon rudder with planes at right angles. The preliminary tests proved that it was self-balancing, and had a tendency to turn in great circles, this latter quality being due to the form of the wings or aërocurves. The rear portions of these wings are adjusted to change position automatically, according to the air pressures encountered, or they may be changed under the direction of the aëronaut for the purpose of steering his course. When one wing's rear is uptilted, the other wing goes down, and this tends to turn the machine in an opposite curve.

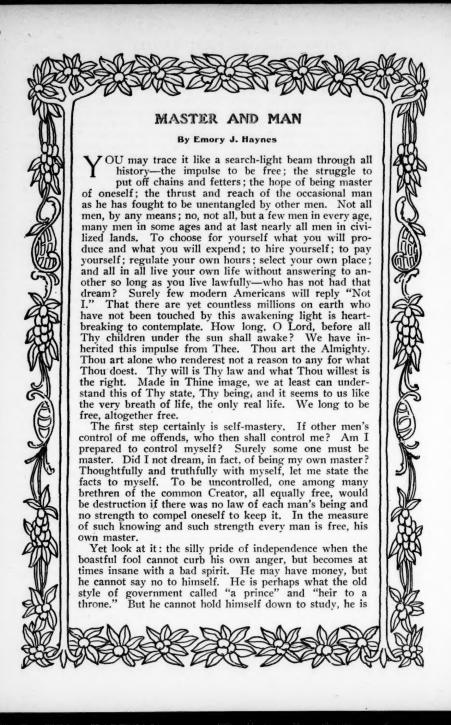
At the public demonstration, a hotair balloon ascended with the aërodrome and its occupant to a height of about four thousand feet, where the aëronaut cut loose from the balloon, and, after a quick drop of perhaps one hundred feet, was seen to have the machine entirely under control. He first directed his course against the wind, which was blowing strongly, and hovered a while over one spot, then, turning with the wind, shot like an arrow for perhaps one thousand feet, when, turning again, he faced the wind and ascended slightly

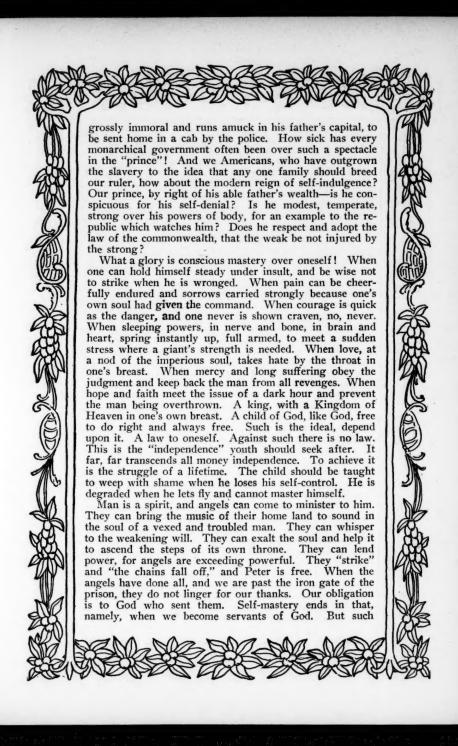
It had been arranged that he should endeavor to descend in a certain field, and when the elevation was reduced to about three hundred yards, and perhaps eight hundred yards to one side of the field, he made a straight dive for it, acquiring speed as he came down, until

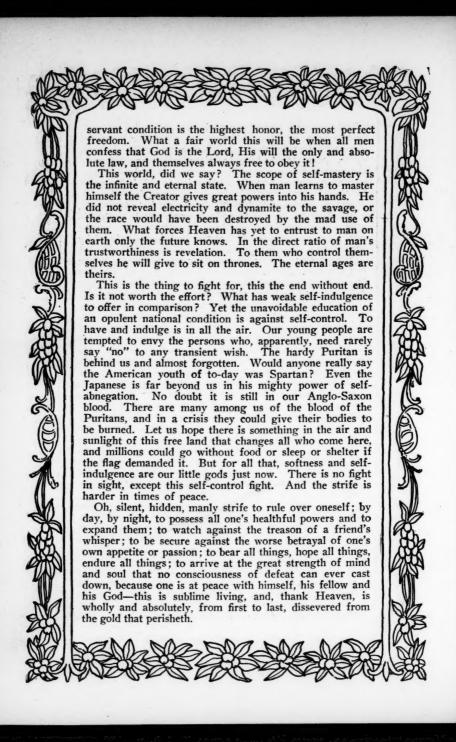
the spectators gasped, thinking he would be crushed to death; but when a little more than one hundred feet from the earth, they saw the rudder turn, while the machine promptly obeyed and pointed upward, then settled down as slowly and easily as a bird. The time occupied by the descent was about fifteen minutes. The aërodrome weighed fortyeight pounds, and had one hundred and eighty-five square feet of surface. Its construction was cheap, the materials costing only about ten dollars. By this experiment it was claimed that the problem of safe balancing and equilibrium had been settled, and numerous subsequent flights confirmed the belief; but in July last some part of the machine broke when the unfortunate aëronaut was two thousand feet above the earth. and he perished, while the machine was crushed and torn to splinters.

The total of these experiments demonstrates clearly that the efficient air ship is near at hand, and that before many years there will be two kinds of air craft at the disposal of those who wish to fly-(1) the cucumber balloon, for carrying one, two or more persons, that can travel in pleasant weather at moderate speeds, and with fair navigability; (2) the perfected aërodrome, for one man only, that will sail like a big bird, having a motor to do the work, and capable of great speed in a strong wind. The first commercial machines no doubt will be used as attractions at summer resorts, expositions and fairs. will be accidents, of course, for the sport must always be dangerous, but seemingly the danger is one of the attractions to the venturesome. As aviation becomes common, it will gradually take its place among the everyday affairs of life, and within a short period we shall look upon the man who never was in a flying machine much as we now regard the fellow who never rode behind a locomotive, or bestrode a bi-









ROSANNA EDEN - BOOKSEILER

By KATE JORDAN

PART I.

T was curious that the poverty I was plunged in after my father's death should have been the channel through which the most exciting and mysterious matter of my life found its way to me. I had no idea, the November afternoon that my father was buried, how soon all the gloom and monotony were to be wiped away, and my quiet life was to be rent by an experience the Daily Mail afterward called "thrilling" on the placards which the hawkers carried up and down the Strand; but so it was. I became a heroine, something I had never expected to see, much less to be, for I had an idea that heroines were only found in Miss Warden's novels and the Adelphi plays. But it would be better for me to begin the story, and let you come to the heroine part yourself.

To go back to that November afternoon. My father was dead. I was quite alone in the world, unutterably lonely and feeling cold away inside of me. My father had been a physician— I'm afraid not a very able one, poor dear—and what money we had lived on had come from his small practice. Now

that he was gone, there was nothing to live on. He had always had two distinct determinations: never-no matter how we had to pinch-to sell even one of the books in the fine library inherited from his father; and never—no matter how shabby I became, though I've turned a gown and twisted it and re-trimmed it as much as six times—to permit me to do anything to earn a living openly. He thought a working woman a crying shame to her men relatives. Father was old-fashioned. So I had painted china which never sold in secret. I had made neckties very badly for a shop in the Edgeware Road -in secret. I had directed envelopes by the thousand in my best hand until my eyes gave out-in secret. Now I had to face earning my living, and I meant to do it to the best of my ability, though all the world should know it, and ring with the knowledge of it.

I was really quite desperate and very much afraid of the big, black future as I sat there that night and said over and over again: "What can I do?" After a bit that question changed to "What can I sell?"—for money I had to have at

once. We were not in debt, so I could sell the furniture-which wasn't much to look at, mostly worn walnut, marbletopped and horsehair stuff, survivors of early Victorian horrors—the ugliest period in furniture and decoration, it seems to me. I could also sell the books. At this thought I cheered up a bit, for there were thousands of them. They were in every room, they lined the staircases, the hallways; so many of them that they lay in the garret in great, dusty heaps. Then I folded my cold hands very tightly and wondered how much they would fetch at an auction. But as I knew nothing about auctions I couldn't say. I remember it was just at this point in my reverie that there was first a peal at the doorbell, followed at once by four raps with the knocker, which would have made me literally jump out of my chair if I hadn't become quite used to it. It was Mr. Macmurdo, a patient who had taken a liking to my father, and had really pestered him with his kindhearted but quite unnecessary attentions. Father, of course, occupied a very different social position, as a professional man, from Mr. Macmurdo, who traded-wholesale-in smoked tongues, bacon, etc., and invariably smelled of them, so that you wouldn't have been the least surprised if he had produced a rasher already cooked from his pocket at any moment.

Our one servant, Pamela, a good Yorkshire soul, who had been weeping all day at the thought of leaving me, opened the door for Mr. Macmurdo.

"'Ow do you do?" said he to me, and then he wiped his eyes. "That was a silly question, Miss Nede—consider it unspoken—for you can feel nothink but 'eartfelt grief, of course."

I said: "Yes, indeed," and stared at

the fire.

"I was detained for an 'our and a 'arf in the fog to-night," he went on, sitting down near me, "and during that time I thought of nothink but you, Miss Nede:"

"I'm sure I don't know why." And I looked quickly at Mr. Macmurdo, fearing he had been drinking. But his

nose was no redder than usual, and I can't say that his eyes were any more moist. But his expression was quite different. He was usually a diffident man. Now he looked as if he were about to get up on a platform and make a speech; he kept clearing his throat, and I could distinctly smell troches.

"Miss Nede," he said, and coughed— "Miss Nede, I think the brightest solution of your troubles, Miss Nede, would be for you to do me the honor of be-

coming my wife."

I was most indignant, and for a moment was inclined to speak sharply. But I thought better of it. After all, he meant no harm, and if one loses one's temper, let it be at least with one's equal—so my father always said.

"Thank you very much," I said, with a good deal of dignity, "but it is quite impossible, quite impossible. Never, Mr. Macmurdo, mention this to me again."

"Quite impossible?" he asked, and he flourished his handkerchief, which smelled of ham mixed with some sort of very strong scent.

"Constituting scen

"Quite," I said.
"Very well, Miss Nede. I only wanted to be sure. Young women 'ave an 'abit of sometimes sayin' what they don't mean, 'opin' to be coaxed."

"I have no such hope!" I snapped. I

was vexed.

"Well, then," said Mr. Macmurdo, quite cheerfully, as if being refused in marriage happened to him every evening, "we will proceed to business. I came to see you on this sad occasion, Miss Nede, to be an hadviser if nothink of a tenderer nature was acceptable—and I will proceed to hadivse you—with your permission," he added, quite humbly.

bly.
"I'm very much obliged," I said, and I meant it, for, as I said before, I felt

very cold and very frightened.

"Miss Nede, as I speak now as a business man and not as a suitor for your 'and, do you mind telling me your exact hage?"

"Mind? Of course not. I'm twenty-

eight.'

"Twenty-eight," said Mr. Macmurdo, sadly, shaking his head; "andspeaking still as a business man and not in the way of sentiment-not what might be called 'andsome."

I liked this tone much better than his former one, and I agreed most heartily.

"The world is an 'ard place for a person of the gentler sex near thirty who 'as not the gift of beauty-and 'as no money!" Mr. Macmurdo went on. "Yer best days are past, matrimony—except in rare instances," and he flashed one reproachful glance at me, "is unlikely, poverty is a certainty. What is last for 'ar?" left for 'er?

"I'm sure I don't know." And I felt

unutterably depressed.

"I'll tell you. She must keep a shop!"
"A shop?" I need not tell you how angry I was. There had been generals, vicars, physicians in our family, but a shopkeeper-never. "Mr. Macmurdo," I said, "you don't understand—it is not at all necessary you should-but I would starve rather than support myself by trade."

"Ho! ho!" he cried. "Would ye? Oh, Miss Nede, try starving a bit, and then come and see me, and I'll warrant you'll whistle a different tune." He stood up; he waved both arms. "Keep a shop! You'll make fine profits. I'll send you customers. You'll call no man master, nor woman, either."

I became at least curious.

"What kind of a shop?" I asked. "You have the stock all about you!

Books—books—books!"

Books! Yes, they were everywhere. "I was going to sell them at auction."

"Bah!" cried Mr. Macmurdo, really angry. "Let yourself be robbed, eh? Let other people walk off with your money—eh? And why? Because of a foolish notion you 'ave been heducated with, that it is degrading to sell something over a counter—bah!"
"I couldn't," I said. "I couldn't. It

would be losing caste."

"Losing your grandmother!" he "Caste!-and cried, quite roughly. who's to care if you do? You 'aven't a relative—and how many friends? But you 'ave a body to be fed and 'oused! Now, a nice, tidy little shop and the money pouring in-or a situation as nursery governess to a lot of plaguing brats-or somethink else equally soulwearing! Which, Miss Nede?"

"Not the shop, Mr. Macmurdo. I must think of my name!" and I stood up and looked at him proudly. "A Nede died a general and a hero in the Crimea—and that name will never be painted on a sign above a shop door!"

But this did not quell Mr. Mac-

murdo.

"Nor is that necessary. You can take what name you please and be known by it and use it in business. Why not just turn your name hinside out, so to speak, as if it was a glove, Miss Nede, and become Miss Eden? Could there be a prettier?" he asked, delighted. "I thought all this hout in the 'ansom, in the fog. I felt you'd decline my hoffer, Miss Nede—and so I 'ad this ready. Hif you declined one life preserver—I stood ready with another. Ham I or ham I not a friend?" asked Mr. Macmurdo.

I was touched in a way that almost made me burst into tears. His plain face had the human sympathy in it for



"Keep a shop. I'll send you customers."

which I had been yearning, and I reallized, as I never had before in all my life, that a man may have a red nose and smell of bacon, and even sell it, and be something within that is quite different and towers over these things.

I shook hands with him very sincerely. I thanked him, and said I'd think it over. I did, but I did something else, too. I sat with my looking-glass in my hand and searched for some sign of the beauty I once had had. Years before I had often heard myself called pretty, and until that night when this unpolished friend had brusquely spoken the truth I had not known how fully that word belonged to the past. I want to be perfectly honest in this tale, and so I will tell just what the glass showed me: brown hair brushed back indifferently, large, gray eyes with red stains on the lids and hollows beneath, some lines on the forehead, cheeks grown thin and dull in tone, nose ordinary, mouth the same, the lips pale, and with what might be called a patient expression denting the corners; teeth very good. My figure was graceful and slender, however, and, to be quite truthful, I had the Nede heritage of beautiful hands and feet. But the bloom, the light of youth were gone into the grave that had been dug by worry, work, poverty and loneliness-dark, silent diggers, who do their work so cruelly well. You see that even now. looking back, the memory of what the glass showed me makes me talk in a gloomy, poetic way not at all natural to me, so you will not be surprised to hear I went to bed sobbing. The morning post brought me a large letter with Mr. Macmurdo's business address on it. There was nothing but a square, white card, and printed on it, in neat, black capitals, were these words:

Rosanna Eden: Bookseller.

Now you know how I came to open a shop.

II.

The neighborhood of the British Museum was the one selected for my purpose. Mr. Macmurdo advised it, and I agreed with him, and we were lucky

enough to find one for rent but a stone's throw from it. I had often heard my father say that people from the country and Americans were the only ones who appreciated the museum. I was an exception to most Londoners, then, for I loved every one of its murky stones and the pigeons, of the same somber gray, fluttering and picking everywhere.

I can't tell you how interested I became in attending to the transfer of my books, and in settling the rooms back of the shop, as my little home. The work, the new atmosphere did me good and took my thoughts off gloomy things. I began to sleep well and my appetite came back. Mr. Macmurdo—dear, good friend that he became—insisted that I live on grilled chops and greens for the most part, and one day, when he chanced on me in one of the aërated bread shops eating a bath bun and some chocolate at the lunch hour, he read me a lecture, I can tell you.

I hadn't been two weeks a shopkeeper before my face was fuller, my eyes brighter, and I often surprised a little color in my cheeks. Was it very vain and wicked of me to be made happy by this, although I was in the deepest black for my beloved parent, and had become a trades-person? I tried not to smile at the reflection the glass gave back to me, but I couldn't help it, and once I

even kissed it.

I hadn't been a month a shopkeeper before I was admittedly a contented woman, my little back parlor a snug nest when the sea-coal fire sputtered fuchsia-tinted flames on those cold, foggy December nights, the red lamp on the middle table throwing a shaded radiance on a heap of new magazines and books, and perhaps, when it was very stormy, the savory smell of toasting bread and frizzling eggs on the warm air as I prepared my own evening meal, instead of venturing to the restaurant in Museum Street, where you got a very good dinner for one and six.

I had not been six weeks a shopkeeper—in fact, it was the day after Christmas—when the event occurred which affected my life, so that it was like a



And searched for some sign of the beauty I once had.

stream turned completely out of its current. I did not dream that this would be so, when I read, as millions of others in London did, of the murder in Portman Square on Christmas night; but it was so, nevertheless.

It had been raining all that day. This was usual, of course. With it, however, there had been a cutting wind blowing furiously from the east, so that no customer had entered the shop, and I had had a good chance to get on with the catalogue of my stock, which I had just begun to prepare. I took an evening paper from a newsboy who

stopped in my doorway for shelter, and after my dinner I sat down before the fire to read it. The first page was almost entirely given over to the murder. I must say that even there in that warm, lighted place, with doors and windows securely fastened, it gave me a clammy, crinkling feeling along my flesh to read of such a crime where one would least expect anything of the sort to happen.

The night before, a very rich and aristocratic old man, Reginald Wendover by name, a member of Parliament, living at No. — Portman Square, had had his Christmas dinner and lin-

gered over his old port with his only son, Eastlake; had talked with his son over cigars afterward, and had been heard to bid good-night to his sonwho was a lawyer, with chambers in the Temple-at ten o'clock. No suspicious sound had been heard during the night, but in the morning a window at the side of the house looking upon the small garden had been found open, muddy prints, as from the toes of a man's boots, discovered in places-and old Mr. Wendover found dead by his valet in his leather armchair. He had been poisoned. The few drops of port in a glass beside him told the story. The doctors who examined the body agreed that he had died not later than one o'clock. No wonder I shivered and started at every creak of the house and listened to the rain on the glass with a new feeling of fear, for if on Christmas night, when "good will to men" should have softened all hearts in Christendom, a peaceful, honored citizen, in a fine house, protected by servants, could have been secretly poisoned by some criminal, how much more accessible an assassin would find me.

I put the paper in the fire and went to bed, pulling the bedclothes over my head, and I heard the clock strike two

before I fell asleep.

It was a fine morning when I awoke —that is, fine for December; it wasn't raining and the fog was light-and I remembered the murder only with an early morning smile at my midnight cowardice. Then I forgot all about it.

I think it was about ten days later when a curious thing happened-or, rather, two curious things-that brought it again to my mind. I was up on a stepladder, my indexed calendar beside me, arranging the books already on the shelves, when the bell on the shop door clanged and a customer came in. As I came down to serve him, I noticed one thing most particularly—he was very nervous and his eyes were glassy, as if he had not slept. He was not a gentleman-I saw that at a glance, for I am very quick about such things; I should have said he was either a coachman or a footman, or he might have operated

the lift in a hotel. As it turned out, I was quite right. He was a footman.

"Good-evening, miss," he said, nervously, but almost familiarly. "I see you 'ave a fine lot of books 'ere, and I am after one in particular."

"What title?" I asked, in a business-

like tone.

"I don't know the hexact title, but it's an hatlas of the world. Swinton's, miss -a very large, flat book-there's pictures in it, too, of - of - hanimals

"I suppose you mean a geography?" "Yes-that's it-but it's called hatlas on the cover-a purple cover, miss, with gold letters," he said; and he was so anxious, his eyes literally seemed feeding on my expression. As I shook my head thoughtfully, blank disappointment settled over his face.

"I don't recall such a book," I said. "I don't believe I have it." He leaned

on the counter.

"But don't you know?" he asked, a sound like the whimper of a dog in his voice.

I grew frightened. The man must be deranged to act so about a trifle. He must have seen the thought in my face, for he continued:

"You think I'm dotty, I've no doubt. But I'm not, miss. I'm just driven, like a chased hare, with anxiety. must 'ave that book, miss. I must. You don't know all that 'angs upon it. I must 'ave it."

"Then try to buy it elsewhere," I said, anxious to get him out of the place,

the door locked after him.

"But it ain't in any other place, miss.

It's 'ere. 'Ere's where it is!"
"And I say it is not!" I said, quite terrified.

"Let me 'ave a look about, miss," he pleaded, and began moving along the shelves; "I'll know it in a jiffy-oh, won't I, though!" As his glance, which I can only describe as "hungry," ran along the shelves, I thought of a way to get rid of him.

"It's quite useless your looking," I said; "quite, quite useless. I haven't a

third of my stock unpacked."

He turned joyfully.

"Oh, 'aven't you, miss?" he cried, grasping the counter. "Then it's all right-for the book is one place or t'other-'ere on the shelves or still in your boxes. When will you knowwhen will you know?" he asked, with a really painful eagerness.
"In a week," I said, briefly.

"I'll come then," he said.

"I'm not sure-not exactly-it might be even sooner-you'd better leave your name and I'll send you a post card if I have the atlas." Of course, I had an such intention.

"No-not a post card. Put a line in a henvelope and just say that the book I want is to be 'ad at your shop. 'Ere's threepence for the stamp an' your trouble, miss-

"And the address?" I asked.

He leaned nearer and spoke almost

in a whisper.

"Abel Joyce—at—Mr. Wendover's, No. — Portman Square." I stopped with the word "Portman" half written.

"Well-what is it?" he asked, in a frightened tone, staring at me.

No. - Portman Square!" I said.

"Yes-I'm footman there." "That's the house where the murder on Christmas night-" I began, but at the words he whipped out of the place and vanished in the fog.

For a full minute, I'm sure, I stood staring at the place where he had been,

before I went to the door and locked it. This strange occurrence left me very nervous. I lighted the gas earlier than usual, both in the shop and the parlor, then I raked at the fire briskly, and I didn't feel like myself

I think it was almost six o'clock when the other curious



Old Mr. Wendover, found dead by his valet.

ers had come in in the meanwhileschool children for pencils and copybooks, but this customer who came last was quite unlike any person who had ever entered my shop. He drove up in a hansom, which waited for him in the fog, now growing very thick. He was young, of distinguished appearance, his clothes, all new and all black, could only have come from a Bond Street tailor's. So far this sounds as if he had produced a very pleasant impression on me. But he didn't; quite the contrary. I have never seen a face so white except in a coffin, and he had hard lines going outward from his keen eyes, as if he were in the habit of narrowing them and glancing under them. It was not a candid face, nor a kind one.

"I've been searching the book shops in this neighborhood," he said, in a quiet, cultivated voice, "for a second-hand atlas—one of Swinton's—a large book, and flat, I believe. Have you it on your catalogue?" he asked.

I don't know what kept me from expressing the surprise I felt at his words and of mentioning that he was the second customer that day who had asked for that very unusual book. But I

didn't, perhaps because I stood a little in awe of him.

"My catalogue is not complete," I said. "I may have the book and not know it."

"How soon will you know?"

"In a week. If you leave your name—" I paused, as I found myself saying the same words I had spoken to almost the same question a few hours before.

I rather *felt* than *saw* him hesitate, it was so hidden. Then he took a card with a mourning band from his card-case.

"If you send me a line, merely saying your catalogue is ready, I'll call," he said. "You needn't trouble to mention the name of the book."

It is a curious thing that when I saw "Mr. Eastlake Wendover, No. — Portman Square," on the card I was not surprised. Somehow I had *known*, by some wonderful, inner sense, that this was to be.

I saw him, outlined like a ghost in the fog, step into the hansom, and he, too, disappeared, leaving me not so frightened, but more puzzled than before.

III.

At first I thought I would tell Mr. Macmurdo of my two customers, master and servant, from the same address, both seeking the same atlas and both making a mystery of it. But I was afraid Mr. Macmurdo might insist on my engaging a shopboy as a protection, and I did not want this expense. So I kept my own counsel.

During the week I really looked for the atlas among the books I had arranged, but without finding it. There were some large, flat cases still unpacked in the cellar, and I felt that if I had it at all it would be there. But I didn't trouble about it. In fact, I hoped I had seen the last of my eccentric customers, and I tore up their addresses.

They both came again, and went away after being assured that I did not have the atlas. Abel Joyce, however, went unwillingly, unconvinced, and the day following he returned.



"But don't you know?" he asked, a sound like the whimper of a dog in his voice.

"See 'ere," he said, in his uncouth way, and with the anxiety showing plainly in his small eyes, "I believe that book's 'ere—an' you 'aven't looked. You think I'm dotty and you don't want to be bothered with me—but the book's 'ere, and I'm goin' to get it."

"You are very impertinent," I said; "and if you come here again I'll call in

a policeman."

"Easy now," he said; "let me hexplain. This 'ere stock is really the libr'y of the late Dr. Nede!"

I was annoyed at his knowing this, but I kept my composure.

"The books are now Miss Rosanna

Eden's," I said.

"Dr. Nede's daughter," he said, flatly, and before I could speak, went on: "Oh, I know wot I'm sayin'! This is the matter in a nutshell. One year ago I sold the hatlas at Thaddeus Perry's second-hand book shop in Shaftesbury Avenue—sold it with about fifty hothers. 'E remembered quite distinctly—and had it on 'is books—that 'e had sold it six months ago to Dr. Gerald Nede. I goes to look up Dr. Nede to try to buy the book back, and I finds from the surgeon opposite 'is old 'ome that 'e's dead, and 'is daughter 'as turned 'is libr'y into a book shop—an' the book I want is in that shop."

I was silent. The man's eyes filled with tears. His whole demeanor became a prayer, his voice broke.

"Don't think any ill of me, miss. I need that book as a starvin' man needs bread. There's nothink crooked—I'm not a wrong un, I'm really not. But oh, miss, it'll mean maybe as much as a hundred pounds to me to get that book, an' I 'ave a wife an' two children, an' the money would mean comfort, a little public of my own, care for the wife an' shoes for the children. Oh, miss, if you 'ave any pity—try to find me that book. Hif it's been sold—which ain't likely—try to find where—do, in God's name!"

The man was really sincere. I pitied

"Why should the book be worth so much to you? That's very extraordinary," I said. "I can't tell you, miss. But—listen—if you 'ave it 'ere when I come back in February, I'll give you a five-pound note as soon as I get the money it'll fetch me. I 'ave to go down to-night to the master's viller in Mentone—but I'll be back in February." He went to the door, then looked back pitifully. "The missis 'as weak lungs," he said, and plodded away.

For the rest of that day I felt completely in a maze. I couldn't get Abel Joyce's face out of my memory; I couldn't forget his master's, and I couldn't forget Swinton's atlas, you may be sure. I made up my mind to unpack the rest of my stock and look

for it at the first opportunity.

Can you imagine my feelings when, about three days later, a young woman came in at twilight and made the same request? She was really one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen-or, rather, to be quite exact, she had been one of the most beautiful, for, although young, on that day she looked worn and ill. She was a foreigner—an Italian or Spaniard, I should have said at a glance—for she had those enormous dark eyes that are like ink spots in a pale face, and they were full of the something soft and shadowy that people call "soul"; her heavy black hair lay like velvet on her brow, which was low and beautiful, like a Madonna's. She spoke with a foreign accent, which I will not attempt to reproduce.

She, too, wanted Swinton's atlas; she, too, had been to all the book shops in the neighborhood—and the coincidence continued to the very end, for when I asked for her address, so I could notify her, she gave me this: "Madame Bosci, No. I Temple Court—3d floor." I have a wonderful memory. Instantly I recalled this as Eastlake Wendover's address, as given by the papers. I stared at her as if she had a dozen

heads.

"What—what—is it?" she said, her face growing paler, if that were possible.

I determined to tell her part of the truth, for, you see, being a woman myself, I felt sorry for her. The black

mackintosh she wore did not entirely conceal her figure and prevent my realizing why she was so pale and weak, and why she had walked from the hansom to the shop with such a heavy, languid step. It seems as if a woman close to motherhood should be petted and protected, and when I saw her so anxious, so worn, my heart fairly ached for her. Then her being a foreigner, too, made me pity her still more, for maybe her mother was far away in

to her question I said quietly:

"It's rather odd that Mr. Wendover has also been here for that book, and left his name. Your address is at the same place he has his chambers."

her native land. So in answer

She swayed a little, and I hurried from be hind the counter and fetched her a chair. After a moment she murmured, thinking aloud:

"I might have expected he would; it's natural that he should." She laid her hand on mine, which quite unconsciously I had placed on her shoulder, for I shrink from taking any liberties with the counter and fetched her a chair.

a stranger. "Thank you. You are very good," she said, and paused. "Don't say I have been here, if Mr. Wendover comes again."

"He is in Mentone now," I said. She did not ask me how I knew.

"Yes, in Mentone," she said, rising.
"If I find the book, I'll let you know,"
I said, reassuringly, and then added,
from an impulse I could not resist, for
I am not by nature impulsive: "I'll take
it to you, if you prefer."

"Would you?" she said, with such a sweet smile—oh, she must have been a real beauty when she was happy. "That would be kind!"

After that I delayed no longer in looking for the atlas. I wanted to give it to her; I wanted to see her smile again. So the next day I had the poor man who did odd bits of work for me, like putting up and taking down my wooden shutters, and opening boxes, etc., go into the cellar with me. In an

hour all the books in those flat

cases were on the floor in the back of the shop, and Swinton's atlas was not a mong them. There were other atlases, but not the one I wanted. I was sorry, for now I felt I would never see the dark-eyed lady again.

Of course, all this time I often pondered on these odd occurrences. Often at night, before falling asleep, I wondered what it all meant—first, the murder of old Mr. Wendover, then the footman wanting Swinton's atlas, then the gentleman wanting Swinton's atlas, then my

Swinton's atlas—all wanting it very badly—and all connected in some way with the house of Wendover. It was most curious. I still kept my own counsel, and said nothing to Mr. Macmurdo, who often dropped in for a chat at the tea hour. I knew if I told him he would talk of it continuously, might think I should have notified Scotland Yard, and so on, and so on. Now, I hate fuss and publicity, and I hate mak-

gentleman wanting Swin-She swayed a little, and I hurried from behind the counter and fetched her a chair. last mysterious, beautiful visitor, wanting ing excursions into other people's private affairs. So I kept quiet and tried to dismiss it entirely from my mind. In fact, thinking of it only made me dizzy.

But I couldn't forget it. Every day the papers had something about it. Detectives were working on the case, but nothing had been definitely learned. There were many surmises, however, and one was that the man who had broken open the window at No. — Portman Square on Christmas night and dropped the poison into Mr. Wendover's glass while he slept, had walked on his toes; that the muddy prints proved he wore a small boot; that robbery had not been the motive. After that, everything was chaos.

Three weeks passed, and by that time I thought of this matter only when I chanced to see the card in my till, on which I had written: "Madame Bosci, No. I Temple Court." I was kept quite busy, for my trade was slowly but steadily growing, and good Mr. Macniurdo sent me a number of customers. One night in the last week of January I was having the shutters put up, when a gentleman came in in a great hurry. I was very tired, and perhaps I looked a little annoyed at him as he came swinging up to the counter. But when I saw his face clearly, and when I heard his voice, I wasn't vexed.

He was very good-looking, with very blue eyes; his face was sunburned; his whole expression was cheerful and honest. He was about three and thirty. There was something about him I can only describe as being "informal." He pushed his hat back, and placed both hands on the counter, but there was nothing familiar in the pose.

He was either a soldier or a sailor, and just from the tropics—half an eye could have seen that.

"I beg your pardon for coming in so

late," he said, and while his face was serious, his eyes smiled most cheerfully, "but, really, I'm pressed for time and I'm looking for a book you may have. Have you a catalogue?"

I handed him one, and he thanked me. He ran his eye down the lines of names carefully one page after another, and when the search was finished folded it with evident disappointment, put it in his pocket, and went to the door.

"You have some most interesting books," he said, "and I'll stop in again."

"You don't find the one you want now, however?" I asked, for, curiously enough, I hated to see him go out of the shop.

shop.

"No," he said, regretfully; "I'm afraid I'll not be successful. I've been to half the book shops in London—"

"I might get it for you somewhere," I suggested.

"I wonder if you could," he said, and came back to the counter. "I want a second-hand copy of Swinton's atlas—it's a large, flat, purple book——"

My brain began to buzz as he gave his name and address.

"You could send me a postal card, saying you have the book I want, but without mentioning the name, to Captain Robert Deming, No. — Portman Square. No—on second thoughts," he added, a little sharply; "I'll not go there again. Send it to the Army and Navy Club."

But I had hardly heard any words beyond the address in Portman Square. It was too much. I sat down behind the counter and began to cry in the most foolish way.

"Why-what's the matter?" he said, very kindly.

"I—I—believe—I'm being haunted," I said.

TO BE CONCLUDED.



JUDGE—Is this man violently insane?

Officer—Oh, he's awful, yer honor. It took six men ter hold him. He imagines dat he's a ball player who has just struck out!

Our National Disgrace

MANSLAUGHTER AS AN INDUSTRIAL ART

By Edward H. Taylor

The casualties during the year ending June 30, 1904, numbered 94,201. The persons killed numbered 10,046 and the injured 84,155. There were 2,114 trainmen killed and 29,275 injured; switch tenders, crossing tenders and watchmen, 229 killed, 2,070 injured; other employees, 1,289 killed, 35,722 injured; casualties to employees coupling and uncoupling cars, 307 killed, 4,019 injured. The casualties connected with coupling and uncoupling cars are assigned as follows: Trainmen killed, 269; injured, 3,506; switch tenders, crossing tenders and watchmen, 23 killed, 420 injured, other employees, 15 killed, 93 injured. Passengers killed in 1904, 441; injured, 9,111. In the previous year 355 passengers were killed and 8,231 injured. Of these 2,622 were killed and 4,978 injured because of collisions and derailments. The casualties in the case of persons other than employees and passengers numbered 5,973 killed and 7,977 injured. In 1904 one passenger was killed for every 1,622,267 persons carried, and one injured for every 78,523 carried. For 1903 the figures show that 1,957,441 passengers were carried for one killed and 84,424 passengers for one injured. (Report Interstate Commerce Commission, August 16, 1905.)

S Americans, we boast of our advanced position in the industrial world, of our wonderful progress in steel-making, of our modern machinery, our electric devices, and, above all, of our means of transportation-our more than two hundred thousand miles of railways-half the trackage of the world. That side of the picture is glorious enough, but there is another side, a shameful side—a history worthy only of a barbarous people in an age of barbarism, constituting a story more cruel than the ravages of the Turk in Armenia or the Russian in Kishineff. I refer to the wicked, diabolical, fiendish disregard of human life and limb, and the criminal economy, that characterize the reckless and greedy management of our railways.

What if we have two hundred and five thousand miles of operative tracks? The greater the national disgrace, when every three miles of trackage sees each year the mangled form of some sufferer listed as "injured," and every twenty-one miles of railroad is the scene of a

manslaughter-all this with its pitying train of fatherless or husbandless or wifeless inconsolables. The two battles of Bull Run and that of Gettysburg combined did not result in as great a total of killed, wounded and missing as are killed and injured every year on our railways. No other nation, civilized or half civilized, permits its railway trains to be operated as cars of Juggernaut. We lead the world in industrial manslaughter, and our railways furnish only the worst instance, for in mining and many other industries we also hold world's records of destructiveness.

As we sow, so we reap. This is the natural consequence of permitting legislation by lobby. Scheming men have obtained control of our railways, gutted their treasuries, loaded them down with bonds and watered stock, and controlled legislatures to assist them in the nefarious work. Instead of being jailed, these men have been hailed as kings of finance. What wonder, then, that they have grown bolder and have inaugurated a system of railway opera-

tion that is outrageously destructive to human life, more cruel than the Spanish inquisition, and more fatal than the massacre of St. Bartholomew? average respectable American sits idly by, while the hirelings of industrial corporations direct the nominations, and thus choose the lawmakers, to whom they dictate, thus keeping the real criminals out of jail and punishing all who interfere with their method of building up colossal fortunes, regardless not only of right and justice, but also of slaughter and physical injury to thousands and thousands of their fellow creatures.

Could there be a greater farce of real justice than that exhibited in the case of John J. Fleischut, engineman, tried at Norristown, Pennsylvania, in October of last year? He was in charge of the locomotive of a freight train. After twenty-two hours of continuous duty he overlooked a signal, and so brought on a collision, in which a number of persons were killed. He was tried for manslaughter, and under the corporation-made laws of that State sent to jail for two months. To the credit of the judge presiding at the trial, be it said that he expressed his sympathy to the engineman, complimented him on the manliness and frankness with which he had told the entire truth, without effort to shield himself, and regretted that the law obliged him to punish even in that degree the overworked employee, when it ought to reach out and punish the officials of the railroad whose bad management made possible such horrors.

For several years the Interstate Commerce Commission has been gathering statistics of those killed and injured on our railways. The complete returns are obtainable only up till June 30th of last year. During the previous twelve months the awful total of killed was 9,841, and of injured 76,553. That more than nine-tenths of these casualties might have been avoided is shown by the record of English railways, quoted further along. Of the killed on railways in the United States, 3,606 were employees, 355

were passengers, and 5,879 entered in the report as "others"; being mostly persons killed while walking on the tracks or visiting at stations, and denominated by the companies as "trespassers." The most common cause of death was being "struck by train," over 5,000 being killed in this way, besides nearly 6,000 injured; falling off cars killed 1,000 and maimed 4,700; collisions killed 660 and injured 4,000; derailments killed 260 and hurt 1,750 more, while 280 brakemen perished and over 3,500 were maimed in coupling cars.

The number of serious train accidents is about two a day. The unofficial list of these occupies about a page each month in the Railroad Gazette. which has been the pioneer in gathering statistics of this sort, and on whose work that of the Interstate Commerce Commission was originally Some railway men will say that two train accidents a day is not remarkable when it is borne in mind that there are over two hundred and five thousand miles of operative railway in the country, and if double and quadruple tracks be counted, a total of two hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles of railway in constant operation-at least half of the world's total.

The argument is specious, but on examination proves as valueless as a sieve for holding water. How happens it that only forty thousand miles of this great total of trackage is protected by the block system? Why are over one hundred thousand grade crossings left unprotected? Why are enginemen and brakemen continually obliged to remain at their posts for from twelve to twenty hours at a Why are not automatic stretch? couplers supplied to all cars to stop the accidents in coupling and uncoupling? Why are there ten thousand patents for the protection of life on railways rotting in the patent office because no one will buy them?

The apathy of railway officials in this matter would be incredible, were it not so completely supported by the facts. Shortly after the terrible accident and

wholesale slaughter in the New York Central tunnel in Manhattan a few years ago, the writer applied for a patent on a device that would enable enginemen to read signals in fog or smoke as well as in clear daylight. My patent attorneys promptly informed me that they found a long line of patents covering this field, and that the railroads would not buy them; indeed, they did not need to, for the patents on several good devices had already expired, and were public property. The railroads simply will not spend money in adding improvements to save life. The officials all seem to be too busy trying to pay interest on bonds that never should have been issued, or to earn in-

terest on watered stock.

Is it too harsh to call management criminal that continues to permit the killing of one person and the injuring of eight every year on every twentyfour miles of tracks? Our railways actually run trains daily on a quarter of a million miles of tracks on the oldfashioned plan of dispatch orders from stations, and if there is a blunder in dispatches, or a misreading of a word or a figure, a head-on collision may result. A recent issue of a leading railway journal commends a new plan of running trains on single-track roads where there are no block signals, by using the stations as blocks. If this is a good thing, why did not the railways find it out thirty years ago? The Chicago and Northwestern Railway discovered at the opening of the present year that many of its employees were overworked, and an order was sent forth-and widely heralded by the advertising department of the road—that it was now the policy of the management to limit the time of continuous work to ten hours, "except in case of stress," and then providing that if the men were on duty fourteen hours continuously, that they should have at least twelve hours' rest before going on another trip. A study of the files of the three leading railway journals of the country during the first five months of this year fails to disclose anything else being done or attempted to check the

wholesale manslaughter or lessen the frightful number of injured.

Let us now take a moment to compare British and American statistics to show that these numerous "accidents" are unnecessary. The last official statistics are for the year 1903, during which 1,159 persons were killed and 6,785 injured—one-ninth the number killed and one-tenth the number injured in the United States. There were but thirty-four persons killed in British train accidents in 1903, and only twelve in 1902, whereas our railroads killed in train accidents 940 in 1904 and 847 in 1903, or over thirty-eight times as many in the two years.

At this point I think I hear some American railway man interposing with the remark that the trackage of British railways is only one-tenth of that of the United States, so that all figures should be divided by ten to give correct comparison. But despite the difference in trackage, the British railways actually carry more passengers than our roads. Figured by the number of passengers carried, we kill over fifty to Great Britain's one, and injure sixteen to their one. The great slaughter, however, is among non-passengers, as we kill nine employees and seventeen others to every

passenger.

The natural conditions on British railways are really much more difficult than they are in the United States, for they have to run trains much nearer together to carry so many passengers. They have fewer accidents because there is no such thing in Great Britain as a grade crossing in a town or city, and the railways are almost universally fenced in, and these protections prevent the great number of accidents coming under the head of "struck by trains, which is responsible for over half the deaths and ten per cent. of the injured on our roads. They also adopt a hundred and one precautionary measures that are almost wholly neglected on this side of the water.

American railways, to some extent, guard the lives of passengers, as these usually have to be paid for, but they seem regardless of the dangers to which

employees and the public are subjected. For instance, in 1904 our train accidents resulted in the death of six employees to one passenger, while in Great Britain the number of employees killed in train accidents is less than one-half the number of passengers, as it should be, there being so many more passengers than employees. American railway managers have attempted to reduce the apparent total of killings for which the roads are responsible, by calling attention to the fact that most of the killed are trespassers on their property. This means not that most of them were stealing rides, but that they were walking on the tracks, or that they were at stations without having purchased tickets, presumably to meet expected friends. To them, all persons are trespassers who have not within a few hours paid cash for fares. As if these facts in any degree lessened the moral responsibility of the roads!

The figures that have been given are all compiled from official reports, and are probably below the real totals, as many minor accidents, though fatal, are unreported. Many a newspaper reporter, who has tried to get information from a railway employee as to an accident, has been told that it is all a man's job is worth to give such facts to the papers. A depressing feature about the American statistics is that the totals of both killed and wounded-or shall I say murdered and wantonly maimed?show a steady increase every year, having grown in the past seven years from 6,859 to 9,841 killed and from 40,882 to 76,553 injured. If this rate of progression continues unchecked, within ten years the present frightful annual

total will be doubled. It is also more or less true that we. as a nation, are careless of life and indifferent to casualties. The Brooklyn street railways mangled their hundreds, but the people never rose and put a stop to it, although very many of the victims were little children; the Iroquois Theater burned hundreds of the wives and daughters of Chicagoans, and yet we have fire-traps all over the land; the Slocum horror is not long past, yet overcrowded excursion boats ply in the same waters without careful supervision-and the chief malefactors in

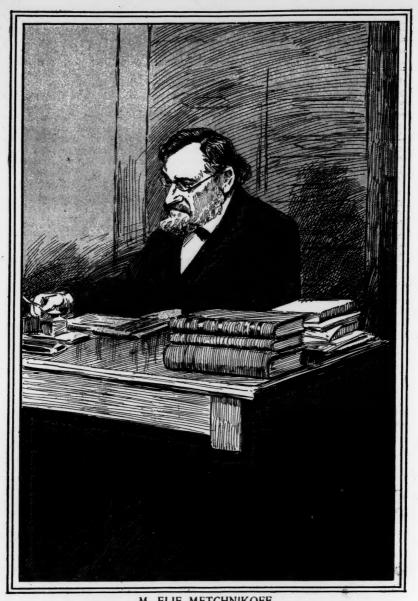
each case go unpunished.

In coal mining, though the totals are not nearly so bad as in the case of the railways, yet we hold the world's record for fatalities. The figures of the Engineering and Mining Journal for 1904 show that over 1,700 men met their doom in our coal mines, mostly because of falls of coal and rock. The percentage of deaths by accident is as follows, for the leading countries min-

9	
	FATALITIES PER 1,000 EMPLOYEES
United States	3.91
Prussia	
Australia (Queensland)	
Austria	
United Kingdom	
France	
Belgium	
New Zealand	
India	83

This means that, if we were as careful as the British, who mine about twothirds as much coal as we do, the lives of eleven hundred of our coal miners who were killed last year would have been saved to their families. Prussia. which occupies the second worst place on the list, with sixty per cent. of our fatalities, is not really as criticisable as the figures indicate, because her brown coal unquestionably involves more danger to the miners. The simple truth gathered from this comparison is that two out of three casualties in our coal mines might be prevented by exercising as much care as is the case abroad.

One might go on and enumerate a score of industries in which the loss of life by accident(!) is greater here than elsewhere, but enough has been said to show that the railroads are not the only criminals, that the fault lies deeper in, and that a disregard for human life is our national failing, while the success in manufacturing and other industries, of which we boast, is only of a financial character. Were we to be judged by the manslaughters and mainings, we would be the last and not the first industrial nation of the globe.



M. ELIE METCHNIKOFF
The Russian specialist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, who is seeking to prolong our lives

A Formidable Personality

M. Metchnikoff, Who Wishes to Make Us Live Longer

IF you have not heard of him before, you will be interested in the man who is fighting a battle for a longer life for you, a man who wishes to see old age put off until it is no longer a bugaboo at sixty, but a thing of comfort extending from your one hundred and thirtieth to your one hundred and sixtieth year, and who would have your middle age run from your sixtieth to your one hundred and thirtieth year. He is M. Elie Metchnikoff, professor in the Pasteur Institute of Paris, where he is looked upon as the legitimate successor of M. Pasteur, the celebrated germ specialist, who discovered the

cure for hydrophobia.

He is Russian by birth, a native of Kharkoff, where he was born May 15, 1845. He studied at Kharkoff. where he took his preliminary course in science, and later at Giessen, Göttingen and Munich. Still later, in 1870, he was appointed to the chair of zoology at Odessa, where he taught and wrote theses, and did other work which brought him a name among younger biologists, until at last he was capable of starting out on that scientific pilgrimage which all scientists hope to take, and which at last has brought him so much fame. Once he studied the minutest forms of animal life on the Russian steppes; later he went to Madeira and Teneriffe, examining the primitive order of sea creatures which inhabit those tropical waters. Then he went to Messina, a man with a microscope and a great scientific education, and with the aid of the previous training he had had, placed under his observation a number of grubs, or young, of starfish, and a tiny species of fresh water crab, which gave him the clew to the inward and material economy of

our bodies, and brought him to the conclusions which may lead to a longer

life for you and me.

The thing which it is necessary to explain here—and which he knew at the time when he was first examining these specimens—is that the human body, or any other organism, in fact, is composed of a number of microscopic cells, billions of them, which make up the life of the body, just as the population of the United States makes up the life or energy of the United States. These cells are moving freely, like people. They are of all sorts and conditions, like peo-Some of them, like the red corpuscles of the blood, number from six to eight millions to the cubic millimeter, the latter meaning no more than a drop the size of a pin head; others, like the white corpuscles, not quite so much. It was also known that the red corpuscles carried oxygen. The white ones had never been definitely explained. Scientists had seen them moving about in the blood. They were able to expand and contract. Now, looking through the transparent skin of the starfish grub and the fresh water crab, M. Metchnikoff, with the aid of his microscope, could see just what the purpose of the white corpuscles was-their business, so to speak.

They were the army of defense—the creatures who, when the body of any animal is threatened by the invasion of deadly microbes of any kind, rush to the breach, fight with them, in a figurative sense, and eventually, as a rule, conquer and devour them. The business of one branch of the white corpuscles, or leucocytes, as they are called, as he eventually found, was to repair breaches and wounds in the skin. They were to become known as macrophages.

The business of another group was to attack and destroy foreign germs. They were to become known as microphages. Both branches of these leucocytes, or white corpuscles, present so many interesting features that it would be impossible here to catalogue them all, but a few of their most important phases may be noted.

For instance, the macrophages prefer an animal diet-so much so that if you cut your finger, they hurry and devour the mess, while the microphages live on bacilli, such as those of diphtheria, cholera, bubonic plague and the like. They can be heartened to their work when they are being overcome, or are for any reason indifferent, by certain drugs and chemicals, which are now the study of many European scientists outside of M. Metchnikoff, and also by infusion of serums made from the blood of other animals, which are more immune from the diseases than the animal under treatment.

Thus if you take a frog out of one of the ponds about Calcutta, where the water is reeking with cholera germs, and make successive hypodermic injections of the blood of a living human being, and if, from thirty to thirty-five days later, you withdraw a small charge of blood from the frog so treated, you have, or should have, a serum which, for the person from whom the blood was originally drawn, or any other person, is a reinforcing agent or preventive against cholera. microphages of the blood of the frog have learned to contest with and win victories over the cholera germs of the pond that were constantly invading it, so, when the human microphages are introduced into the frog, they somehow learn this art of warfare, and when reintroduced into the human body teach their fellows apparently what they learned in the frog. For certain it is that a human system so treated by this serum is invariably stronger and better able to throw off the disease which the frog, for instance, has been so long able to combat.

But this really is not the great part of M. Metchnikoff's work, for much of this has been known and utilized in a crude way, as, for example, the method of vaccination against smallpox, so long in use. He demonstrated the real functions of the microphages and macrophages. But he went further. He followed their functions until, in the aging bodies of various animals, he saw these same macrophages—which in youth and health heal up wounds and give their bodies to form a new skin, where the old was cut—turning on the human system and devouring its very elements which they had so long struggled to preserve!

This is what produces the decay of old age. "It is," as the professor says, "as if the army in an old and important country, after having won many victories, at last turned on the State itself

and sacked and devoured it."

Naturally, so astounding a discovery led to inquiry as to why they did it, and then to the far greater question: Could their assaults be prevented or delayed? If they could be, life might be prolonged not indefinitely, but for a while—forty, sixty, seventy years, say, so that old age would not really arrive until we had reached the noble period of, say, a hundred and sixty years. It is a remarkable problem. It enlists the interest and enthusiasm of the whole race.

To the first question he found answers in the discoveries of other scientists as well as in his own. These were to the effect that various poisons, introduced into the system by the eating of pork, the drinking of wine or whisky, and the following up of immoral impulses during life, lead to the baneful activity which these macrophages show. They seem to be excited by these things, and in the end to lose the sense of duty

which they once possessed.

Then, too, the human digestive tube contains an enormous quantity of microbes, and many of these are capable of secreting substances more or less virulent, which, when the system is aging and no longer able to purify itself thoroughly, begin by degrees to gain the ascendency over the leucocytes set in the walls of the body cavity to withstand them. They deposit their toxins,

or poisons, in steadily increasing quantities, and this acts more and more on the macrophages as an irritant. Hence their deadly activity.

But how to overcome them? How to delay their deadly assaults until man is past his hundredth year at least? Professor Metchnikoff does not claim to have solved this problem, but he is

looking in this direction.

It has been shown, for instance, that certain serums, made by the process heretofore explained in the case of the frog, will hearten the microphages so that they will be able to combat certain diseases. It is now suggested that certain other serums, if made from the natural fluids in which certain organs swim, such as the brain, the heart, the kidneys, and the like—that is, a little of the fluid withdrawn and injected into the corresponding organs of other healthy human beings, and then reinjected, as shown in the case of the frog -would serve to strengthen the macrophages, to keep them able to do their normal duties, and so to counteract the influence of the irritant poisons and keep them down.

Then, too, it has been shown that sour milk, or, rather, a common germ occupying it and making it sour, is capable of counteracting the influence of the deadly flora in the digestive system, and so getting rid of much of the irritant poison that accelerates old age. Anyone can drink sour milk, and no doubt thousands will do it, but as yet no one can obtain serums of the healthy organs of other people, and there is where the trouble lies. Human beings do not want to be experimented on. They do not want to put their lives in jeopardy.

Here, then, for the present, the great quest of Metchnikoff rests, and here it must rest until he is able to obtain healthy human organs to experiment on, but in the meanwhile he is seeking substitutes, serums, new knowledge. If he succeeds, you and I may live to see the benefit of his labors worked out in our own lives. For the present we must content ourselves by looking up the details of what he has done and by drinking his suggested sour milk. It may add to our length of days. It cannot



do us any harm.

NO OBJECTION.

FIRST LAWYER—Don't you think we are giving our client unnecessary trouble?

SECOND LAWYER—Yes, but we'll charge him for it.

HIS WILLINGNESS.

DEACON WATERS (severely)—Drunkenness is a terrible disease, and——Soiled Spooner (cheerily)—Dat's right, boss. You couldn't help a poor, stricken individual what's hardly able to be out of the hospital, could you?

AT THE OPERA.

MISS COHEN—I am neffer happy ven I hear sweet music, Maurice; are you? Mr. GOLDGRABBER—Oh, yes—sometimes—ven I get gomblimentary dickets!

POET—I have here a little forty-five stanza poem, entitled "Do Not Complain About Your Lot."

EDITOR—Why?



By Stanley DuBois

THE greatest harvest of the year and land is now being sown. Usually we think of a harvest being gathered, but it is not always so. I refer to the harvest of the leaves. They are going fast to earth again whence they came. Oh, the mistake and misery we make when we burn them! More is this harvest than all grains or seeds of man's sowing. True, it is a harvest that does not add directly to any man's storehouse, but it does fatten the soil for man's future needs, for his future fields of fruits and flowers. Less than the thinness of this sheet of paper is added to the black mold of earth, but so it is ordained that thus in good time are made ready the gardens and farms for countless multitudes yet to dwell on the globe. All values of phosphates, of lime and manures, are small as compared with nature's way of making and enriching the soil.

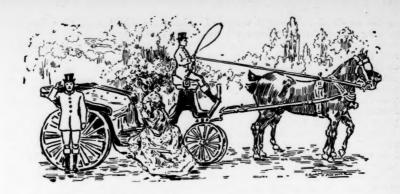
And how exquisitely beautiful! No crop of man's raising equals the beauty of the ripe leaves, the foliage of our American autumn—the gold, the brown, the red, the orange, blending in all shades and in such prodigal masses of color against our hillsides and along our water courses. Oh, the gorgeous hickories, the maples, the sumachs! The frost has touched them, the hills are painted, even the ground is a mass of color. I wonder the carpet weavers do not go to the autumn forest for their patterns; maybe they know

their limitations.

Stand still some bright, breezy day and watch the wind shake down whole fleets and squadrons, gay as flocks of butterflies, that seemingly drift hither and thither with no sort of definite port. But if you will see their final resting place, watch to the end. The fact is, they always rest at last just where most needed—not a stranded wreck among them.

It may be—may it be!—your good fortune, as it has been mine, to go sauntering—what a good word that is down to the roots of it, "La Sainte Terre," the Holy Earth—through some leafy temple in these glorious autumn days. Contentedly, joyously the leaves go; why may not we, too, lie down to rest with as sublime a faith in futurity as a maple leaf?

There are no black palls at any of nature's new births. What a lesson to you and me, poor devotees and victims to dressmaker's and milliner's fashions, who forsooth robe ourselves in black instead of following the example of the autumn leaves!



The Little Old Maid of the Brunswick

By Edmund Russell

ANY who lived in the shabby ultra-respectable Brunswick before it was torn down will remember a curious personage the guests called the "Little Old Maid Who Always Wore Her Bridal Veil." The colored hall porter used to bow to the ground before her stiff brocades and antique laces, fastened with great cameos and Roman mosaics; the bell boys would run their legs off for her generous tips. She kept one of the smallest chambers in the house, seldom patronized the dining room-a doctor was overheard to say she lived on a peanut and twenty grains of quinine a day -but all this pointed to great wealth and parsimonious habits. It grew the fashion to be seen with her; her early Victorian bonnet could be noted nearly every afternoon in the park. Then she dropped out of sight, and it was only the notice of her recent death that made people speak the name again and wonder to whom she had left all her money.

"Oh, anything will do for Aunt Hannah!"

Her own sister to her own niece!

She locked her door, a thing she had never dared to do before in the daytime. and fell trembling on the frayed strip of matting beside her bed. Yes, anything would do for Aunt Hannah in her rich sister's home. The faded calico that scarce covered her, with a hole in the back where her shoulder blade had worn through in washing dishes; a servant's room; when company came, scraps at the servants' table. All were very "kind" to her; since, at the death of the mother she had stayed to nurse, while the others went out into the world, they had offered her "a home." She had gradually drifted into the position of lower than menial, from being too willing, too loving, and having too much of that New England vice called selfsacrifice, which used to make it the highest tribute that could be paid a woman to engrave on her tombstone, "She never enjoyed one happy moment.

She sobbed and shook on the ragged matting for some time, then rose and looked in the glass. A tear-stained face, cut with deep wrinkles and framed in tight-drawn hair. Wild thoughts of

suicide throbbed through her brain—of rushing down Twelfth Street till she came to the river; of finding some well and plunging in head first. But her clothes were too soiled to commit suicide in; she would be ashamed to have anyone pull her out by her gaiter boots, with the elastics all burst down the sides. Her family would grudge even the expense of burying her.

Bury her! She suddenly remembered the little annuity Uncle Hiram left her long ago—sixty dollars a year no one knew of. She had secretly saved it to lay herself out with, and when they offered her a "comfortable home" she never mentioned it, and had let it accumulate so she might have a proper

funeral

But in eight years a comfortable home may become a very uncomfortable one.

Laid out! What did she care how she was laid out?

People could not scorn her more were

. . . and fell trembling on the frayed strip of matting beside her bed.

she never laid out—if they found her dead in the gutter.

Would they raise a shaft?—"Here lies poor old Aunt Hannah."

No; anything would be good enough for her in death as in life.

Life! Did life still cry out? Was there anything in her withered breast that told her *she* still could live? In the "Magic Story" she had read, in the white Church of Christ she had heard, "There is no failure but the grave." Would the grave be her failure?

She was not yet dead, and had four hundred and eighty dollars in the bank.

The unaccustomed figures so overpowered her that she had to creep into bed. Long she lay there, and it seemed as if wild horses were galloping through her brain and tearing each other's heads off with their teeth. Long, long she tried to bring harmony to her tangled nerves; trying herself to work out some of the principles she had heard; but the sweet bells had been so long jangled and out of tune it was hard for her to harmonize and master them.

That evening at dinner her sister received an envelope by a messenger—it contained only a meaningless scrap of paper.

AN OCEAN MYSTERY.

The most remarkable ocean mystery is that which enshrouds the fate of the crew of the Marie Celeste, an American merchant vessel, which sailed from New York for Villefranche a few years ago. She had on board thirteen persons, including the captain's wife and daughter. Some time afterward she was sighted off Gibraltar by a French steamer. The Frenchmen gazed long and earnestly at the vessel lying becalmed under full sail. Glasses failed to discover any signs of life. On the captain hailing the vessel and receiving no response, a boat was put off and the crew boarded her. They were surprised to find everything in applepie order, but not a soul on board. The Marie Celeste was searched from stern to bow; there were no signs of a struggle; the boats were all there, the clothes were hanging out to dry.

In the cabin, on the table, was a halffinished meal; there was a piece of calico on a sewing machine; and the compasses and watches of the captain and mate were found. There was plenty of water on board, and, altogether, it was a most unaccountable mys-

tery what had become of the thirteen people.

The ship's log had been kept within forty-two hours of the time when she was discovered, and spoke of a voyage without ac-cident of any kind. It was with difficulty a crew was secured to take the vessel to her destination. Since then nothing has ever been heard of the crew of thirteen who so mysteriously disappeared.

When Aunt Hannah was called to do the dishes she could not be found.

In the morning, as Mrs. Saxon was beginning to worry at the non-appearance of her aged sister—just four years' difference-and thinking, "We'll have her on our hands crazy next," the post brought a missive.

DEAR SISTER: I am sorry to leave without saying good-by, but am called to Boston on business for a week or so. Love to Katie.

What business could Hannah have? -while the young girl thought "Love to Katie" almost impertinent.

A fortnight later Mrs. Saxon received a large, square, green envelope, with crest in gold.

DEAR SELMA: I am lingering longer than I expected. Am with my friend, Mrs. Castelreigh, at her Newport villa for a few

"Who can Mrs. Castelreigh be?" her sister wondered; so did Aunt Hannah, but the Newport postmark was all right.

Another week brought a messenger with a big bunch of Thorley violets and this note:

Am at the Brunswick; come up for tea. Flowers for Katie. Love.

Mrs. Saxon gasped for breath. The Flowers - Thorley's! Brunswick! Hannah! She could scarcely wait to tie on her bonnet.

The colored porter who opened the door took no notice of her, but bowed his dollar bow to the lady of quality who swept into the hall. You could have heard the rustle of her silks all down the corridor. The air was filled with the latest peau de Prince de Galles. Soft gray puffs and falling ringlets framed a sweet and smiling face, and made one forget the outrage of years;

the gray of her hair and the pink of her cheeks repeated themselves all through her dress.

"Some of the English nobility-how high bred!" thought Mrs. Saxon, when suddenly she gave a scream-"Han-

Desperation, cunning, the science of Christ, and four hundred and eighty dollars in the bank had raised the wretched old maid from her bed to a desperate struggle for life. She realized that in sacrificing self she was losing self, and with it even the power to offer self to others, for soon there would be no self to give.

She spent the night at the Margaret Louisa Home, and from there sent her two first messages. The next morning she drew her money out of the bank, and in the evening took the Fall River boat for Boston. She felt like a hunted criminal, with the bloodhounds baying on her track, but the beautiful view of the harbor, the cool breeze blowing on her face, and the sight of Liberty uplifting her torch in message to the world, revived her. "For me!-for me!" she cried.

She went to a hotel the captain of the boat recommended to her, and passed the first two days in bed. Then another two in the public gardens before she even tried to think of her plans. She fed crumbs to the sparrows, talked to the children, bought flowers and foolish things. She then put herself in the hands of a hairdresser, a dentist and a masseuse; went to a few concerts and vaudeville shows to get her smile back; and at the end of a week no one would have recognized her.

She knew that she could not compete with the "smart set," but she was clever enough to know also that in these days eccentricity must look expensive to be respected. She bought a gray moiré antique that could stand alone, with little vieux-rose figures in it; had it made in great pleats of the style when she was a girl-a broad collar and lappets of Honiton lace, a pattern she had heard some one say was Queen Victoria's favorite; an early Victorian



The colored porter who opened the door took no notice of her, but bowed his dollar bow to the lady of quality who swept into the hall.

straw, filled in with brier rose, and a white veil; black satin slippers, to which she sewed ribbons and laced up her legs bandit fashion; a large malachite brooch with Roman mosaic center, representing the Colosseum, which Paran Stevens had once brought from Europe to one of his nieces, and who, in turn, had sold it to a junk shop; and with the addition of a lorgnette to give distinction to her stare, and a pair of black silk mitts, she was ready for her campaign—two hundred and thirty of her four hundred and eighty dollars gone to the bad.

She invested in some gold-crested note paper, and through a chance acquaintance mailed the letter from Newport; then took passage for New York, still wearing her old clothes to save her new ones, and also from fear of beginning her rôle. Taking one of the smallest rooms at the Brunswick—the little top one with a balcony on Twenty-seventh Street—she practised her new self for a week before daring to send for her sister.

First, she made friends with the col-

ored hall porter by giving him a dollar, which she repeated the day she expected Mrs. Saxon, and the bell boys knew there was always a dime and a smile for them whenever she rang. She brought in apples and health food, and kept a pint of milk outside her window, only occasionally daring to sail into the dining room in her stiff brocades—but she saw from her first entry that she was a success.

"But, Hannah! But, Hannah!"—her sister was completely overcome. Hannah knew enough to respond so vaguely that she gave no definite information, and to "Why didn't you tell me you were expecting a fortune?" replied, "Dear Selma, I didn't expect it—I don't suppose I have one—my fortune is the world——"

"But to live here!"

"Ah, don't mention it—you know material things make no difference with me. It was my caprice to live without them for a time; it is now my caprice to live with them," spoke Aunt Hannah, in literal truth; but to her sister it passed for aristocratic evasion.

DEAREST HANNAH: I must insist that you come home to dine with us!

And Aunt Hannah went, adding only a circlet of paste around her neck and a queer ornament of beetle wings in her hair. She was given the biggest armchair, while they sent out for an entrée and an ice. Katie hung over her and told her how lovely she was; even disdainful Rob was interested. Mr. Saxon said Hannah always was a brilliant conversationalist. They sent her home in a cab; all felt happier than in a long time, and Aunt Hannah wore a smile of triumph that never left her.

Of how she had come into her fortune she would volunteer no information, and it was soon unquestioned.

When the first Japanese came to this country with Commodore Perry they were asked: "Have you anything better in your religion than the Golden Rule?"

"What is that?"

"Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

"Oh, yes, we have something much better—feel unto others as you would they should feel unto you."

Life was now very interesting to Hannah-she encouraged the report that she was the original of one of Dickens' characters, that he was hopelessly in love with her during his visit to People she did America. not know began to seek acquaintance. She held quite a court in the corridors of the Brunswick, was always invited to the balls given there, and her opinion sought when the "Dream of Fair Women" was arranged.

She only ventured now into the dining room when she expected a relative, as it seemed good form to be seen

coming out; likewise, she took a carriage for the park three times in the first two weeks, and was always just stepping in as her sister arrived, so she might condescendingly invite her. It was astonishing how soon her relatives found her and how old friends she had not seen in years turned up. Soon she lacked neither dinners nor park rides, invitations for luncheons and tea fights were showered upon her, so she had only her room rent to pay, but even that could not last long. She had but one parade dress. At times, when alone, she wore the best of ancient days; that also passed for eccentricity, but she saw her little store of money was fast coming to an end, with nothing definite in sight.

She knew better people than her sister, and her sister knew it. It was:

"Dear Aunt Hannah! We all love her so—so interesting—so eccentric yes, immensely wealthy."

For she had now added to her dignity with a gold-headed cane, which she



... and looked in a cracked mirror, and laughed and cried and prayed at the sweet face she saw there.

bought for three dollars at the Fleur-de-lis.

At Christmas she gave very expensive small things—cards that cost a dollar or two, while her relatives sent those from ten or twenty-five-cent bundles—all this gave her another lift. She was even invited to the opera, and knew enough to wear one of those frumpy little caps that make English dowagers look like decorated housemaids, but fastened it with a rhinestone buckle that was chronicled as a "diamond tiara" in the newspapers, and the fussier she contrived to look the more startling grew the tales of her wealth, though it could now be counted in two figures.

ger, and but nine dollars and sixty-three cents remained in her purse, her sister said—she had been talking over for a long time the necessity of keeping Aunt Hannah's fortune in the family—"Why won't you come to live with us, dear Hannah? We should so love to have



To the Brunswick for a cup of English breakfast tea and a buttered muffin.

When nearing the end, in her most stately manner she invited subscriptions to an "old ladies' home" she was interested in, none knowing the name of the old ladies' home was "Hotel Brunswick." If no invitation came she lay sick and faint, for she dared not eat, there was too little left now.

At last one day, when she had known forty-eight hours of aristocratic hun-

you, and surely you would be more comfortable than you are here. We will repaper the south guest room in your favorite pink and gray. It would make us all so happy."

And Aunt Hannah was coaxed, resisted, and at dinner was coaxed again, and yielded—"but only for a visit"—after the

addition that she was to have the use of a carriage as if it were her

"She's as mean as dirt," said the sister to her husband that night, "but she will leave all her money to Katie, and we must do our best for her."

And so Aunt Hannah thenceforth spread out her stately skirts on gilded parlor chairs and drove in state to the park. She always looked a family portrait stepped out of its frame, and still kept up the circle of interesting friends, for this was in the days of the salons of Miss Booth, Mrs. Bettner, Mrs. Bunce

and Mrs. Coventry Wardell.

The first day after she unpacked her trunk in her room where pink and gray cretonne shaded pink and gray paper, and a great gray wolf skin stretched on the blazing hearth, she crept up to a bare, white, dirty servants' room, with a piece of frayed matting on the floor, and looked in a cracked mirror, and laughed and cried and prayed at the sweet face she saw there. Coming down, she took a piece of paper and made some calculations on what remained of her "fortune"-just ninetyseven cents, in an imitation gold bag fastened with an imitation emerald snap. She must now pay for her board in love and sunshine and smiles, and she paid

Her sixty dollars a year gave her just one dollar and fifteen cents a week; and once a week, if a clear day, she would tie on her early Victorian bonnet and sail up Fifth Avenue with her stiff silks, her laces and grand airs, to the Brunswick, for a cup of English breakfast tea and a buttered muffin, which she would eat very slowly. For this she paid fifty cents; she always gave a quarter to her special waiter, a quarter to the colored porter, and had a nickel for any stray bell boy who encountered her; and so she kept up her prestige on her one dollar and fifteen cents a week, and all bowed to the ground before her.

When she was found dead in her bed, search was at once made for the will. It said: "I leave my laces to Katie, my malachite pin to sister Selma, my brocade dress to Bobbie, to make cushions for his den. With the rest of my fortune I have already dowered my favor-

ite charity."

But no one knew that her "favorite charity" was the colored porter of the Hotel Brunswick, and she had dowered him dollar by dollar.

Ray

THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM.

I T happened at a lunch given at one of the Berlin embassies, which the kaiser had honored with his imperial presence. An English diplomat, sitting within hearing, was discussing some big affair of the moment with a lady, and in course of conversation praised one of the people most concerned for his prompt and resolute action.

"As our immortal William has observed," remarked the diplomat, "there

is a tide in the affairs of man that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

The kaiser looked puzzled. "That is quite true," he remarked, "but I don't remember saying it."

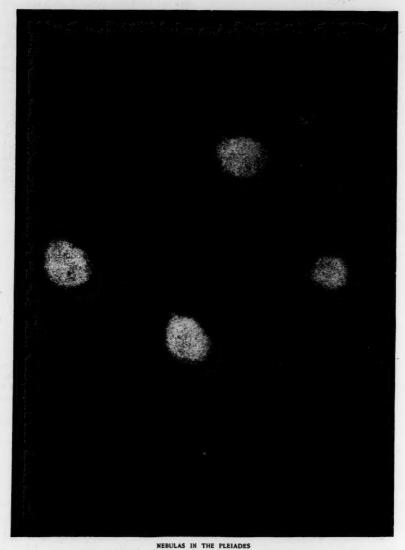
NEVER familiar herself in any way, the Princess of Wales will not tolerate the slightest familiarity in others, and woe betide those who offend in this respect.

SNUBBED BY THE DUCHESS.

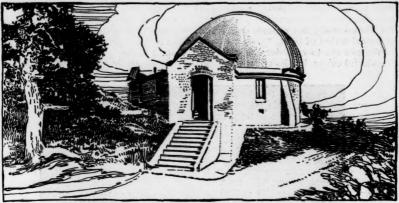
"Do you mind me calling you May?" once said a certain very fashionable and gushing society lady to the young Duchess of York. "I love your name so

much. Do you mind if I call you May?"

"Not at all," said the duchess, in a dangerously quiet tone of voice, "if you don't mind my not answering you."



The strange nebulous masses seen in this famous group which appears only as seven stars to the naked eye. The telescope shows hundreds of stars in the same space



CROSSLEY DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA

Photographing the Heavens

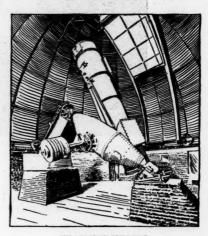
By Ray Hamilton

CHEMISTRY and astronomy, it would seem, on first thought, have but little in common, for the first is the science of corpuscles and atoms, and the second of planets and solar systems.

That everything throughout the universe bears a definite relation one to the other no one will gainsay, but it is a far cry from the infinitely small to the infinitely large, and just why chemists should be interested in astronomy and astronomers concerned about chemistry will be brought out in the text to follow.

Chemistry, let it be known, has done more for the furtherance of astronomical knowledge than all the other arts and sciences put together, with the one exception that of optics, for many of the latest and most interesting discoveries in astronomical science, such as comets, trifid nebulæ, satellites, eclipses, etc., are due to chemistry.

If it is easy to ask how chemistry, which is that branch of physical science dealing with matter as composed of atoms and the relations of one kind of matter to another, could be of service to astronomy, which treats of the heav-



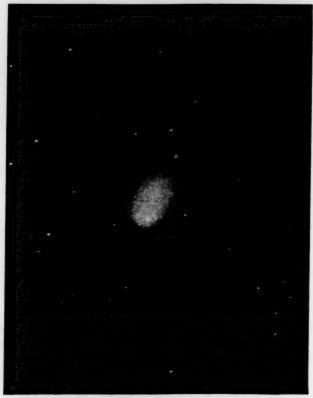
THE CROSSLEY REFLECTOR

The great telescope at the Lick Observatory, used for photographing the heavens

enly bodies, their motions, magnitudes and distances, the answer is yet easier; for photography is a process due to the chemical action of light.

We are apt to consider the eye as a wonderful organ, but its range of vision lens not only distorts the truth, but it frequently proves to be the greatest liar on earth. On the other hand, a good lens is like a good man—truthful within certain limits.

To ascertain the methods and proc-



NEBULA IN URSAE MAJOR Photographed with Crossley reflector

is, after all, quite limited, and a good lens and camera, together with highgrade dry plates and a little skill, will see more, and observe quicker, objects that it may be trained upon than can the best eye that ever grew in the socket of mortal man.

Not only this, but its revelations are usually quite accurate, though a poor

esses by which the heavenly bodies are photographed, it will be necessary to say a few words about telescopes in general. Of these there are two kinds used for astronomical purposes, the first being known as a refracting telescope—that is, the light passes through a series of lenses; and the second as a reflecting telescope, wherein the light



THE TRIFID NEBULA

Thus called on account of its division by great clefts into three principal parts. It is in the constellation Sagittarius. Made with the Crossley reflector; exposure three hours. This marvelous object is not visible to the naked eye, although a star cluster in its neighborhood is

impinges upon a speculum, or concave mirror, which magnifies the object when it is viewed by the observer.

The refracting telescope was invented by Galileo. The reflecting telescopes have two forms, which are called the Gregorian and the Newtonian. The construction of both of these types will be speedily made clear by referring to the text, which indicates the principles underlying each. In the days of long ago, when the art of grinding lenses was yet in its infancy, and the little disks of glass were tedious to figure, difficult to grind and exceedingly high priced, the want of better and less costly instruments was sorely felt.

Then came the reflecting telescope of entirely different design, in which the image of the distant object was caught upon a concave mirror of polished metal contained in the base of the tube. Some great telescopes of this kind were constructed and mounted, the most notable one being that of Lord Rosse; in this telescope the mirror was six feet in di-

ameter, and collected on its surface a quarter of a million times as much light as the unaided eye. The curvature of the mirror brought all the rays to a focus, where the eye could obtain a single image.

In the meantime, the art of grinding and polishing lenses had reached a high degree of perfection; and as refracting telescopes had many advan-tages over those of the reflecting order, especially in the matter of compactness and power, the latter gradually gave way to the former, even as the reciprocating engine is being eliminated by the steam turbine. Then came the long list of fine, large refracting telescopes that are sweeping the heavens from lofty observatories the world And when modern over. photography came on the scene, and astronomers were able to fix the celestial sphere for all time on a prepared

plate, a new science was awakened and called into action.

The reflecting telescope again became an object of interest, for with all its defects, it was possible to obtain a larger, though not as bright an image,

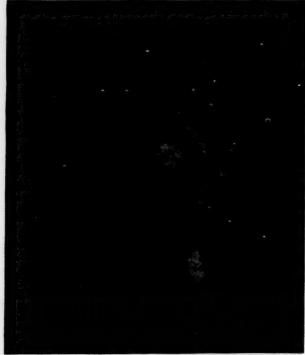


GREAT NEBULA IN ORION
The largest nebula visible from the Northern Hemisphere.
Photographed by means of the Crossley
reflector in 40 minutes

but in photographic astronomy this was of little moment, for all that was needed to make up this deficiency was a little longer exposure. The first of these modern reflecting telescopes was originally constructed for Dr. Common, a well-known English astronomer, who believed and sought to prove, for these

least three hundred days of sunshine every year.

The tube, or barrel, of this telescope has a diameter of three feet, while the distance the light has to travel from the concave mirror until the rays are focused on the little mirror, is seventeen feet and six inches; thence they



THE GREAT SPIRAL OR WHIRLPOOL NEBULA IN CANES VENATICI One of the largest and most brilliant white nebula in the heavens. It will be observed that a secondary nucleus terminates one of the spirals

reasons, that it was superior to those of the refracting type.

The telescope was then sold to Mr. Crossley, an amateur astronomer, who set it up in his private observatory in England; but the strenuous weather in that land of fog threatened its premature destruction, and so Mr. Crossley generously made a present of it to the Lick Observatory, where on Mount Hamilton, in California, there are at

proceed to the little camera attachment that carries the photographic plate, where the image they form is indelibly

fixed upon it.

When a photograph is to be made with this telescope, it is focused very much as would be a camera, and the image must be just as sharp; the plate in its holders is put into place, and the exposure is then made. Since so very little light reaches the telescope from

the distant orbs, it is necessary to expose the plate for a longer time than the snap shots we make with our kodaks.

This being the case, the telescope must be provided with a driving mechanism to counteract the diurnal motion—that is, the rotation of the earth on its axis—and this the clockwork does automatically. Yet no matter how carefully the clock is adjusted, the telescope will not register exactly; and if this were not preventable, the picture would be blurred.

To circumvent this, a smaller telescope, called a finder, is fastened securely to the plate holder. Inside this tube and stretched across the larger lens are two very fine wires, crossed at exactly the center. While the object is being photographed, the astronomer, by means of the little telescope, observes whether the object is or is not in the same position it was when the exposure began. After the plate is exposed, it is developed and the

negative fixed in the usual manner. Then the trained astronomer may proceed at leisure and in the daylight to examine the photograph with a magnifying glass, in the hopes that he may discover a heretofore unrevealed speck of light that may, perchance, be a new marking on Jupiter, an unrecorded binary star, an unsuspected comet or a previously unobserved Milky Way. Sometimes one astronomer exposes and develops the plates while another, more highly skilled in microscopic astronomy, will seek the hidden wonders or verify the old ones.

It is believed by some makers that it would be perfectly feasible to design a reflecting telescope large enough to obtain indications by photography of the inhabitants of the moon, but alas and alack-a-day! we are told that, as there is neither water nor atmosphere on its surface, life cannot possibly exist, and so this pretty speculation must go by the board.



A RARE JOKE.

MRS. SCRAPPINGTON (in the midst of her reading)—Mercy sakes! Here is an item about a man who fractured his wife's skull by striking her on the head with a bust of Socrates!

MR. SCRAPPINGTON—Ah, I see! He "busted" her head. Good joke! The fellow who wrote that was a humorist, all right enough!

43

CHOPPING HIM OFF.

CHINNAWAY—Now, this thing speaks for itself——
GRIMSHAW—Let it!

MUST HAVE BEEN TOUGH.

FIRST DINER—I don't think this is really a spring chicken.

SECOND DINER—I do; in fact, I have found some of the springs.

47

HIS GREAT CHANCE.

SKINTON—Well, Gusher is going to make a name at last. HINTON—Yes? What line has he gone into now? SKINTON—Sign painting.

Katie's "Manuscrit"

By W. G. Fitz-Gerald

ATIE'S whole life was filled with it. Waking at six, she took it from its drawer as one might a relic from its shrine, merely to become penetrated with its mystery and glory. When she wanted to turn to a favorite passage, a love scene, a glowing description, she used scraps of tissue paper in turning the leaves, lest her possession be soiled.

In the evening she read bits of it to her father and mother, whose eyes of listening awe paid due tribute. The neighbors knew of it, too—were shown it, handled it even, subject to restric-

tions.

After a while Katie began to feel it was her very own, part of herself, and had always been so. Oceans of talk, of devious advice, of varied wonder, of assumption of airs proprietary, had wrought this. Less and less was said now about the finding—the mere fortuitous picking up—of the unsealed envelope with its precious "manuscrit" in a suburban train.

And out of all the comment that now flowed upon Katie, only one idea emerged: It must be worth a great

deal!

Katie's mother instantly saw something in this point. And the more she pondered it, the more it appealed to her. And ponder it she did, until she had spent many and many dollars of its supposed value. This money was laid out with earnest attention to detail and vast variety of purpose, embracing shoes for father, a furnace, a new bed, some fancy underwear, a best dress, some gloves and a bonnet for the enthusiast herself; and—as an afterthought—a few odds and ends for Katie.

There came a time when Katie had to act. One day some long envelopes

were procured, also a pair of scales from the grocer, a pen and some ink. The thing was as impressive as the making away with an estate. Katie's mother was there, assisted by three other women. Katie's father was there, too, vaguely worried by the whole business, and irritated by the wild talk of the women.

Everyone had suggestions to give. Katie was ready to cry. She didn't want to part with her "manuscrit" at all. Nor would she, dollars or no dollars, but for popular clamor—the uselessness of having the key to so many necessaries "lyin' there doin' nothin'";

and so on.

The magazine it was destined for was selected after a stormy session. It paid big prices—three, four, ay, five cents for each word, so it was said. And forthwith every typewritten word was counted, and estimates made, mainly by Mrs. Bagley's third son, a mathematician of note.

A conservative estimate of the "manuscrit's" value was two hundred dollars. Katie's mother wanted to spend it all over again, this time in profitable chickens, but her husband's language

was unmistakable.

"You may have to go up," Mrs. Reardon said, looking at her daughter with new interest.

"Up where?" Katie asked. Her brain

was dazed with it all.

"Up to the office; they'll send for

"Sure thing," Mrs. Bagley chimed

in.
"I shouldn't wonder," Mrs. Corrigan said.

"They won't part with hundreds of dollars without seein' who they're goin' to," Mrs. Healey remarked. They all looked up to Mrs. Healey. She spoke as a woman with much experience with these things.

"But I got no clothes!" Katie said this helplessly—miserably, even.

Her mother consoled her cheerily with the thought of borrowed finery. There was a trailing skirt available from the Creedy household; a hat, even a choice of hats, from Martha Cassidy; gloves here, shoes there and complaisant neighbors everywhere. And Katie was comforted.

She wrote a letter to accompany her "manuscrit." It was written under advice, and was short; for therein lay safety. It said little beyond: "Herewith I send you a manuscrit."

"There ain't any more to say," Katie's father declared. "There it is; and that's

all there is to it."

And they mailed the story, after four of them had weighed it to check the postage.

In three days came a letter for "Miss K. Reardon." The girl read it with a swelling heart.

MY DEAR MADAM: I have received your remarkable story, and would much like to see you at the office here on Thursday next, at 4 P. M., if that be convenient for you.

I may add that my MS. readers, and the literary staff generally, were immensely struck by the power, grace and charm of your work. Not even De Maupassant himself could rival your dramatic terseness. The way in which you have handled the scene by night in the Forum of Old Rome, and the tragedy in the Baths of Caracalla, is especially fine. But we can discuss these things when you call. I greatly look forward to meeting so talented a contributor.

And much else besides, causing sore amazement to the assembled women.

The editor was clearly of opinion he had a "find"; he seemed eager to get a line on Miss Reardon's future work. "Yer got to-day 'n' to-morrow ter git

th' clothes," her mother reminded her.

And forthwith voluble ambassadors went forth to borrow. They told strange stories to owners of a likely wardrobe. On the mind of the trailing skirt lady was left an impression that Katie Reardon had acquired a large fortune, whereof proof lay in certain papers she held. Clearly, then,

the loan of the robe was in the nature of an investment, a rare opportunity to do a service to a person of sudden wealth who would surely repay a thousandfold.

In this way a weird heap of garments accumulated on the floor of the Reardon parlor. Their sizes varied, their age, their cut, their style—and, above all, their color. Katie's heart, fond as she was of clothes, sank under the responsibility.

Not so with the women, however. Each darted at the motley pile, examined every item closely, tried on several, and soon appeared to have forgotten Katie and her mission.

But with scornful words Mr. Reardon brought them back to earth. And Katie was robed for the interview. There was, of course, the trailing skirt, "quiet-like"; a tight-fitting scarlet coat with a touch of cheerful yellow lace at the neck; lavender gloves and a hat greatly beset with poppies. Katie stood a sort of composite embodiment of the smartness of the village.

She was pulled this way by her mother, and that way by the rest. Alterations were suggested, combatted, counter-suggested, carried out. Katie looked tired and ill.

"Yerra, let the child alone!" said the

father.

"Step this way, Miss Reardon," said the clerk. He was a young man of manner and bearing, and he thought he had never beheld the like when he laid his eyes on Katie. The girl's heart fluttered; her feet sank in an opulent carpet. A moment later she stood before the editor. He was tall, she saw, and stately. He came forward to greet her with eyes unnaturally large, and stammering what he sought to utter.

Katie was gratified, for all her confusion. "It's me clothes," she said, with a grateful flash of thought for her

dressers.

"Miss Reardon?" the editor queried,

swinging a chair for her.

Katie gave a curt nod. "Be careful," her father had said, waving his pipe at her—"an' let him do all the talkin'."

And the girl knew this was best.

"What a student you must have been of Caligula's reign!"—this admiringly. And as he spoke, he marveled that youthful genius should materialize as a lurid scarecrow.

"And the plot," he went on—"so adroit, so unexpected. Where did you

get it from?"

"I found it in the train," said Katie, truthfully, for in her was no guile.

"In the train," the editor repeated.
"How often it happens like that!"

Katie was puzzled, and looked it. "It's the only one I ever found in a

train," she said.

"Ah, your mode of work is different, probably. But, Miss Reardon, what I wanted to know is this: Could I count on your sending me one story each month?"

There was a feeling of growing anger in the girl now. She felt he was making fun of her. He must have known she did not write that glorious thing herself—she, a poor, ignorant Irish girl.

"D'ye think they're picked up like ciga-a-ar ends?" she asked him, scorn-

fully.

He looked surprised, ruffled even. "But you will write me another? It

is a definite commission.'

That was the last straw. Tears had been gathering in her harassed eyes. Choking back her sobs, she rose and faced him with flaming face. The long skirt, far too big for her, and the rest of her comic accounterments, together with the man's perplexity, made a scene rarely farcical.

"I can't write," she burst out. "You know I can't. I just found it—picked it up—in the train. I kept it for a long time, an' read it an' read it, an' loved it, an' they made me send it away. I want it back right now. I'm goin' home.

Don't yer see?"

The editor did; he looked as though he wanted to laugh. But he was a kindly man. He bade her sit down again; he soothed her and drew her out. He shared her scornful impatience against Mrs. Bagley, Mrs. Corrigan and Mrs. Healey. He agreed with her

father's sound masculine sense. He called her "Katie" now.

"I'll advertise for the author," he said, softly, "and when he shows up, I'll introduce him to you."

"It's mother," Katie said, drying her eyes, consoledly. "Yer see, mother's built on it a lot. But I loved it—oh, I loved it for the beautiful things it said."

"You did, Katie," he agreed; "and you shall have a nice printed copy of it. Of course, the author will give you something, Katie—half the price I shall recommend—and then your mother will be content."

There was a pause of a moment or two. "What do you do, Katie?" the

editor asked.

"Oh, I just help mother in the house."
"But wouldn't you like to do something else? Surely a bright girl like you might learn shorthand and typewriting, and eventually become private secretary to a man who writes stories like the one you found. Wouldn't you like that, Katie?"

The girl's big eyes turned on him with a world of grateful appeal and wistful yearning. He saw his answer.

"I'll help that quaint little thing,"

he said; "she's worth it!"

The author, after all, was a woman, and one with a big sense of humor.

"Why, the situation was funnier than any farce," she declared, merrily. "Poor Katie and the Baths of Caracalla! But she shall have a hundred dollars for 'her' story. It's worth more than that to me as an episode."

"I'd like to do something for her, Mrs. Beckwith," the kind old man said. "She's wonderfully quick and

clever, that youngster!"

The real owner of Katie's "manuscrit" was genuinely interested.

"I'll give her a few terms at a business school, anyway," she said. Poor little Katie! She couldn't speak

Poor little Katie! She couldn't speak her gratitude. Her treasure was gone, though, and left a world of a void, as when a child loses a beloved toy.

"I'll work an' work an' work," she said to herself, "an' maybe one day I'll

have a manuscrit o' my own!"





VERY broken engagement means just one less divorce in this world. Therefore I am a champion of the broken engagement. I approve of them. I would advise every girl who can break her engagement and live without renewing it to break it. If you can live without a man, he is not the husband for you. If you can't, why, marry him. Nothing is simpler.

Marrying is something like writing.

I am often consulted by would-be

authors.

"I believe I could write," they say to me, when they see me indorsing a "It looks check. so easy." It is easy to indorse a check. But I always have a fierce reply ready:

"Can you live without writing?" "Why, certain-

ly."

"Then do it! It's just like marrying. Don't do it if you can possibly help it. Even then it will probably make trouble-but you'll like it!"

Most women can resist writing with the utmost ease, if discourproperly aged beforehand, nor have I at my

door the apparition of a single author who persisted and wrote in spite of me and of herself. Therefore I have done no harm-in that line, at least-while a number of editors are personally indebted to me, although they do not know it.

But few women can resist getting engaged. It would be a waste of words to give the same advice to a girl who contemplated accepting a man, but af-

> ter she has done it. and the newness has worn off the ring and the surprise of the whole thing has somewhat dulled in her mind, then I would advise her to break the engagement, if she can.

> Does that sound brutal, frivolous, unprincipled?

It is none of the three. Let me ex-I do not mean for her to pick flaws in him or to be on the lookout for a better proposition. I would never advise any girl to look for trouble.

If he has irritating personal habits which get on your nerves, why did you not discover them before



You do not compare to the beauty and fragrance of a man's pipe.

you put him to the expense of getting a ring? Nevertheless, if you simply cannot stand his pipe, think of it now. He will not give it up even for you, although he may pretend to now. He smokes it on the street and wherever you are not. Privately, too, he expects to smoke it when you are married. You may be very pretty and attractive, but you do not compare to the beauty and fragrance of a man's pipe. So think.

Think, too, of the way he eats.

I do not mean his table manners, though those of many an otherwise nice, refined man would bear improvement, and if you are dainty it may be that you cannot bear to see even the man you love chew with his mouth open or splash in his soup as if he took it for a bath, or make his mouth a hopper in which he grinds portions of all his food at once. If he can't reformand few grown m e n can-think. Think before you are married to him and have to stand it three awful times a day for all the awful year. Break

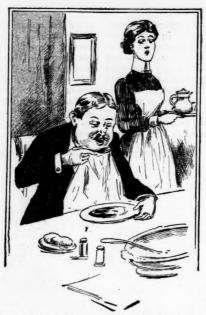
the engagement if you can bear the thought of giving him up.

However, what I meant by the way he eats was what he eats. Find out if you like the same style of cooking; the same sort of food. If he cares only for plain roasts and vegetables au naturel, while you like rich sauces, hot breads and French cooking, how are you going to adjust yourselves? Can you give up your taste? Don't deceive yourself that he will. Men are not only more set in their fancies in food, but

they care more for eating—as a race—than women. Therefore, while it may seem funny to you now, and you can make good stories out of your dissimilarity in taste with which to amuse your intimates, don't forget that after you are married this same obstinacy in liking dishes which you hate will get on your nerves and make you want to throw his plain, hygienic diet at his head instead of serving it to him garnished

with parsley, on your table.

Think, now, and break your engagement if you don't love him well enough to yield your taste more than half the time. Prepare yourself, also, for the irritation you will feel when he passes up an artichoke with sauce Hollandaise and asks you if you haven't a can of baked beans in the house. It's infuriating to have a husband like that. It isn't that you care whether he has the beans or not. You would just as soon give him beans at the proper time-Saturday night one looks for beans. But it is the mad-



Splash in his soup, as if he took it for a bath.

dening thought that he gives up an artichoke that costs a dollar, dressed and served, for a dish of beans!

Think, too, of the cook's leaving and your taking your meals for a few days at a restaurant. You will either spend thirty minutes trying to find some dishes which you both can eat, or you will be obliged to go to the expense of ordering two sorts of everything. Can you afford such a luxury for a husband?

Few women can, and the fun of it



You want to throw his plain, hygienic diet at his head.

generally wears off soon after marriage. Think it over and break the engagement, if possible.

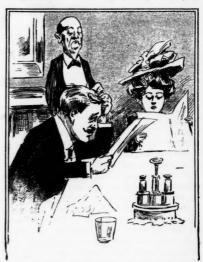
You will notice that the advice I am giving is generic. I never advise anyone personally, and I have been so glad I do not, for once upon a time I was sorely tempted, as you shall hear.

There was a young girl, with whose family mine had been quite intimate during the years when she was in boarding school. When she returned, she very soon became one of us, and we found her to be one of the most high-minded, studious, refined girls we had ever met. I myself was particularly charmed with her manner. She was as unlike the modern débutante as we are taught to see her, as was possible to conceive. Courteous, modest and charming, she seemed to have but one flaw: she was utterly without tact—that gracious, soothing mental excelsior which packs breakable conversation and

prevents brittle people from smashing themselves on one another's sharp corners.

Sara—let us call her Sara, although that was not her name—was supremely tactless, and often affronted her best friends by repeating to them, under the mistaken name of honesty, unfavorable comments or opinions of others. But such was her nature that we knew she was guiltless of the intention to offend, and we excused and continued to love her. Her sheer worth of character compelled us to forgive this one fault.

She was so worthy, so completely a little lady, that we often wondered what sort of a man she would marry. Alas! she soon settled the question for herself. Such a man as she proudly presented to us as her fiancé! We looked at each other in dismay and bitterly regretted that her father was rich and influential, for that misfortune of his had attracted to his daughter a shallow, coarse-minded, cheap make-believe of a man. The first time I saw him I knew that he was as spurious in morals as he was in manners. He was the sort of person who always surprised you



Spend thirty minutes trying to find some dishes you both can eat.

if he used good English—he so completely looked the part of the ungrammatical. One felt sure that he was unclean of mind. His eyes were set too close together, and he had a furtive way with him when in the presence of persons of real refinement which gave the observer the firm conviction that he was a cheap imitation of a gentleman. I was sure, from the first moment that I saw him, that he could and would break Sara's heart.

In vain, however, did she press me

to give an opinion of him. I put her off by declaring that I did not know him well enough, and then I took precious good care not to know him any better than I did. Intuition, in some cases, is better than knowledge, and often pleasanter.

Poor Sara, trying to do her duty
by her in-laws-tobe, made up a little
party and took several of us, including her prospective
sister-in-law, Fannie, for a few days'
journey in her father's private car.
During the whole
time I hardly
dared meet Sara's

eyes. Knowing her hatred of cheap slang and all that went with it, I sincerely pitied her for having to bear the flaunting tawdriness of her sister-in-law's mentality. Fannie chewed gum during the entire day, went to bed with a wad of it in her mouth, and when drowsiness overtook her, her last waking act was to stick it on her forehead, where it remained until popped back between her teeth before breakfast. She chewed with her mouth open, and her conversation was so masticated that one with difficulty understood what she

said. She was like a marked-down Monday morning bargain in a junk shop compared to Sara, who fairly writhed in shame over some of Fannie's provincialisms and forms of speech.

Far be it from me to decry slang or object to breeziness of conversation. But I do draw the line between the lady who descends into slang for the fun of the thing with her own intimates, and the cheap girl who cannot express herself in anything else—who was born into the argot of the cheap, tawdry and

demoralizing sports, and who could not express herself in pure English to save herself from being

hanged.

When we got home we separated at the station and each drove to her own house. Hardly, however, had I got my hat off before Sara came to see me, and to my utter astonishment, for she was undemonstrative to a degree, flung herself into my arms in a flood of tears.

Too well I knew what she had come for. I only wondered how thin the ice was which must bear my weight. I

bear my weight. I had no wish to fall through and drown. It was a delicate business which lay before me.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "You must tell me! I will do whatever you say! I can't even think for myself any more!"

"What is the matter? What do you want me to decide for you?"

"Oh, tell me if you think I ever can be happy with Oscar, when he comes of such an awful family! How can he be so refined when his father and mother are so unbearable? His mother goes



Such a man as she proudly presented to us as her hance!

around in her stocking feet, and his father doesn't wear any necktie and sometimes no collar, and he eats in his shirt sleeves, and they have no butter knife-they all just dip into the saucer with their own knives, and, oh, I can't bear such things! They make me fairly sick! What if Oscar should develop any of those traits as he grows older? Men sometimes do, they tell me! How could I stand it?"

"Are you obliged to live with his family?" I asked,

to gain time.
"No, not always. But Oscar says he must have a room always at their disposal, and they talk all the time about visiting us after we are married, and Fannie expects to spend the whole winter with us, so it will be just as bad. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't cry so, my poor dear! Let's talk it over."

"Oh, talking won't do any good! I came to ask you to advise me about breaking my engagement."

"That I never will do," I said, firmly.

"Oh, but you must! I have no mother, no sister, no friend but you."

"Are you very much in love with Oscar?" I asked.

"We are very congenial," she answered. "Our tastes are exactly alike." "They are?" I cried.

"Oh, I know you don't like him," she "You can't hide it from me, and Oscar is very jealous of your influence over me. He often begs me not to go by anything you say. And while I want to obey him, yet I felt that you were the only one who knew Fannie and me and who could possibly advise me. These last few days have upset me so I scarcely know where I am.'

"Sara, listen to me. Control yourself and think it out for yourself. If I should tell you to break it-if I should voice half my fears for you-and afterward you found that you never could love any other man and you should live an unloved and lonely life, in your secret heart you would hold me responsible. That responsibility I refuse to

take. You are fully capable of knowing your own heart and your own capacity for suffering."

She looked at me thoughtfully.

"If I should ever have any children," she said, slowly, "could I bear to let them see their own grandparents?"

I felt her shudder, but I said nothing.

"I must work it out for myself," she said, finally. "You are right, no one can help me."

"If I could, dear child," I said, ea-gerly, "you know h o w gladly would."

"I believe you," she said, and went

away, determined to do for herself. Two years passed before I saw her gain. When I met her she had been again. married a year.

'Are you happy, Sara?" I said. "As happy as most people," she said,

carelessly.

Alas, it was not the answer of a happy wife. Then I heard of the advent of a baby, and I rejoiced that a solace had come into her life, if her marriage had not filled it to her liking.

Then came what to me is the most pathetic thing I have ever heard of. I



His mother goes around in her stocking feet, and his father doesn't wear any necktie.

met Sara one day coming out of a theatrical place, and I said:

"What in the world are you doing

here?"

"I am learning skirt dancing," she said, "and the cake walk. You feel so out of it if you don't do something

these days."

The cake walk! That girl, with her pure brow and noble cast of thought! If history had recorded that Aspasia had learned handsprings to enslave Pericles, or if Madame de Staël had practised on the trapeze to attract Napoleon, when he spurned her wit, I could not have been more dumfounded.

In a flash I saw the whole trend of

Sara's marriage. What bravery in the little thing to try and keep her husband in countenance in his cheap amusements!

Then rumor gained ground. Oscar was descending deeper and deeper into his native mire, and further Sara re-

fused to be dragged.

Now there is a divorce on the most personal grounds. There is a little orphaned girl at boarding school when most babies are in sheltered kinder-There is a broken-hearted woman, still young, a wanderer on the face of the earth, striving to forget.

And all for what? Because she did not break her engagement when she

could.



A FOOLISH COMPARISON.

ITYMAN—Why do you say it costs more to raise fowls than to raise cattle?

CABBAGEPATCH—Well, even though cows be big eaters, you know fowls eat by the peck.

IN HIS BUSINESS.

ARTHUR—Now, there's Blithers, for instance. He makes a new record almost every day.

ROBERT-What line is he in?

ARTHUR-He's a court stenographer.

TOO LAME.

MPLOYER—You are always making lame excuses.

CLERK-How so, sir?

EMPLOYER—Monday it was rheumatism in the foot, yesterday your back ached, and now you say you have corns.

THE WAYSIDE PHILOSOPHER.

CELDUM FEDD (perusing a scrap of newspaper)—Here's a sad story about a guy dat dropped dead while goin' for a bucket o' beer.

Soiled Spooner—Aw, well, death comes to all of us, but if you want beer you gotta go after it.

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NOT AT ALL SURPRISING.

SAACS—See here, Cohen! I am surprised! Dot check you gave me has come back to me marked "N. G."! "N. G.," Cohen! Сонем—Vell, you didn't oxbegd id to come back to you marked "О К,"

dit you?

Among the Nihilists

By Mary J. Holmes

Author of "Tempest and Sunshine," "Lena Rivers," "The English Orphans," "The Homestead on the Hillside," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Lucy Harding, a Massachusetts woman, who tells the story, visits Russia. She has been taught the language by a young nihilist named Nicol Patoff, and on reaching 5t. Petersburg she tries to find him, but without success. He has disappeared and his house and belongings are owned by a gendarme, Mikhel Seguin, who becomes interested in Miss Harding. One day a thief snatches her bag. Seguin's dog, Chance, springs upon him, but upon the man's urgent plea she calls the dog off. Paul Strigoff, a gendarme noted for heartlessness, rushes up and tells her that the man who has just escaped is Carl Zimosky, a notorious nihilist, and that the previous day he entered Michel Seguin's house and stole a watch and some money. A woman introduces herself to Miss Harding as Ursula, the aunt of Zimosky, and tells her a pathetic story of his impronment for another's crime, and promises to restore the watch. Subsequently Miss Harding goes to Ursula's home and receives the watch, which she returns to Michel Seguin. A few days later Miss Harding is giving slms to a beggar when Strigoff appears and places the man under arrest, explaining that he is a nihilist. As he is led away he begs Miss Harding to communicate with a woman on the Nevsky, telling her of his arrest. She does so, and soon after leaves the city. Three years later she goes to Russia again with her nephew and niece, Jack and Katy Barton. On the way they meet Sophie Scholaskie, a pretty, young girl, who gives them an invitation to visit her at St. Petersburg, where she is living with her widowed mother. Arrived at that city, Miss Harding finds that Ursula has gone to Siberia to join her husband, taking Carl Zimosky with her.

CHAPTER III.

AN EVENING WITH SOPHIE.

A D A M E SCHOLASKIE'S rooms were on a side street in an apartment house which was in striking contrast to the house on the Nevsky, where fifty or sixty servants had done their mistress' bidding. There seemed to be but one here, a woman, wrinkled and old, but straight as an arrow, with a keen look in her eyes, as if she were always on the alert and ready for whatever might come. The Scholaskies' rooms were on the third floor, and surprised us with their handsome furnishings, from the goldenframed icon to the ivy-covered screen which shut off one end of the salon. Madame, too, was a surprise, as, with her snow-white hair, her piercing black eyes and faded velvet gown, which told of better days, she came forward to greet us. If not an aristocrat, as the Russians understand the term, she was a lady born, and showed it in her manner, her language and her voice.

Supper was announced soon after our arrival, and if there were not many courses, it had been daintily cooked, and was served by old Drusa with the deftness of a younger person. Everything was perfect, from the linen to the silver and china. When supper was over, and we returned to the drawing room, where we had tea, madame took from her pocket a paper yellow and worn, and, holding it toward me, said:

"You sent me this three years ago." I recognized it as the note I had written for the beggar, and answered in the affirmative.

"But how do you know I am the one

who sent it?" I asked.

"Your nephew let it out in the train, and Sophie told me. She telegraphed me that you were coming, and I sent some flowers for you to the hotel. I hope you received them. They are sometimes careless in such matters."

"I never knew who sent them, and I thank you so much," I said.

After a moment madame continued: "I run no risk in telling you that the man you befriended was my husband

and a nihilist, who had long eluded detection. He was fond of disguises. I think it is in the family;" and her eyes rested for a moment on Sophie, who stood with her back to her mother.

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"You sent me this three years ago."

"That of a beggar was his favorite, and had done him good service many times, but failed him at the last. He was arrested and tried, and sent to Siberia, where he died within three months. His father, who lived with us, did not long survive him, and we were left alone. He had spent a great deal of money for the cause he believed to be right. Our house on the Nevsky was heavily mortgaged. We lost it, and came here. It is a special Providence which has thrown you in my way to thank you for your kindness to him. I try to be cheerful, but I know we are living over a volcano, which may engulf us at any time."

"But what harm can come to you, living here alone?" I asked. Before she

could reply, Sophie said:

She turned to Jack, who, knowing

the Russian habit, answered:

"Yes, but not for money, as you do."
"I know. You play for fun. Then
let it be fun. Drusa, bring the table."

Madame would not play, and I took her place, with Katy for my partner, and Jack and Sophie for our opponents. Sophie was an expert player, and chafed a little under Jack's blunders. But on the whole we were getting on very well, and Sophie was dealing for the third hand, when old Drusa came in unannounced, twisting her apron in her hands and standing with her back to the door, as if to keep some one out.

"What is it, Drusa?" madame asked,

and her voice shook a little.

"There is an officer here asking to see you," Drusa replied, in a whisper, which, nevertheless, seemed to me to fill the room from corner to corner with its dread meaning.

For an instant madame's face blanched to the color of a corpse, and there was a look of anguish in her eyes as she glanced at her daughter.

"An officer to see me! What does he want?" she whispered, for I was sure she could not speak aloud.

Sophie was perfectly calm, except for the hard expression on her face and the

defiant look in her eyes.
"Don't whisper," she said, loud enough to be heard by anyone outside

the door if he were listening. "We have nothing to fear from a hundred officers. Show him in."

"Oh, Sophie!" her mother gasped,

but she was too late.

Drusa had opened the door, and a tall gendarme entered the room, briskly at first, with an air of assurance, but stopping short when his eyes fell on me.

"Michel Seguin!" I exclaimed, in what seemed to me a whisper; but he heard me, and the expression of his face changed to one of perplexity, as if his next step was hard to take.

"Miss Harding!" he replied, with more surprise than pleasure in his voice. "I heard you were in the city, but did not expect to meet you here. How came you here to-night, of all places?"

He had given me his hand and was standing close to Jack, who looked at him in wonder, not understanding what

it all meant.

"And why shouldn't she be here, may I ask?" Sophie proudly demanded. "What is there here to contaminate her that you lay such emphasis on it?"

The officer did not answer her. He was evidently nerving himself to do his duty, and, turning to madame, who sat

like one dead, he said:

"I did not know you had company; I would have waited in that case, for what I come to do will be exceedingly unpleasant to Miss Harding. I am sent here to arrest your son, Ivan Scholaskie, for aiding and abetting in a plot which we have been trying to unearth for some time."

Again that corpselike pallor spread over madame's face, and, drawing herself up with a regal air, she replied:

"When my son last wrote me he was in Paris. You will have to seek him

there."

"He might have been in Paris when he last wrote you, but at twelve o'clock last night and the night before he was seen coming from a suspected quarter, and he entered this house. It is my duty to search for him, although I assure you I am sorry to give you trouble, and before your friends, too."

He looked at me in an apologetic kind of way, as if he wished himself anywhere but there. I was horrified, and trembled like a leaf; while Katy and Jack, although they could not understand what was said, knew something was wrong, and looked anxiously at me. I explained in a few words, whereat Jack eyed the gendarme scowlingly, clinching his fist once, as if ready to fight, if necessary. Sophie alone was calm, although her face was pale and there was a bluish look around her lips. She had turned up the ace of spades, and was adjusting her cards as if nothing unusual were happening.

"Let him search. You can't prevent it," she said to her mother. "But as I have a good hand and want to play it, there's no reason why we should not go on with our game, unless you wish

to look under the table first!"

This to the gendarme, as, with her large white hand, she swept aside the folds of her dress, disclosing nothing worse than four pairs of feet huddled together in a small space, for the table was not a large one. Sophie's eyes blazed with scorn as they rested on the gendarme, who must have been impressed with her beauty. She had never looked handsomer than she did that night in her dress of crimson satin and velvet, which fitted her perfectly. was trimmed with knots of old lace here and there. A small diamond pin was the only ornament she wore. Her ears had never been pierced, and there were no rings on her fingers, at which I wondered a little, for her hands, though large, were white and well shaped, and showed no signs of work.

Regarding her fixedly for a moment, while a peculiar smile flitted across his

face, the gendarme said:

"Allow me, mademoiselle, to say that Paris agrees with you. I have never seen you looking better. You must have gained a good many pounds in that gay city. The last time I had the pleasure of meeting you, you were not as stout as you are now."

It was a strange speech, and I rather resented it. Sophie did not deign to reply, but sat with her skirts drawn back, that he might see under the table.

"I do not think he is here," he con-

tinued, "and I assure you I have no special desire to arrest him, but I must do my duty. Your servant, perhaps, will take me through the rooms.'

'Certainly," Sophie replied, mockingly. "I'd do it myself, but, you see, I am busy. Drusa"-and she turned to the old woman, who all the time had been standing by the door with her jaw dropped and her eyes distended-"Drusa, show this man wherever there is a chance for anyone to be hiding, but first tell me, were you awake at midnight last night?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, wide awake. I

mostly am."



"May I kiss you once as a dear little girl from over the sea."

"Did you hear anyone enter the house?"

"No, mademoiselle, I heard footsteps go by; that might have been the man they tracked and thought was Mr. Ivan."

"That will do," Sophie said, motioning Drusa to conduct the gendarme into the adjoining rooms. "It's your lead, I believe, and spades are trumps," she continued, turning to me. I was shaking so I could scarcely hold my cards.

"Did you find him?" she asked, mockingly, when the gendarme returned from a search I knew had been of the

most formal kind.

"Not this time, but later on," he replied, with a look which made her face nearly the color of her dress.

At this point there came a scratching and pounding at the outer door such as I had heard in old Ursula's room.

"It is Chance," I said, involuntarily, while Jack sprang up, nearly upsetting the table in his haste.

"Chance!" he repeated. "I must see him."

I bade him sit down and be quiet, for it seemed to me that Chance's advent into that room would be fraught with evil.

"You did a manly thing to bring your dog to hunt my brother! I would not have believed it of you," Sophie said; and the officer replied:

"I did not bring him, nor know that

he followed me."

"Then you will not let him in. I am afraid of dogs," Sophie continued, her face now white with terror as the scratching and whining went on, and in her eyes there was a piteous appeal.

"No, I will not let him in," said the gendarme. "I think he would knock Miss Harding down in his delight at

seeing her again."

He looked at me, but I could not reply, except with an inclination of my head. I had never been so unstrung and nervous in my life.

"Oh, I wish I could see Chance just for a minute! Can't I go out?" Jack pleaded; but I shook my head.

Then the gendarme said to him, speaking in English for the first time:

"I will send him to the hotel to-morrow, or perhaps come with him and call."

"That is better," I said.

Finding that M. Seguin spoke English, Jack started up, exclaiming:

"Look here, you sir! Auntie has told me you are looking for Miss Scholaskie's brother. I tell you he is in Paris, at the Bon Marché. It is a shame to frighten us so."

"When did you last see him at the

Bon Marché?" Michel asked.

This was a puzzler. Jack had never seen him, but had taken Sophie's word for it. He could not tell a lie, and he finally stammered: "He was there ten days ago, when his sister left Paris. She came in the train with us. That's the way we know her."

"Your argument is very conclusive," Michel said; "but I still think he is in

this city."

Again Sophie's eyes blazed with something more than anger, and there was a quaver of fear in her voice as she said:

"Please let me know when you find

him."

"I certainly will," was his reply, as he bowed politely and left the room.

Outside we heard him whistle to Chance, and the two went rapidly down the walk. We sat silent for a moment. Jack was the first to speak.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I shall get mixed up in a nihilist scrape, after all, I do believe; and that is what I

wanted.'

"Would you like to be one of the

chief actors?" Sophie asked.

"No, sir," said Jack, emphatically; "and I wonder you could keep so cool with that man hunting for your brother."

"I knew he would not find him," she said. "I know him, and I once knelt at his feet asking permission to see my father before he started for Siberia, but was denied. Still, he is kind in his way, they say; and he was kind to father."

She tried to smile, but it was forced, as were all her actions after that. Katy said nothing. She was very pale, and

so absent-minded that she at last threw down her cards, saying she was tired and wanted to go home.

As she stood in the dressing room, with her scarlet hood tied under her chin, Sophie stooped over her and said:

"May I kiss you once as a dear little girl from over the sea, where I wish to

Heaven I had been born?"

I thought Katy hesitated a moment; then she lifted her face for the kisses Sophie gave her—passionate kisses, such as women seldom give to each other. Very little was said by either of us on our way home, or after our return to the hotel. We were puzzled and troubled, and half wished we had never seen Sophie Scholaskie.

In his journal that night, Jack wrote: "Well, sir, I am getting what I wanted—a sprat with a gendarme." Then followed a short account of the "sprat," and Jack continued: "I was awful mad, but I rather liked the looks of Mr. Seguin. I wonder if Ivan was in the house. I kind of believe he was, don't

you?"

CHAPTER IV.

A DINNER WITH MADAME SEGUIN,

The next morning, about ten o'clock, Chance appeared with his master, who had hard work to keep him from knocking me down. When he first saw me he sprang upon me with both his paws; then ran round the room in circles and back again to me, licking my hands and face until M. Seguin called him off. Jack now took his attention, for dogs like boys, and the two were rolling over the floor, sometimes with Jack's arms around the dog, and sometimes with Chance's big paws encircling Jack. The noise they made enabled M. Seguin to say a few words to me of the occurrence of the previous night.

"I was so sure of him," he said, "but I would not have gone had I known you were there. I only returned yesterday from Moscow, and heard at once that Ivan was in the city, and also that you were here. Zaidee told me that."

were here. Zaidee told me that."
"Zaidee?" I repeated, inquiringly.
"The girl to whom you gave your

hat," he explained. "I believe I have really done one good deed in my life. She stopped me one day and asked for you. Something in her face appealed to me. I knew she was from the lowest slums—a thief, most likely, and a nihilist, so far as she knows what that means. But I took a fancy to her, and she is now my mother's waiting maid, be-capped and white-aproned, and all that sort of thing—and bright as a guinea. She finds out everything that is going on, and I believe she knew Ivan was in town, but she would not tell me that. She'd warn him if she could. I

I saw tears in her eyes as she stood looking out upon the snow-clad streets.

think she wants to come herself and thank you for the hat. She has it still among her treasures."

Jack and Chance were tired out by this time, or the dog was; and, taking advantage of the lull, M. Seguin addressed the three of us, Katy, Jack and myself, saying his mother would like to see us at dinner that evening at seven o'clock.

"She has sent her card, and hopes you will take it for a call. She goes out very little, except to drive. She is quite old—seventy-five. I hope you will come."

Katy and Jack looked their eagerness, and I felt constrained to accept, feeling a little anxious to see the inside of Nicol's house again.

"Thanks. And now I must be off, as I am very busy."

"Hunting for Ivan?" Jack asked, with the recklessness of a boy.

"No," Michel replied. "I can find him when I want him. Good-by."

What did he mean? Did he really know where Ivan was? I hoped not, for my sympathy was with the woman whose face had worn such a look of despair when the gendarme appeared.

Katy was very silent all day, and very nervous, and once I saw tears in her eyes as she stood looking out upon the snowclad streets.

"Do you think Siberia much colder than it is here?" she asked, turning from the window with a shiver.

I guessed then that she was thinking of Ivan and his possible fate if he were in the city. It was time now to dress for the grand dinner, which I felt sure would be grand, if there were only three guests present. Nor was I mistaken. At half-past six the two black horses and handsome sleigh, in which we had seen madame, came for us, and we were soon in the reception room of the Seguin house, which had undergone a great transformation since I was there three years before. Everything was in perfect order, showing the presence of a mistress, who met us at the door of the drawing room, stately and grand in velvet and satin and lace and diamonds,

and whose manner was that of a queen receiving her subjects, as she gave us the tips of her fingers. I felt that she was examining me critically with her sharp, black eyes. But I did not care. I knew I was a very presentable and even handsome woman. My dress was in perfect taste, and fitted me as only a French modiste could fit, and I felt fully madame's equal in everything. My assurance must have impressed her, for she unbent a little. She was not rude; she was simply cold and distant and patronizing in her manner. I felt that in some way she did not approve of me, although she made an effort to be gracious. When dinner was announced, M. Seguin took me to the handsomely appointed table, with its profusion of flowers, its solid silver service and cut glass, with many courses elaborately served by a waiter who knew his business perfectly. Close behind madame's chair Zaidee stood-but it was a transformed Zaidee, whom I would never have recognized. Baths and clean clothes and comb and brush had done wonders for her, and as she smiled a greeting to me, I said involuntarily: "How do you do, Zaidee? I am glad to see you here."

It was bad taste, of course, according to madame's standard of etiquette, and her black eyes flashed a look of surprise and rebuke, while in her mind she put it down as a piece of American democracy for which she had no use. Zaidee knew enough not to answer me, but her bright eyes, which saw everything, twinkled, as she straightened herself behind her mistress' chair, where she stood like an automaton

through the dinner. Why she stood there I did not know, unless it was to be within call if madame needed her for anything. Once when madame was about to take sherry, she touched her arm very lightly, and the glass was put down.

Seeing that I noticed the act, madame said:

"I am apt to forget that sherry gives me a headache, and Zaidee helps me to remember. She is quite invaluable. often wonder where Michel found her.

He says, 'In the street,' and she says, 'Nowhere.'

She evidently did not know about my old hat, or the flowers the girl had sent me. Neither did she or Michel know that the girl could speak a little English and understood more; and it was not for me to enlighten them. Afterward I heard that more than once the sherry or champagne had made such havoc with madame's head and feet that Zaidee had led her from the table to her room, where she had gone off into a heavy sleep which lasted for hours. Zaidee kept guard over her like a watchdog, making excuse if anyone called that madame was suffering from one of her nervous headaches, and must not be disturbed.

She seemed invaluable to madame, who liked just such homage as the girl paid her. She was an out-and-out aristocrat, believing fully in absolute imperialism, and that every nihilist or anarchist who was caught received his just desert.

"Siberia or the knout for the whole of 'em," she said, with a great deal of bitterness, when speaking of them; and I wondered how her son could be as kind as he was. She was very proud of him, but very sorry he had taken up a profession she felt was beneath him,

'Why did he do it?" I asked; and again the black eyes flashed upon me a look which made me feel that I had been impertinent.

"Ask him," was her reply. This was after dinner, when we were sitting in the drawing room by the fire and Michel was smoking in the dining room by himself. As madame could speak English fairly well, she did so most of the time for the sake of the children, to whom she seemed more favorably disposed than toward me. But Jack fell very low in her opinion as the conversation went on and she spoke of Monte Carlo, where she hoped to go very soon, saying she usually went there every winter.

Tack, who had been strictly brought up to look upon gambling as wicked and low, said to her:

"You never play, of course."

"Why not?" she asked, with a snap in her eyes and voice. "Why shouldn't I play? Why do I go there except to play?"

Jack was not to be put down where his principles were concerned, and he answered fearlessly, but politely:

"I did not suppose nice people like you played there. I have been taught that it was wrong, just like any gambling."

"Puritan as well as American," madame said, with a look which ought to have silenced the boy; but he stood

his ground, and answered:

"I am not a Puritan; I am an Episcopalian, and father is a vestryman."

Michel had come in time to hear the last remark, and he burst into a hearty laugh, in which even madame joined, although she scarcely saw the point. Puritans and Episcopalians and vestrymen were the same to her. They were all Americans, whom she disliked and looked down upon. It was impossible to be very social with her, and if it had ever occurred to me to ask her about Nicol Patoff, I should have abandoned the idea. But the house seemed full of him, and I could not help feeling that it was this way it had looked when he lived there. We did not go into Nicol's den, where the portrait was; the door was shut, and I dared not take the liberty of asking to have it opened. Michel was a very different looking man at home in evening dress from what he was on the street as a gen-darme. Now he was the host, and a delightful one, as he talked mostly to Jack, asking him of life in Washington, and seeming greatly amused at the boy's enthusiasm and patriotism, which would not admit that there was any land so fair as his own country.

"That's right, my boy; stand up for your own. I half wish I were a citizen of the United States, and sometimes think I may yet go to them to live."

He looked first at me and then at his mother, whose eyes flashed with scorn as she said:

"Are you crazy to talk such rubbish?"

"Not at all, mother dear," he replied,

laying his great hand on the small one resting on the arm of her chair, and caressing it until the frown disappeared from her face. "I have had serious thoughts of emigrating to America, and but for you, I think I should."

"Thank God for me, then! America, indeed!" she said, and her voice indicated her opinion of our country.

Just then Zaidee came in with a card, which she handed to Michel, and then, courtesying to me, left the room.

"I am sorry," Michel said, after reading the card, "but I am needed, and

must go."

"Is it that Scholaskie affair again?" madame asked, while my heart began to beat violently, and Katy turned pale.

"It is not. I am through with that," Michel replied, with a look at me which

was meant to reassure me.

After he was gone, madame said, more to herself than to us: "That young Scholaskie is giving the police a world of trouble. Michel was sure of him last night, but failed. I hope he will be found and the nest broken up."

"What has he done?" I asked, and she replied, with a haughty toss of her head: "I am sure I don't know. I never ask what they have done. Plotted, of course, and stirred up bitter feelings against their superiors. The Scholaskies are a bad lot. The father was sent to Siberia, and the son will probably follow. I hear the daughter is at home driving around in fine equipages, with a host of friends; all anarchists, I dare say, if the truth was known. I wish they were all—"

She did not finish the sentence, for just then Zaidee came in again on some whispered errand, and Chance bounded in after her, but was at once ordered out by my lady, who did not think a dog's

place was in the drawing room.

"I am told," she said, "that when I was gone, Michel had him at the table, and even let him sleep on one of the silken lounges in the daytime. The whole house seemed like a dog kennel when I came home, but we are having different arrangements now, and Chance must keep his place."

Poor Chance! He sneaked into the

hall and lay down on a mat, with his head between his paws and a cowed look in his brown eyes. Katy, Jack and I all stooped to caress him as we came from the drawing room, for we left soon after Michel's departure, and madame did not urge us to stay, or ask us to come again. She had done her duty to her son's plebeian friends, and I had no doubt that, as the carriage which was to take us to the hotel rolled from the door, she said, or thought, "Thank Heaven, that is over!" just as we did.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE NEVA.

The next day Jack went out alone, hoping to meet Chance. On his return he told us he had missed the dog, but had called on Sophie, who was suffering from a cold, and had not left the house since we had taken supper with her.

"She seemed awfully nervous," he added. "I guess it was the search for Ivan that had upset her, though she didn't speak of it. Her mother was sick in bed, and the house blue generally."

He had asked Sophie to go with us that evening to the Neva. It was to be a kind of gala night, with fireworks, and more bands of music than usual, and it was rumored that some of the court dignitaries were to be present, and Jack was very anxious to go. Sophie had hesitated at first, he said, saying she was tired of everything and was going back to Paris as soon as her mother was better. At last, however, she was persuaded, and agreed to join us at a certain hour and place she named. Jack was in high spirits, but Katy was very quiet, just as she had been since the evening at Madame Scholaskie's. She would like to see the fine sight, she said, but she was sorry Jack had persuaded Sophie against her will to join us. Two or three times she seemed on the point of telling me something or asking something.

Twice she got so far as to begin, "Say, auntie—" and when I answered, "Yes, what is it?" she replied, "Oh, nothing. I only had a queer thought."

What the thought was she did not tell me then, and by the time we were ready for the expedition, she was as bright as usual, and had never looked lovelier. There was an eagerness in her manner which I had seldom seen. She could scarcely wait for us to start, and was more impatient than Jack, who had been counting the hours. Outside the hotel we found Chance shaking his head with a note in his mouth for me.

"Don't go to the Neva to-night," it read; "it is too cold. Wait till some other time."

I was perplexed and mystified, and wondered how M. Seguin knew we were going upon the river.

"I know," Jack said. "I met that girl Zaidee, who stood behind madame's chair during the dinner. She can speak some English, and I talked with her, and asked if she was ever on the river at night. She nearly turned a somersault in the street trying to express her delight."

We laughed, and Jack continued: "'Ye-us; be-u-tiful! be-u-tiful!' she said, and then I told her we were going to-night with Miss Sophie.

"'Oh!' she almost screeched, and nearly turned another somersault, and ran toward home. She told him, of course, and he must meddle and dictate. Come on! I'm going, and so is Chance; it will be fun to see him run up and down."

Here Katy interposed, suggesting that we take M. Seguin's advice and stay at home. "He had some reason besides the cold," she said. But Jack was determined, and began to call back the dog, who had started for home.

"Jack," Katy said, and I never saw her so firm, "if Chance comes I shall stay at home. Miss Sophie"—and her voice shook—"does not like him, nor anything pertaining to the Seguins. She was white as a corpse when Chance was at the door clamoring to get in. She is afraid of dogs."

"That's so," Jack said. "She was like a piece of chalk. Chance, you will have to go home, but you must send him," he said, turning to me. "He won't budge for me."

The dog had crouched at my feet, and was looking up earnestly at me as I stroked his head and bade him go home. He did not want to go, but I persisted, until he started off very slowly, looking back occasionally to see if he might not be recalled.

"If we had known," I often said to myself, afterward, "if we had only known, the events of that dreadful night

might have been prevented."

But we didn't know, and we went forward blindly, our spirits rising as we joined the throng, all seemingly hurrying in the same direction to the

Neva.

Only those who have seen the Neva in the height of its glory can imagine the beauty of that night when the frozen river was full of gayly costumed people, some skating, some driving, some gliding swiftly down the steep toboggans, others sitting in the little booths looking on. Over all was the full moon, which, with the many lanterns and torches, made it nearly as light as day. We had seen nothing like it since we had been in the city, and Jack was wild with delight as we hurried on to where Sophie was waiting for us at the foot of some stairs leading down to the

At first we did not see her, as she stood a little back in the shadow, but at the sound of our voices she came forward, wrapped in furs, with her cap drawn so closely over her face that only a very small part of it was visible.

Her mother was a good deal upset, she said, with the visit of the gendarme looking for Ivan, while she herself was nervous to an extent she did not under-

stand.

"That it should have happened before you, humiliated us greatly," she said. "You saw my father arrested; you saw them searching for Ivan. Fate seems to have drawn us together in a strange manner. You may see me arrested before you leave this accursed country."

She laughed, but there was bitterness in the laugh, and her voice had a hard ring in it I had never heard before. I wanted to ask her if she knew of what her brother was suspected, and if she had any reason to think he was in the city; but a feeling of delicacy restrained

I spoke of the dinner with Madame

Seguin, and she said:
"Yes, I know, and you ought to feel honored. Madame does not often entertain. She is proud and hard-harder than her son, whose vocation does not suit her.

"Do you know why he took it up?"

I asked; and she replied:

"Only by hearsay, which is not always reliable. I have heard that he was once a nihilist, or a sympathizer with them, and sought after by the police. To save himself, he left the ranks and became what he is. Just what he believes I do not know. He stands high with his employers as a faithful and competent officer. I think, too, that he means to be kind to the poor wretches who are so unfortunate as to be caught by him.'

I don't know why I did it, but I told of the note sent me by Chance, asking me not to go out that night, it was so cold. With no apparent reason that I could see, Sophie was disturbed or an-

noved.

"No colder to-night than to-morrow "How did he know night," she said. of your intention, and did he know I was to be with you?"

I told her of Jack's interview with Zaidee, and I presumed he had said

Sophie was to accompany us.

'Zaidee!" she repeated. "She hears everything and knows everything. She is madame's right hand, picked from the street, as you may have heard. She is the brightest girl I have ever seen, with as many sides to her as the occasion seems to require, but at heart I believe she is an anarchist. She was born in a hotbed of them. Madame makes much of her-takes her to Monte Carlo, where she stands or sits by her mistress, watching the play, which she frequently directs, telling madame where to put her money and taking charge of it after it is gained. Sometimes madame plays recklessly and loses, when Zaidee scolds her sharply; then she plays recklessly again, and wins, and Zaidee



Laying his hand on her shoulder, said, "Ivan Scholaskie, I have found you at last!"

makes her quit and come home before she loses it all. All this, of course, is gossip, but somehow we have a good deal of it with regard to families like the Seguins, once in the swim, now hovering around the edge. Not Michel. I do not think he cares a sou for society. His mother does, but she is too old to get a foothold again, and does not like it."

During this conversation Jack and Katy had been taking a spin on the skating track, and some gendarmes had passed us, looking a little curiously at us as we sat by ourselves. One of these was Paul Strigoff.

"I detest him!" Sophie said. "He is cruel and feelingless;" and it seemed to me that she drew back into the shadow until the officers had gone by.

At this point Katy and Jack came back, flushed with the exercises, which Jack was eager to try again. But Katy was tired, and sat down between myself and Sophie, who took her hand, rubbing it and asking if she were cold.

"Oh, no; it was delightful," Katy said. "I am only tired;" and I fancied that she leaned a little on Sophie, or that Sophie drew her to herself. "I think it is time we went home," Sophie said at last. "There will be no more dukes or duchesses here to-night. You have seen all the notables you will see, and it must be nearly eleven. I told mother I would not stay late. She is very nervous if I am out of her sight."

Jack protested that it was not late, and the sight too fine to lose. Sophie was firm.

"I think I must go," she said, and was about to rise when our attention was arrested by the sight of a girl, bareheaded, with her black hair streaming in the wind as she came bounding across the ice, and with her a big dog, jumping and leaping, sometimes behind her, sometimes in front, but never very far from her. It was Zaidee, who came to my side and took me by the arm.

"Zaidee!" I said, trying to shake her off. "What is it? What are you doing here?"

She was breathing so heavily that at first she could not speak, and when at last she did it was in long-drawn gasps.

"I've come," she began, "to—tell—you—tell her—tell him——" and she pointed to Sophie, "tell him—to—go—now! They are after him! Too late!

They've got him!" she wailed, and

dropped at my side exhausted.

The supposed Sophie had understood, and I shall never forget the expression of her face when, from some unseen quarter, a man appeared in front of us, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, said: "Ivan Scholaskie, I have found

you at last!"

Ivan Scholaskie-if it was indeed he -was still holding Katy's hand, and clung to it as if in this frail girl there was some hope of help. He had thrown back the collar of his coat, revealing his face more fully, and, rising to his feet, stood up erect and taller than I had ever seen him. He had played a desperate game and lost, and was now every inch a man in word and gesture.

"You have done a fine thing, Paul Strigoff! I congratulate you!" he said, "But I am sorry with bitter scorn. it should have occurred before these friends of mine," and he turned toward me. I felt my strength leaving me for a moment, and I leaned on

Zaidee for support.

Jack did not understand the gendarme's words, but he did the action, and with all his impulsive American

blood sprang to the rescue.

"Let her go, I tell you! You don't arrest girls, do you? Shame on you; let her go! We know her well. She is our friend. She came with us from Paris.'

He held on to the officer's arm with all his might, while Chance, who knew something was wrong and that the feeling was against the gendarme, growled ominously, ready to spring if told to do so. I think the gendarme was amused, or he would have walked off at once with his prisoner. As it was, he waited a few moments while Ivan said to Jack: "No use, my boy! The game is up! I am not Sophie Scholaskie. I am Ivan, her brother!"

Then Katy, who still held Ivan's hand, stood up, and, though she could not speak the gendarme's language, nothing could have been more eloquent than her upturned face on which the moonlight fell, bringing out all its outlines of beauty, while her blue eyes

were full of tears and entreaty as she looked steadily at the gendarme. She knew he could not understand her, but her lips framed the words: "Be mer-

She could not speak loud, and was obliged to whisper; but I heard it distinctly, and so did Ivan, who smiled upon the excited girl pleading for him. I was on my feet by this time, and felt Zaidee's strong arm around me as I stood. I recognized the man, whom I had encountered twice before, and I knew he recognized me.

There was a sneer on his face as he

said:

"Madame has brought with her two fine advocates for her friends. I wish I could do their bidding, but I cannot. The law must take its course, and Ivan Scholaskie has baffled us a long time."

"Of what is he accused?" I asked.

and Paul replied:

"A nihilist, steeped to the dregs, and plotting for the assassination of the present czar, just as the last one was

assassinated."

"Paul Strigoff"-Ivan's voice rang out with all the force of a strong, insulted man-"it is a lie! I am not a murderer. I know of no plot against the czar. If I did, I should try to stop it, even by giving information. I sympathize with the nihilists, but I did not come from Paris to meet them. I came to see my mother, and, very foolishly, went twice to one of the old haunts in my proper guise as a man."

This last he said to me, and con-

tinued:

"Tell my mother, please. Comfort her, if you can, and don't feel too anxious about me. The fortress cannot hold me, nor Siberia keep me always. I shall escape, not at once, perhaps, but later on. They can prove nothing against me except sympathy. now, one word of warning. Leave St. Petersburg! This is the second time you have been mixed up with the Scholaskies. A third time might be fatal. We are dangerous acquaintances. I am glad I have met you. I shall never forget it. Something tells me I shall see you again. Good-by!"

He still held Katy's hand, and now he stooped and kissed her, just as he had done once before. It was a long, passionate kiss, which told me the truth and made me shudder a little.

"Forgive me," he said; "it will be something to remember in the days of banishment and loneliness to come."

Katy did not resent it, and it seemed as if her quivering lips wished to return it, but they didn't. Meanwhile, Chance had pushed himself up close to Ivan, who recoiled from him in terror.

"Did you set the dog on me?" he asked the officer; while I answered, quickly:

"No, he came with Zaidee, and she came to warn you. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I do, now," Ivan said; and, taking his hand from Katy, he reached it out to the peasant girl, down whose face tears were falling and almost freezing as they fell.

"Thank you, Zaidee," he said. "How did you know I was to be arrested?"

"Oh, I knows, and hears, and acts," was Zaidee's reply; while Ivan continued:

"Did M. Seguin know you were coming?"

Zaidee shook her head. "I tells no secrets," she said. "Only monsieur did not want any of you to come to-night. He sent Chance to tell you."

She looked at me, and I now understood the purport of the note, as did

"Thank him for me," he said to Zaidee; and then, as people were beginning to gather near us and whisper his identity, and the officer was growing impatient and muttering that he had talked quite long enough with those Americans, he said to him: "I am ready, but don't escort me as a prisoner. I shall go quietly. I know there is no escape."

He looked at us with the most piti-

ful smile I ever saw on a human face, then walked away with a firm step by the officer's side, while Chance, who had sniffed mischief in the atmosphere, set up a most unearthly howl, which went echoing across the river, and was heard above the noise of a band not far away. It was Chance's farewell, and Zaidee put her hand over his mouth to keep it from being repeated.

"How did Paul know just where to find us?" I said to Zaidee.

She shrugged her shoulders and replied:

"Somebody knew he was coming with you; not Monsieur Seguin; he had nothing to do with it. But his mother—eh! eh!" and she grated her little, sharp teeth. "They knew she was to be with the three Americans, madame, a young lady and a boy, and the young lady would probably wear a scarlet cloak and hood."

"Oh, auntie, it was my cloak which betrayed him, and I'll never wear it again!" Katy exclaimed, and, laying her head in my lap, she sobbed bit-

terly.

Jack was growing cold, and standing first on one foot then on the other, while Zaidee's teeth were chattering and she had taken off her apron and tied it around her head and ears. Chance was getting almost beyond control, with his low yelps of disapprobation. Many curious eyes were upon us, and I felt that we must leave.

"I will go with you to the hotel and help lead her," Zaidee said; and it was her strong arm which kept Katy up and moving until we reached the hotel, where she went into violent hysterics for half an hour, during which I found

Zaidee of great service.

It was late before Zaidee left us, saying: "Old madame will look at the clock and blow, but I'm used to it, and I'm not afraid. She can't do without me. I'll tell you if I hear things about him. Good-by!"



The Irish Joan of Arc.

Maud Gonne, recently Mrs. Mac-Bride, but now divorced, is called the Irish Joan of Arc. She is the daughter of an officer in the engineer corps, a wealthy man of good Irish blood, but absolutely loyal to England. More than ten years ago she abandoned the court, renounced her friends, defied paternal anger and cast her lot with the peasants.

Maud Gonne became one of the greatest powers in politics. She elected or defeated candidates at will. The leaders of the Irish representation in Parliament often have had to come to terms with the young woman.

Openly, Irishmen seek to obtain autonomy only—a parliament of their own which would speedily work out all desirable reforms. In reality, little faith is placed in the feasibility of this scheme.

Even at present, secret meetings are being held periodically in every city and hamlet. New distributions of arms and ammunition are made constantly, and the oath renewed to rise at the signal and drive the last hated "sassenagh" off the island or die in the attempt.

The signal is expected from Paris, where the most fervent chiefs have to live. Maud Gonne is the moving spirit of this group of conspirators. She is now thirty years old. Her father was Colonel Gonne, a brave officer in the British army, and an attaché for many

years of the British army at St. Petersburg. All of her people were Conservatives and loyal to the crown.

She inherited her father's dash and courage, but she added to these qualities of the soldier a deep sympathy and the enthusiasm that is attached to high ideals.

In 1897 Maud Gonne visited this country to try to bring harmony amid the factions of Irish patriots here, and to encourage them to keep on with their work for Ireland. She has addressed meetings in the British Isles and in France and Belgium.

She is still fighting for her people; still hating England, the oppressor, with all the intensity of her outraged feelings. As a public speaker she has few equals.

New York's Strenuous District Attorney

William Travers Jerome, the district attorney of New York, who has made such a vigorous political fight for reelection this past fall, is a man of as pronounced views and determination as ever succeeded in any political field. He is so outspoken that he has made some bitter enemies and alienated not a few friends, who would otherwise have worked for him, and yet he has not seemed to mind. Before he was renominated, or any party had suggested what it would do about him, he had come out with a strong statement in which he railed at the bosses of both

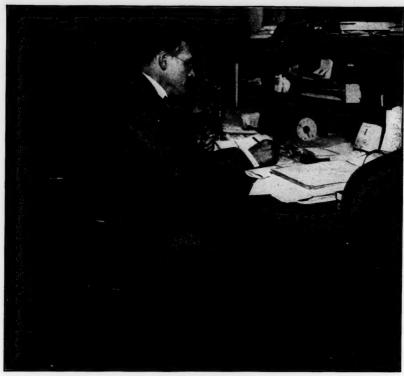


MAUDE GONNE (LATE MRS. JOHN M'BRIDE)

The divorce suit of this famous Irish advocate of liberty developed the assertion that she was not Irish at all by birth, but English. Her lawyer insisted, however, that she was born in Ireland and had devoted her life to its cause

parties and told the public that it could either take him or leave him. After that he avoided any direct combination with either of the two big parties, and waited patiently until he could see what they were going to do, Betweenwhiles

he directed his fulminations against the people as a whole, and announced that he trusted to their good sense to see that he was reëlected. That he must have been quite strong politically to do this anyone can readily see.



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

He consistently refused to accept a nomination for mayor of New York on the ground that he could do more good in the office of District Attorney. He has avoided all close party affiliations

Ierome is a striking type of the Eastern gentleman, with markedly democratic political perceptions. It is said that he does not really like the masses of common people, but loves to do them justice and win their applause. He is decidedly refined in his personal tastes, loves the companionship of intellectual and socially well-placed people, and has gathered about him in his district attorney's office a staff of as capable and honest young lawyers as has ever graced that office. With a very large number of people in New York he is immensely popular. With another large number, including some politicians and statesmen, he is anything but popular, and has been charged with

everything in the way of vanity and superiority, without, however, any reflection on his honesty or common sense.

An Artist Who Has Won Fame.

No artist in New York or America has ever achieved any greater quiet, personal distinction than J. W. Alexander, the man who has recently been called to decorate the new State capitol of Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg. Mr. Alexander is a man of great refinement and taste, who has worked long and unweariedly at the tasks which have been given him to do, and who achieved as much of a reputation for important portrait and decorative work as any man



J. W. ALEXANDER The great American portrait and genre painter who has been called to decorate the capitol at Harrisburg by his native state, Pennsylvania

could. His is not such a popular and international fame as that of either Abbey or McMonnies, or that of St. Gaudens, for the reason that somehow his work has never been identified with the subjects or movements that have become popular. Among artists and peo-ple of refined intellectual tastes, however, he is very well known and greatly admired. Mr. Alexander has been repeatedly honored by European and American art bodies. He was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, and has for years resided in New York.

From Stenographer to President's Secretary.

The office of secretary to the President has had varying degrees of importance. When John Addison Porter came into office he asked a Washing-

ton correspondent how he could make himself as popular as Cleveland's secretary, Mr. Lamont, had been. Anxious as he was to achieve popularity, Mr. Porter was never what Mr. Lamont was in public life, because he had not the natural aptitude for the private secretary's work. "Private secretary" was the title given to the office in Mr. Lamont's time and up to the time of Mr. Porter. Mr. Porter had the title of the position changed, and made "secretary to the President." That is what it is to-day. Mr. Porter's idea was that the secretary to the President might eventually be invited to sit with the President's cabinet. The result he desired was brought about indirectly when George B. Cortelyou was made secre-



WILLIAM LOFF

He is the much discussed Secretary to the President, the man who, owing to the difficult nature of his position, has come in for more or less adverse discussion. He is considered very able by the President

tary of commerce and labor on the creation of that department. Mr. Cortelyou made the office more important than it had even been under his predecessors.

Mr. Loeb, like Mr. Cortelyou, was assistant secretary before he became secretary to the President. He is a native of Albany, and began life as a stenographer to the New York assem-

bly. It was in Albany that Presi-dent Roosevelt first met him. He was stenographer and private secretary to Governor Roosevelt, and afterward secretary to Vice-President Roosevelt up to the time of the death of Mr. Mc-Kinley. He was in line of promotion, and naturally succeeded to the office of Mr. Cortelvou.

It was true of Mr. Cortelyou, as of few of his predecessors, that he made

few enemies and many friends. Public men went to the White House to complain to the President of the action of his secretary in certain public matters, and came away after a little talk with Mr. Cortelyou entirely mollified. Mr. Loeb is not naturally so tactful.

She Writes of the Children.

No woman writer of recent years has created a deeper impression of worth and humor than Myra Kelly, whose short stories have been appearing in the various magazines and in one book, "Little Citizens." Miss Kelly is the daughter of a well-known New York surgeon, Dr. J. E. Kelly, and was born in Dublin. As a child she was a friend of George Francis Train, who used to sit in Madison Square and refuse to talk to any but children. Later, when she became old enough to teach, she

took the required examinations, and was appointed to a school on the lower East Side. Here was where she saw all the children she has since written about, and the daily contact with them in the schoolroom gave her an intimate k n o w 1 edge of their ways. When she became familiar enough tell of her ·humorous experiences and observations. to her friends.



few of his
No short stories of recent years have evoked more hearty applause than her studies
predecessors,
of East Side children. She is soon to be married

write them. Recently she became engaged, and will soon be married.

she

was

One Path to Popularity.

Some people achieve a reputation by peculiar means or incidents in their lives, and no better example of this sort of notoriety or fame could be had than that which attaches to the young millionaire race horse owner, E. R. Thomas, who has held New York



A famous race-horse owner and millionaire who has attracted considerable attention because of the variety of his ventures

spellbound for a moment or two at a time while he did something interesting. When racing automobiles first came into prominence, Mr. Thomas was one of the young men who plunged in, bought lavishly of foreign machines, and started in to show the world what could be done in the way of rapid transit road traveling, and the art of breaking the speed record. When this was no longer popular, or at least did not attract so much attention, he turned his mind to racing, took up the work of purchasing notable horses, and was soon in the papers as the owner of a remarkable stable. After this it was the furnishing of a town house for his young bride that occupied the public mind for a moment, then his renting of the most expensive suite at the St. Regis for a year, or thereabouts, when that hostelry was first opened—and so on and so forth, down to the present time, when he is spoken of as an interesting figure in Wall Street. He is one of the youngest of the many successful financial magnates in New York.

Twenty Years of Arctic Exploration.

Commander Robert E. Peary, who sailed in July last for the North Pole, or at least the region three hundred and fifty miles north of Cape Sabine, where he will establish a base of supplies and make another "try" for the pole with dogs and sledges, is a man of a most peculiarly determined character. He has been trying now for nearly twenty years to reach that faroff goal, and, although he has not succeeded, has done better than anyone else at that most difficult task. In 1899



COMMANDER R. E. PEARY

This was as he looked just before he sailed for the North Pole.

He is now somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Sabine



ROGER POCOCK AND THE FRONTIERSMEN CLUB

Mr. Pocock, who occupies the center of the picture, is a well-known frontiersman and novelist. He has planned to combine all the frontiersmen of the British Empire into an auxiliary department of the British Army

he reached the northernmost point ever attained by human being as far as civilized records show, and he has not only concluded that he can penetrate further north than this, but has actually convinced other people—business men, scientists, lovers of the world's progress and so forth—to the extent that he has been able to finance his expedition and carry a goodly party on the journey.

Commander Peary confidently believes the pole will be reached.

A Legion of Frontiersmen.

Mr. Roger Pocock is a recently-become-well-known frontiersman and writer, who has planned one of the most original and interesting organizations which the world has ever seen. It is no less than a legion of British frontiersmen, with experience in Asia, Africa, Australia, Canada and the like, who are to combine for the greater glory and power of the British empire, and who are to assist the British Government, both in times of war and peace. Mr. Pocock is a rather remarkable individual, who has suffered and enjoyed a great many experiences in Africa, Canada and elsewhere, and he has published a book which for interest of adventure in far-away places of the Canadian northwest is not to be denied. The legion which he now proposes is one of those graphic, alluring prospectuses which have the lure of dim trails about them, and which will certainly appeal to all those who, loving the British empire, also love the far-off desert places of the earth.

Mr. Pocock is at 6 Adam Street, Strand, London, where he is receiving all correspondence.

A Brooklyn Explorer's Work.

Anthony Fiala, of Brooklyn, New York, the man who led the last Ziegler polar expedition and was rescued by the relief ship Terra Nova, and returned to his native land after having been three years in the chill region of futile efforts, is one of those daring young blades who are evidently cut out by nature for more efforts of this character, and who may yet do much to enlighten the world on this subject. Mr. Fiala is only thirty years of age at present, and, although his expedition was a failure, he did much to show that he has the quality of an explorer. Toward the end of August, 1903, he reached the region of Franz Joseph Land, and, having established a camp, made three separate attempts to reach



ANTHONY FIALA He is the young Brooklynite who led the last Ziegler Polar expedition and was rescued by the relief ship, "Terra Nova." He believes in the value of the polar expeditions

the pole, or at least a further base north, but was each time defeated by conditions over which he had no control. On the first attempt he was compelled to return because of injuries received by several of his men after reaching Cape Fligely. A second attempt a few days later resulted in the sledges being smashed a short distance from the land they were leaving and on the ice packs which they were trying to cross. A third attempt was checked by warm weather, which cracked the ice and prevented safe progress, and caused the company to delay until supplies gave out. Much scientific work was done, however, and the expedition learned much about methods of arctic exploring which it did not know before. Mr. Fiala has already suggested that he would like another "try" at the northern problem, and it is not improbable that at some

later date he will lead another expedition.

Mr. Fiala has always been known in his home circle as one of the most active and powerful of young men physically, and his selection to be leader of the expedition was thought to be a good one. He has, also, the love of adventure which makes for success in any exploring party. The expedition found three new islands and four new channels.

At a Cost of Four Million Dollars.

No engineering undertaken in recent years has stirred more general interest than that of building the sea wall and raising the grade of Galveston, Texas, partly owing to the pity of the original tragedy, when so many people lost their lives, and partly to the magnitude of the task itself. The total cost of the wall, raising the grade of the city and the broad apron of rip-rap on the gulf side, has been over four million dollars. A number of engineers



LINDON W. BATES

He is the engineer who carried out the plan of protecting Galveston, Texas, from the sea, and who suggested of the plans for the speedy completion of the Panama Canal

were interested enough to bid, at first, but the man who secured the contract and successfully carried it out was Lindon W. Bates, the hydraulic engineer,

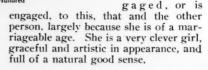
who has achieved a considerable reputation as an engineer of abilit v. Recently Bates of-Mr. fered the President a project for the Panama Canal which promises the completion of that undertaking in 1913. He proposes to create locks of the unhealthful wells near the terminals of the canal which will permit of greater speed through the locks and reduce the time across the Isthmus from thirteen to nine hours or less. Mr. Bates would also complete the canal at a cost of eightyfive million dollars less. Mr. Bates is an American who has done significant work on the Chicago drainage canal, dredging the Mississippi, improving the harbor at Antwerp, dredging

the Volga River, and doing other notable work at Calcutta, Adelaide and on the St. Lawrence. Mr. Bates is fifty years of age, and is as unique in ideas as he is forceful in their execution.

A Much Talked of Society Girl.

Miss Gladys Deacon, daughter of Edward Parker Deacon, is one of those

> interesting figures in the younger element of New York society who seem naturally to attract attention. It was reported once of her that the Crown Prince of Germany was infatuated with her, and, later, that an operation which she had performed in Paris, to fill out her nose, was a dreadful failure, and that she would be disfigured for life-which was untrue, of Her course. family name being identified with so many international social ventures naturally brought her in the limelight, and there she seems destined to remain. Her most recent claim to notethe one that newspapers base incessant paragraphs on - is that she is to become en-





MISS GLADYS DEACON

One of the striking figures in the younger element of New York's

Four Hundred



"THE PEARL AND THE PUMPKIN," SECOND ACT

The Beginning of the Theatrical Season

By Channing Pollock

In the course of a recent inquiry meant to fix the responsibility for a giant powder disaster, a certain expert on the subject of explosives put a number of questions to the foreman of the mill at which the accident occurred. One of these questions was: "What was the first thing that happened when the fire reached your store room?"

To which the foreman replied: "There wasn't any first thing. It all happened together!"

It was after this fashion that New York began the theatrical season of 1905-6. There wasn't any beginning. "It all happened together." On the first day of September, the only houses in town which did not display billboards instead of entrances were those which had been open through the summer and those which make a specialty of exampling the triumph of virtue at popular prices. Of the thirty theaters which border Broadway, not more than five were transacting business. Fifteen days



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN "EASY DAWSON," THIRD ACT

later the Belasco, the Princess and the Casino were the only places of amusement in the city that remained "dark." Two of these were to resume operations within a fortnight, while several shifts of workmen were laboring in an effort to get ready the Casino as quickly as possible. Twenty-three attractions of

the first class were bidding for the patronage of amusement lovers.

To say "twenty-three attractions of the first class" is far removed from saying that each of the twenty-three was a first-class attraction. As a matter of solemn fact, scarcely a fourth of the entire number deserved any such ap-



trusting that the public may be sufficiently satisfied with the costume not to prod for flesh and blood underneath. It has been a long time since anyone in New York has had occasion to complain of the manner in which a play was put on the stage; the difficulty has lain in the plays themselves. For this difficulty nobody can be held responsible. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, managers had rather produce good plays than bad ones-but where are good plays to be found? Agents scour the world in search of meritorious material, but not even Charles Frohman can create dramatists out of thin

ROGERS BROS. IN "ROGERS BROTHERS IN IRELAND"

pellation. The fault, as in former seasons, was not with the managers, but with the dramatists and libret-Newspaper critics are fond of blaming producers when theatrical offerings do not come quite up to the standard, and vet every presentation of the vear showed afresh the prodigality and conscientious effort of these men. With deathless optimism. they dress their scarecrows in velvets and satin.



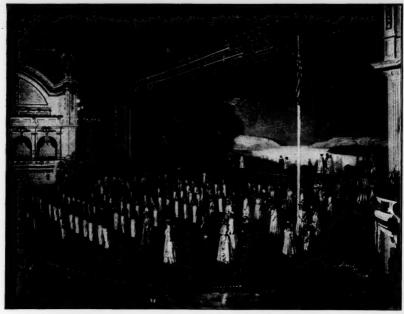
M'INTYRE AND HEATH AS THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS IN
"THE HAM TREE"



DRINA DE WOLFE, PLAYING "HELGA" IN "THE PRODIGAL SON"

George Bernard Shaw gave us the very best comedy of the autumn in "Man and Superman," which most of us had read in our libraries, and which Robert Loraine offered successfully at the Hudson Theater. That the piece

was offered successfully, or offered at all, for that matter, was due to the confidence and enterprise of Mr. Loraine, who put almost the only money he had in the world into holding the acting rights of the play long enough for him



"WEST POINT" SCENE IN "THE RAIDERS" AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME

to interest a manager. At that time "Man and Superman" did not seem to be a particularly promising proposition for America. The book contained two hundred and forty-four printed pages, the histrionic interpretation of which might have delighted the audiences at a Chinese theater for several nights. "What are you going to do?" I asked Mr. Loraine, when we discussed the matter one morning at the Hotel Wellington.

"Get Shaw to cut hell out of it!" replied the actor.

And he did. The flannel-shirted philosopher across the pond not only sacrificed the scene in the infernal regions, but all the rest of the third act as well. Mr. Loraine purposed printing the amputated portions on the program, but this he did not do. Perhaps the publishers of the book objected, and perhaps it was the owners of the program.

Of course it is quite superfluous to

remark that any dramatic work out of which the author can take an entire act without disturbing the sense of his story is not a play. "Man and Superman" would be just as entertaining as it is at the Hudson if Mr. Shaw's characters sat on a long bench throughout the evening and talked to one another. The plot around which the dialogue has been written is not of the least importance; it is the dialogue itself which is delightful. These speeches fairly crackle as they issue from the mouths of the extraordinary people created by the dramatist.

I take off my hat to George Bernard Shaw. He may be a charlatan—I myself have written that he is an Elbertus Hubbard with genius—but he does do the most deliciously daring dialogue that ever flowed onto paper. He never invented a character that wasn't interesting and photographic. He is perhaps the only man in the world who understands women. He is assuredly the



CHARLOTTE WALKER, AS "THORA" IN "THE PRODIGAL SON"

only man whose argument on a premise that you and he both know to be wrong is absolutely unanswerable. Did you ever try to refute the theory of "Mrs. Warren's Profession"? It is not at all exceptional, however, for this Irish Voltaire to be obviously right, though

he makes a strange practice of going straight ahead after he has told all that is true and has left only what is witty and audacious. "Man and Superman" is an instance in point. It is ninetenths of a pound of fact weighed with the paper on.



ROBERT LORAINE, STARRING IN BERNARD SHAW'S "MAN AND SUPERMAN"

But for the audiences, "Man and Superman" would be more amusing between covers than between proscenium posts. The commonplace people who went to the Hudson were infinitely more enjoyable than the play. A girl who sat beside me-one of those girls for whom some folk insist that all drama should be written-blushed furiously whenever anybody on the stage mentioned marriage or babies. It is very unusual to see anyone blush in New York, so that I should have been interested even had I not waited to see what this auditor would do when Violet made her disclosures at the end of the first act. She didn't do anything. She simply didn't understand. During the intermission she told the woman at her side that Mr. Loraine was "lovely." He was, and an intelligent, forceful interpreter into the bargain. A better supporting company could not be imagined. It included Fay Davis, Edward Abeles, Clara Bloodgood, Richard Bennett, Alfred Hickman and J. D. Beveridge—all competent and all admirably suited in their rôles.

It is difficult to judge the capacity of an author by a one-act play, and rather unfair to consider such a work in the same light with others of greater length, but I am tempted to say that the second best offering of the early season was Alfred Sutro's "A Maker of Men." This exquisite bit, acted as a curtain raised for "Mrs. Leffingwell's



ROBERT EDESON AS "STRONGHEART"

Boots," at the Lyceum, was as little understood as "Man and Superman," and, in its way, quite as delightful. "A Maker of Men" was not a drama at all in the accepted sense of the word, but rather the cameratic reproduction of an episode from real life. Cuthbert Farrington, a clerk at three hundred pounds a year, fails to get a promotion

expected. The post goes to another and a younger man. Farrington realizes that he missed the promotion because he had done nothing to deserve it; that he lacks every essential requisite to the realization of ambition; that his future is to be his past, stripped of its illusions - in short, that he is a failure. Edith, his wife, who has struggled with him and worked for him most of her life, points out to him that success in the

which he has

four-walled world of the home may be as fine and desirable a thing as success outside. "You have made the children happy," she says, "and you have kept me loving you. No man who does those things is a failure." Farrington kisses her, and that is the end of the little drama. "A Maker of Men" was played quite out of Mr. Sutro's spirit of simplicity by Ernest Lawford and Margaret Illing-

ton, the latter, who is compelled to speak frequently of making her own gowns, wearing a Paris creation which must have cost about two-thirds of Farrington's salary for a year.

Clyde Fitch, who is responsible for the biggest step that American playwrights have ever taken toward naturalness and observation of detail, him-

self never writes a play which could not b e scraped of f the stage with penknife. "Her Great Match," in which Maxine Elliott appeared at the Criterion. proved no exception to this rule of superficiality. The praise possible in the case of this performance is exhausted when one has observed that it was a pleasant comedy with some delightful love scenes and a few of those wonderfully human touches for which every-



MAXINE ELLIOTT IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW PLAY, "HER GREAT MATCH"

one interested in the future of the drama ought to be very grateful to Mr. Fitch. These flashes were received with enlightening pleasure by each successive audience. When people see a cow on the stage in some pastoral or other they invariably are pleased, not because there is anything curious and interesting about a cow, but because they recognize the appropriateness of its presence, and the

verisimilitude of truth which it gives the scene. Mr. Fitch's plays are full of cows. Everybody at the Criterion had felt just as Augustus Botes and his family felt after the "party," and, accordingly, their testy speeches brought forth spontaneous enthusiasm.

Here is the plot of "Her Great

Match":

The Crown Prince of Eastphalia proposes a morganatic marriage to an American girl; she refuses; he offers her an alliance of the conventional kind; and they live happily forever after.

It will be seen that, in order to last through four acts, this story must be given in homeopathic doses. Victorien Sardou once said that the theme of any good play could be written on the back of a visiting card; this theme might be engraved on a dime, like the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Fitch didn't dare waste any of the story, so he saved most of it for the last five minutes of each act. During the rest of the piece his people told fortunes and moved the furniture, which Mr. Fitch's people invariably do when he can think of no other activity for them. Miss Elliott, who made her first entrance in a terribly disappointing gown, looked charming afterward and acted with the sincerity, delicacy and womanliness to which we have become accustomed from her. Second honors fell to the lot of Mathilde Cottrelly as the aunt of the crown prince. When an audience listens silently to a serious scene acted in Weberfieldian English, the interpreters must needs be artists. Madame Cottrelly and Charles Cherry were the Thespians in question.

"The Prodigal Son," beautifully produced by Liebler & Co., at the New Amsterdam, made me think of "Adrea." It was a constant pageant of scenery and situations without anything much behind them. Hall Caine, who wrote the piece, is often given to sacrificing probability, naturalness and nearly everything else to melodramatic effectiveness of climax, and he does this at the expense of being convincing in "The Prodigal Son." Moreover, there is almost no progression in any one of the four acts of the play, the story mov-

ing forward in what is supposed to occur between them. There is, too, a remarkable sameness of situation, a statement that can be better understood when the principal incidents of the first three scenes are described. In the first of these, Magnus Stephensson is horrified at finding his betrothed wife, Thora, in the arms of his brother, Oscar. In the second, Thora is horrified at finding her husband, Oscar, in the arms of her sister, Helga. In the third, Oscar is horrified at finding his mistress, Helga, in the arms of his rival, Neils Finsen. This drama was represented by an exceedingly distinguished company, including W. H. Thompson, Edward Morgan, Aubrey Boucicault, J. E. Dodson, Charlotte Walker, Drina De Wolfe, Marie Wainwright, Ben Webster, George C. Boniface and Henry Bergman. As a production it reflected the greatest possible credit upon its sponsors.

"De Lancey," written by Augustus Thomas for John Drew and acted at the Empire, was an extremely neat bit of tailoring, made after the mode and an excellent fit. It revealed none of the originality, ingenuity and vigor which we feel that we have a right to expect from Mr. Thomas, but proved sufficiently agreeable and interesting to attract good-sized audiences throughout the rather brief term held for it at the Empire. Mr. Drew was Mr. Drew as effectively as usual, and the play may be said to have been as well acted and as smartly produced as any of the year. W. W. Jacobs, who writes the most amusing stories in the world, collaborated with Louis N. Parker, a dramatic carpenter of some renown, in turning out "Beauty and the Barge," a comedy which had a long run in London, and which, when presented by Nat C. Goodwin at the Lyceum, fell utterly flat. Mr. Goodwin achieved a personal success in the rôle of Captain Barley. It is altogether likely that he will have another and a better vehicle by the time this magazine goes to press. Prince Chap," at the Madison Square, won recognition as a delicious and charming comedy, in which Cyril Scott

and several actors of almost equal ability were seen to advantage. "Mary and John," another comedy, written by Edith Ellis Baker and staged at the Manhattan, struck me as being too frail, trifling and unimportant to remain long in New York. Raymond Hitchcock, a comic opera star of quaint personality and distinctly droll methods, returned to the field of the legitimate in presenting "Easy Dawson," a rural play, by E. E. Kidder, under direction of Henry W. Savage, at Wallack's. The piece was generally voted to be crude and commonplace, though every effort was made to continue it on Broadway. After coining a small fortune on the road, "York State Folks" came into New York to last an uneventful three weeks at the Majestic. "York State Folks" was obviously an actor's play, full of stock situations and dialogue. In the third act of the offering, the heroine stepped in to prevent the hero from striking his male parent by ejaculating: "Remember, Frank, he is your father!" This is an example of the dialogue of the piece; also of the thoughtfulness of the heroine. But for her timely remark, Frank might have made the mistake of supposing that the bearded object of his wrath was his mother. George Ade's newest work, "The Bad Samaritan," was done at the Garden two days after this article was written.

For some reason which no one has ever been able to make out, few musical comedies are provided at the beginning of any theatrical season. Managers wait until December and January to put on this sort of entertainment. which usually crowds every other kind off the boards by the arrival of June. The most interesting musical comedy of September was "The Catch of the Season," by Seymour Hicks, Cosmo Hamilton, Charles H. Taylor, and six or seven other Englishmen, which served to reintroduce Edna May at Daly's. story of the piece proved to be a modernized version of the story of "Cinderella," which fact ought to suggest a new field for research to such indefatigable archæologists as Harry B. Smith and George Hobart. There

wasn't anything in the least brilliant in the work, which was full of dull British jokes and of comic songs which appealed to no emotion known to man. "The Catch of the Season" was saved, however, by its daintiness and by Edna May, three looks at whom are worth anybody's two dollars. A number of French dancers imported for the production were unspeakably dowdy, ungraceful and out of the picture.

Paul West furnished an utterly inane entertainment, yclept "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," at the Broadway. The spectacle was intended primarily for children, and it is quite possible that they will be amused by it. "The Ham Tree," which coaxed McIntyre and Heath out of vaudeville, was presented at the New York with those inimitable comedians in the cast, and proved to be merely the "sketch" in which both have been appearing for years, with a preface "The Rogers and an addendum. Brothers in Ireland," the best vehicle which the Rogers Brothers have had since the days of "A Reign of Error," pleased large audiences at the Liberty. "Miss Dolly Dollars," in which Lulu Glaser took the place of "Sergeant Brue" on the stage of the Knickerbocker, was not creditable either to Harry B. Smith, the librettist, or to Victor Herbert, the composer.

"Fantana" was the only attraction in New York which ran straight through the summer and into the current season without interruption. Jefferson De Angelis headed the company which sang "Fantana" at the Lyric. Robert Edeson revived "Strongheart" at the Savoy, David Warfield resumed his run in "The Music Master" at the Bijou, "It Happened in Nordland" was continued at Fields', "'Way Down East" returned to the Academy, Arnold Daly recommenced the production of the Shaw plays at the Garrick, and "The Rollicking Girl" concluded its engagement at the Herald Square. After having been closed for two months, the Hippodrome was again thrown open to the public late in August with a bill including "A Yankee Circus on Mars"

and "The Raiders."

Ruperta

By Sir William Magnay, Bart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IRROMAR'S TRICK.

S Count Irromar went to fetch the princess he was concocting a scheme, daring as became his nature, but one which at a stroke should add immensely to his power and change his position from that of an outlaw, an almost brigand noble, to that of a recognized member of the aristocracy of the land. He would make a bold bid for the royal favor and countenance; once they were his, he could trust to his wealth, to his energy, his acquirements, and, above all, his will, to give him social position and rehabilitation. It was a flattering plan, and the chance of the moment seemed to have brought to his hand the instrument by which this seemingly impossible metamorphosis could be effected. He had learned from Rollmar that King Ludwig was waiting not far from his castle, presumably to know the result of the chancellor's negotiation. That being so, and with a shrewd idea of the old intriguer's acquiescence, the rest was, to a man of his resources, easy.

When he came into the room—having sent Ruperta urgent word that he must see her even at that late hour—she wondered what new trick or persecution this was to be; but her apprehension was manifest only in her quick glance of inquiry at his face. Otherwise she looked

as imperiously calm as ever.
"I have news for you," he began—

"two pieces of news, one good and the other doubtful."

"What are they, count?" she asked, on the alert for a new mark of duplicity.

"You shall hear the least pleasant first," he replied, with a courteous deference which contrasted with the half-veiled insolence of his late manner.

"Baron von Rollmar is here to conduct you back to Waldenthor."

It was true enough, yet the full, plain truth was scarcely apparent to her. Having no knowledge, save by vague guessing, of what had taken place outside the castle during her captivity, she could not be expected to comprehend the real urgency which had brought the old minister so far.

"To take me back to Waldenthor?"

she repeated.

Irromar gave a confirmatory nod. "At least he takes you with him and his party. I am here to have the honor of conducting you to his excellency."

Ruperta thought of the fortress of Krell, and showed no alacrity at the prospect of the meeting.

"You had another piece of news," she said, suddenly remembering it.

"Good news. Lieutenant von Bertheim is here, unhurt, and—"

"With the baron?" she asked, incred-

ulously.

He smiled. "No. I may be bold to claim penetration enough to agree with your highness as to the improbability of that. No. The lieutenant is not, indeed, within the castle, but he is not far away."

He watched the ray of joy on the girl's face, and as he watched and wel-

comed he hated it.

"I have come," he proceeded—"the reason of my disturbing you, princess, by bringing the news in person, was that I might venture to submit a proposal which might earn your pardon. The chancellor's plans are not exactly in accord with your own. He is inclined to interpose himself between you and your happiness, to think less of romance, of hearts, than of state policy. It is not for me to interfere, nor would

I do so, since Lieutenant von Bertheim has treated me in a manner which is at least strange, were it not that I owe your highness some reparation for the presumption into which my ignorance led me. I wish to atone by giving you an opportunity of meeting the lieutenant before your departure with the Baron Rollmar."

Her desire broke down her pride, which prompted her not to be beholden to this man for an interview with her lover. She loathed the idea of taking him into her counsels, even for the moment. Still, she felt that, once more in Rollmar's power, the separation would be indefinite, might be lifelong, for surely he would not be hoodwinked again. She was in a vortex of uncertainty, shaken by these untoward and startling adventures. So, with perhaps a lurking doubt in her heart, she accepted the count's suggestion.

He read her uncertainty. "You do not give me credit for an honest desire to serve you, princess," he observed. "It is, perhaps, after all, my own fault. But the event shall quickly prove my good faith. Give me but three words calling him to you, and I will engage that the lieutenant shall be here within

the hour."

He put writing materials before her. "I fear he will not come without a written word from you," he said, quietly, as Ruperta hesitated.

The reasonableness of the suggestion was manifest. She took the pen and

wrote a simple message:

Come, before I return with Rollmar. R.

As she wrote the chancellor's name her hesitation vanished. She hated that pitiless old opponent of her happiness, and the idea of his taking her back in triumph was more humiliating than her pride cared to contemplate.

The count took up the paper as her pen left it. "I will send this by a trusty fellow, and your friend shall soon be here," he said, significantly. "I, princess, am not dead to the romantic side of this life of ours, as the chancellor

seems to be."

The meeting between Ruperta and

Rollmar was as brief as it was awkward. The old diplomatist was cynically polite, while Ruperta masked by her coolness and obvious dislike any expression of the mortification which was at her heart.

"I am sorry for any inconvenience it may cause you," Rollmar said, as Ruperta was about to retire, "but it is necessary that we make an early start homeward in the morning. The duke will be terribly anxious until he is as

sured of your safety."

The hour had not sped when the count redeemed his word and Ludovic stood before her. Then at last she broke down under the strain which danger, anxiety and uncertainty had put upon her; the brave nature gave way, and she fell sobbing into his arms.

"Darling, darling, I thought, though I dared not confess it, never to have seen you again." When she grewcalmer she told him all that had happened. He looked grave, listening with a slight frown when she spoke of the count.

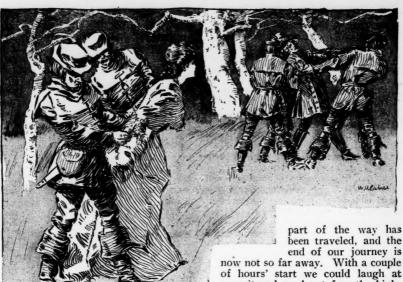
"So I owe this meeting to him," he said, with a dubious shake of the head. "It is not natural. I doubt there is a design beneath it. The man is as treacherous and pitiless as a leopard. Still, the present moment is ours, dearest. And that is infinitely more than, many times since we parted, I have dared to hope for."

He held her in his arms, kissing her as though the delight of that moment might vanish in the next, and be gone forever. Then presently he told her in a few words of all that had befallen him

since their separation.

"Oh, my love, if they had killed you I would have died, too!" she murmured, with her lips on his. "And I should have gone to my death contentedly in the thought that Heaven had given me, if only for one little hour, a lover so loyal, true and brave. Ludovic, my love, my poor, starved heart thanks God for you."

For an instant the word was at his lips which would have told her his secret, for surely the opportunity was apt. Perhaps it was a feeling that, in a higher sense, in that atmosphere so fully



Ruperta, with all her spirit, was powerless to render him any help.

charged with tenderness and love the cold shock of the announcement would be unfitting; perhaps, too, his sensitive, innate chivalry made him shrink from taking advantage of that supreme moment. The very certainty that the stroke must win held him back from making it. Anyhow, it passed, and when rapture allowed him speech, it was of a still more urgent matter—their escape. She told him it was for that she had risked the message.

"The baron does not say so, but I know I am destined for Krell. And, once there," she shuddered, "I may say farewell to my hopes and to my liberty, except on terms which are now forever impossible.'

He understood, and signified it by a kiss.

"There is no reason, I hope," he said, "why we should not push on again for Beroldstein. The longest and worst been traveled, and the end of our journey is

of hours' start we could laugh at pursuit and need not fear the highroads to-night."

"Then let us go, dearest," she .urged.

He smiled at the eagerness he loved. "Everything is arranged," he replied. "Ompertz is waiting with horses, and will ride with us. I fear, though, we must leave Countess Minna behind this time. But she is now safe from this fellow."

A look of disappointment clouded Ru-"Rollmar will visit my perta's face. sins on poor Minna's head."

"Her penance shall be of short duration, I promise you," Ludovic assured her, confidently. "She shall join you in a very few days. Rollmar is too sensible to take a foolish and futile revenge. Indeed, it is best; more, it is necessary. We have no horse for her.'

"And Minna hates riding if you had. Well, then, we must leave her. It is easier now," she added, with a loving look of confidence.

In a very few minutes preparations for the escape and the journey were made. Ludovic extinguished the light and, cautiously opening the door, crept out, leading the way along the narrow

passage and down the winding stairs, descending to the outer door, by which his guide had admitted him to the castle. No one was to be seen. The door was unlocked; they passed out, and crossed an angular courtyard to a massive stone door set in the outer wall. This, as Ludovic's conductor had shown him, was left merely bolted on the inside; at a strong pull it swung slowly open, and they found themselves in a passage cut through the rock and leading out into the wood.

Ludovic put his arm round Ruperta to help her along the rough path.

"Now for our faithful Ompertz and the horses," he said, encouragingly. "He is near at hand. Another hour, dearest, will see us miles away from

this hateful place."

They were now at the end of the cutting. It was with a delicious sense of freshness and liberty that Ruperta felt the wind through the trees blowing on her face. Her lover's strong arm was round her-in a few minutes the enemies of her happiness were to be given the slip. There was just light enough to see the path; a stronger blast of wind came through the wood, deadening the sound of another rush. More quickly than they could realize it they were surrounded by half a dozen men who had suddenly sprung from their ambush. Before Ludovic could put his hand to a weapon, he was seized by four strong fellows, who held his arms firmly and began to drag him back to the castle. Ruperta, with all her spirit, was powerless to render him any help. She herself had been captured by two men who with less violence but equally insistent force kept her from following.

But the dashing of her hopes, the sickening sense of the count's treachery, made her desperate and reckless. She struggled furiously with her captorstwo tall, evil-looking ruffians, who had, however, evidently had orders to treat her with as much respect as their object permitted. This was to take her back to the castle by another entrance, but they found it not so easy. Ruperta resisted vigorously, then, remembering that Ompertz might be near, she began

calling for help. It was but a faint hope, but to her joy she heard an answering call which was followed by the welcome appearance of the great, dashing swashbuckler, who came through the wood with a leap and uplifted sword—a very fury to the rescue.

Evidently the men thought so, for it was with no very confident air that one of them released his hold on Ruperta, and, drawing his sword, stood before her to keep Ompertz off. A dog might as well have tried to repel the spring of an attacking lion. With a mighty sweep his sword was sent flying among the trees, and it was only by a smart backward spring that he cheated the soldier's blade of its second blow.

At the same moment Rupert found herself free—her other captor thinking less of his charge than of his skin, which was, indeed, just then in jeopardy of damage. She quickly told her rescuer what had happened. He just checked an oath of angry disappointment.

"I told him what to expect," he said, savagely rueful. "But we both hoped I might prove a false prophet. Oh' he set his teeth ominously-"oh, for five minutes alone with this precious count! He should never tell another lie!'

Ruperta entreated him to follow her lover and free him. He felt the urgency of the move, yet hesitated.

"I dare not leave you, princess, and if we go together"-he gave a shrug-"I am only one to defend you against this gang of bandits. It were better to see you into safety first."

But she would not hear of abandoning Ludovic while there was a chance of rescue. She, too, would go back;

she had no fear.

Ompertz saw the true courage in her eyes, and no longer opposed her wish. The two men had skulked away; they were scarcely worth consideration now. The soldier gave his hand to Ruperta, and, sword in the other, led her quickly along the passage to the stone door. It was closed and fast bolted; the men had clearly taken their prisoner through, and now had him safely lodged. Ompertz gave a kick at the unyielding bar-

"No hope of opening that fellow from outside," he remarked, with a baffled shake of the head; "and, highness, let me tell you, the sooner for your sake we get out of this ugly trap the better. We should not have a chance if these rascals took it into their heads to drop a few lumps of rock down on ours."

Although Ruperta had little fear of that awkward contingency, she recognized the futility of staying there. Her heart was full of indignation and a terrible anxiety for her lover. But hers was a nature which rage and fear simply stirred into action; she would never bow to the inevitable or confess herself

"Yes; come back with me quickly," she said, with sudden resolution.

Ompertz glanced at her and knew that the move was not prompted by fear, at least for herself. They hurried back along the passage of rock and into the

"The horses are close by," Ompertz said, in a tone of doubtful suggestion.

"That is well; we may want them," Ruperta replied, and he saw that she had in her mind a plan of action. "The chancellor brought men-soldiers-with him? How many?"

"About eighty. "They are near?"

"Hard by, in the forest."

"So far, good," she said. "I can trust myself to them. I am their princess. It is only their leaders who are so vilely treacherous.

Ompertz looked a little dubious. "If they were all like me, princess, you might trust them to the death."

"And you think I cannot rely upon them to protect me against the false hearts and lying tongues of the cowards who threaten us? At least I will try them."

There was a rustling in the wood, and Count Irromar stood before them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN UNWISE MERCY.

"You have taken an unfair advantage, princess, of my willingness to serve you," he said, with a dark smile.

"I am again, as I might have expected, the victim of your treachery," Ruperta retorted, full of scornful an-

He made a deprecating gesture. "You must blame me no more now. The business is out of my hands. The treatment of which you may complain is not mine. I am no longer a free agent."

His meaning was as obvious as was

its falsehood.

Ompertz took a step forward. "Free agent or not, count," he said, bluffly, "I shall make bold to hold you responsible for the outrage suffered by Lieutenant von Bertheim at the hands of your men. I was just wishing for an interview with you."

The count was eying him, full of stern malignity. "And having chanced upon it, what do you want to say, my fine fellow?" he asked, contemptuously.

The ugly look on the soldier's face "Only this," he answered, deepened. threateningly; "that unless you give an instant order for our friend's release, this fine fellow will take upon himself to run you through, and that without delay."

A streak of moonlight falling through the trees showed a smile of ineffable scorn on the count's strong face. It also gleamed on the barrel of a pistol, which he suddenly presented full at the soldier's breast.

"Silence, you dog!" he commanded. "You need a lesson in the manners befitting a lady's presence. If you speak another word it will be your last."

Ruperta sprang between them. "Count, if you harm this man, your life shall pay for it, I swear. I have the power," she went on, hotly, as he laughed at her threat, "although you and Baron Rollmar may ignore it; a power that may astonish you before long. Yes; I will have you hanged if you do not instantly release the lieutenant."

"You are quite mistaken, princess," he replied, seriously. "The lieutenant is not my prisoner."

"You liar!" she cried, beside herself with indignation at the way he was playing with her. "You will tell me next he is not in your house, in your keep-

"It is true enough," he replied, coolly.
"But I have no power to release him.
Perhaps you have, highness."

The sneer was worthy of him; he had come to hate this woman whom he

might not love.
"We shall see," she returned. "You

refuse?"

"I fear I must-even at the risk of

the penalty which your highness has foreshadowed."

"Very well, then," she said. "You shall see how I will keep my word. Come, captain."

She turned to Ompertz and prepared to move away.

"Permit me to escort you back to his excellency," Irromar said. "He charged me to look a fter you, and my responsibility is strict."

"Your responsibility!" she echoed, scornfully.

"Surely, count, you have forfeited any claim to that. I will never enter your abominable den again."

"It is most unfortunate," he replied, with a somewhat mocking show of apology, "that I should have to bear the brunt and odium of your chancellor's actions. Surely, princess," he continued, as though urged merely by his innate love of setting his actions in a false light, "you must be aware that it

was a risky thing to attempt to continue your elopement under the baron's very eye; an eye which looks not too favorably on the lieutenant's pretensions. I should certainly have warned you against any such mad attempt, had I not thought that your good sense made it unnecessary."

Ruperta turned from him disdainfully impatient. "I cannot discuss the matter with you, count, especially as I have

good reasons for believing no word you say."

He gave a shrug. "It is most unfortunate, I must repeat, this persistence in imagining my ill will. for your interest in the lieutenant's welfare, I can only refer you to Baron Rollmar, to whom it is now my duty to conduct you.'

He a d-vanced to her with outstretched hand. She shrank from him. Ompertz whispered a word to her as he

fell back a pace. These movements altered the relative positions of the three. Ruperta had scarcely caught the soldier's whisper, but she was quick-witted enough to divine his intention. She suffered Irromar to lay his hand on her arm. It gave her an excuse for struggling—to make a sudden clutch at the hand which held the pistol. Simultaneously Ompertz gave a swift spring, and, as Ruperta's hold hampered the count



And in a very few seconds he had the count half throttled on the ground.

from turning to meet his attack, seized him from behind and got his arm tightly round his neck.

Irromar was a very Hercules, but now he was taken at a disadvantage, and Ompertz was of strength far above the average. It was a fierce joy to him to find his muscles round that lying throat, and in a very few seconds he had the count half-throttled on the ground. Then the pistol was wrested away, and their enemy lay at their mercy.

"Now let me put an end to the villain," Ompertz gasped, as with fingers gripping the count's throat and knee pressing on his chest he held out his

hand for the pistol.

But Ruperta refused. Perhaps the livid, distorted face showed her too vividly the horror of such a midnight deed and obscured the sense of expediency.

"No," she objected; "we cannot. He must not die here—like this,"

"Then you give Lieutenant von Bertheim's life for his," Ompertz urged, bitterly balked. "In Heaven's name let me put a bullet through his lying brain and do a good deed for once."

But she would not consent. "If he swears on his honor that he will release the lieutenant his life shall be spared,"

she said.

Ompertz groaned at the throwing away of this chance. "His honor! You will repent it if you trust to that." he said, as he tightened his grip on the count's throat, since he might not shoot him.

But Ruperta saw his intention, and insisted that he should relax his hold. "You hear, count?" she said.

"I swear," he gasped.

"Of course he swears," growled Om-

pertz.

For some moments Irromar lay panting; the soldier looking down on him with a grim hankering that was almost comic. Suddenly, from a position in which most men would have been hopeless, the count, who seemed one compact mass of muscle, contrived, by a convulsive effort, to throw himself on his side, and a desperate struggle began. Little by little the count got the

advantage. He was a skillful wrestler, and knew all the tricks of that art, and before long he was able to force Ompertz backward, and by a dexterous twist to spring clear of him. It was only just in time, for Ruperta had taken Ompertz's sword and was only hesitating to use it from fear of striking the wrong man as they swayed and turned in their desperate encounter.

Now the count was free. "Quick, the sword!" Ompertz cried, as he recovered his balance and sprang to her for the weapon. There was a loud laugh of mockery, and almost before Ompertz had turned to rush after him, the count had disappeared in the darkness. Sword in hand the soldier followed as best he could, only to be brought up very soon by the manifest hopelessness of the pursuit and the fear of missing the princess. To her he returned, baffled and fuming.

"I said you would regret it, highness," was his reproachful greeting.

She was pale and trembling slightly from the excitement. "It cannot be helped," she replied, with a touch of authority. "I am sorry, for your sake, but I could not have the man, whatever his crimes, done to death like that."

"He has the devil in him," Ompertz exclaimed, wrathfully. "Now, between him and the chancellor, who has the infernal touch, too, I fear you may say good-by to the chance of getting the lieutenant free. And I had my prayer answered and my fingers round that villain's throat! It was wicked to fling away the chance."

"Yes, I am sorry now," Ruperta agreed, showing not half the intense regret she felt. "But I am not going to submit myself tamely as a victim to these outrages and false dealings. I am

going to Beroldstein."
"You, princess? To Beroldstein?"

"Alone," she answered, resolutely. "I will appeal to the king of Drax-Beroldstein, since the Duke of Waldavia, my father, cannot help me."

"But the king of Drax-Beroldstein," Ompertz objected, "is not Ludovic, but

Ferdinand."

"So much the better," she returned.

"It makes my task less disagreeable and

scarcely more doubtful."

He recognized the hideous complications which made her plan so hopeless, yet he saw no sufficient reason for breaking his pledge of secrecy. After all, Ludovic's release was the great thing to try for; in the interests of that, the less known of his identity the better.

"I may go with you, princess? The

horses---

"No," she replied. "I should like your escort, but cannot take you hence.

It will be something for me to know that one trusty heart is left near Ludovic. But I fear. What can you do for my Ludovic against those cruel villains. the count and Rollmar?" She turned away in an excess of heart - chilling despair, then next moment had recovered herself.

"Come, let us not lose another instant," she said, resolutely. "You must find me an escort among the soldiers. Surely there are some who will run this risk for their princess, for any woman, indeed, who is in such a dire strait as I."

He told her of certain good fellows there whose acquaintance he had made in the guardroom, and who, he was sure, would be ready to risk their lives in this service for her.

"If all goes well, they shall not be losers for standing by me in my extremity. At least, they are human; Rollmar is a fiend."

They came to the three horses—bitter suggestion of their failure—mounted and made their way toward the spot where the men were encamped. Om-

pertz's thoughts were divided between admiration for this courageous girl and sadness at the thought of how small was her chance of success.

By a difficult path they arrived presently, after many a hindrance from wood and rock, within a stone's throw of where the troops lay encamped. Leaving Ruperta in a place of safety, or, at least, in concealment, Ompertz went forward to find his men for the purpose.

Half an hour later he, with many

misgivings, had taken leave of the princess, who, with an escort of three stout fellows, started off through the forest to strike the nearest point of the main road to Beroldstein. Ruperta had supplemented Ompertz's explanation by an appeal to the men to stand by her in her distress. She knew, she said, the risk her escort would be running: how those who guarded her flight would do so at the peril of their lives, and she would accept no service that, with this was knowledge,

not freely given. But Ompertz, a shrewd judge of, at any rate, certain characters, had made no mistake in choosing the men. Their records were not, perhaps, of the best repute, but they were three stanch daredevils who would think no more of giving up their prospects and lives at a word from the princess than of passing their mug of beer to a thirsty comrade. They had instantly and heartily sworn to see her through her long ride or give their lives in her service, and she felt she need have no fear of their failing her. So they set off.

Crept forward to the corner whence he could get a view of the road.

The first part of the journey was slow and difficult enough. The darkness of the forest hampered their progress, but with the dawn the track grew lighter as the party emerged upon a hilly stretch of heath.

They could push on now at a smart pace; time, Ruperta felt, was everything, and all through the long hours of darkness her impatience had been torture. It was not many minutes before the broad coach road came in sight beyond a belt of woodland which fringed it. Just before they reached it, hastening over the grassy road, one of the men, who was riding a few paces ahead, held up a warning hand.

As they reined up, the ring of horses' hoofs fell upon their ears. The man quickly threw himself from the saddle and crept forward to the corner whence he could get a view of the road. Next instant he came rushing back, motioning them to turn aside among the trees.

"Horsemen coming fast! Quick! They may be after her highness. Quick, under the trees!"

They had scarcely taken cover when the other party rode by at a quick pace. Four men, with a fifth at their head, riding in haste and looking neither to the right nor left. The figure of the leader was unmistakable.

"It is Count Irromar," Ruperta exclaimed, under her breath. "In pursuit of me."

She was wrong. It was the count, but he was not in search of her. He was riding posthaste to Beroldstein on business of his own.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT THE USURPER'S COURT.

It was with considerable surprise that King Ferdinand of Drax-Beroldstein, as yet scarcely settled comfortably into his snatched dignity, heard that the notorious outlaw and law defier, Count Irromar, was at the palace asking for a private audience on business of the utmost importance. Had the king been a strong man, or had he felt his position unas-

sailable, he would probably have handed the noble brigand over to his officers of justice, congratulating himself on getting the most troublesome and dangerous of his subjects so cheaply in his power. But Ferdinand was neither. He was a weak man who had been unable to resist the chance, urged upon him by designing favorites, to seize a crown which for a moment seemed to be left without a wearer, and, having put it on his head, was now trembling inwardly at his own temerity. He could afford to despise no man, and his only strength came not from within, but was forced on him by circumstances from without. It was almost a weak man's strength of desperation; no one can be so strong by fits and starts as your thoroughly feeble character who dares not show his weakness.

Then there was the haunting mystery of Ludwig's disappearance. At every waking moment Ferdinand told himself that his cousin was surely dead, but, in his dreams, he was alive and seeking retribution. In spite of the assurances of all his friends and flatterers, Ferdinand found himself doubting everyone, from his ministers to the soldiery. He dreaded to read in every newcomer's face the solution of the mystery, the end of his day. Still, he had cast his die, the boats were burned behind himfoolishly, he told himself, since he might, by constituting himself regent, have grasped the power clean-handed-and now, as it was, there seemed nothing for it but to assume a resolution which he had not, and to keep by force what treachery had won. It had all seemed so easy and desirable, this pursuit of power, this scheming for a throne in the days of preparation; when suddenly the coup had to be made, and responsibility to be assumed, it was not so pleasant.

Doubtless it was a shrewd knowledge of the usurper's character that gave Irromar confidence to put his head into the lion's mouth. At the same time, he was well armed both for attack and defense with the knowledge he held.

On receiving the somewhat astounding message, Ferdinand hesitated. His first impulse was that of the bully: to order the arrest of this formidable outlaw. Then his chronic feeling of insecurity prompted him to hear what the visitor had to communicate. Such a man had not come boldly there without good reason, and he could easily be arrested after the interview. Accordingly, he gave orders for a guard to be in readiness and for the count to be ad-

mitted to his presence.

With an affectation of homage which scarcely concealed his bold confidence, Irromar entered the royal presence, and, having bowed low, stood before the usurper in the easy fearlessness of conscious power. Ferdinand had a set frown on his sharp gambler's face; he might as well have thought to melt a rock by frowning at it as thereby to intimidate the strong, reckless nature confronting him. Perhaps he felt this, as, with an effort at self-assertion, he bade the count say what had brought him thither.

"I have come on a matter which is for your majesty's ear alone," was the

sturdy reply.

Ferdinand affected to hesitate, then motioned his curious circle to a distance. "Now speak out, count, and briefly."

But Irromar dropped his strong, vibrating voice almost to a whisper as he bent forward to the king. "It is of your majesty's cousin, Prince Ludwig, that I

have come here to speak!"

He watched closely the effect of his words, and saw nothing but a curious, indefinable expression flash across his hearer's face. But it was enough. And although Ferdinand's next remark was made in a tone of studied indifference, Count Irromar knew that the hit was more than a touch.

"Well? You know, perhaps, what has become of him? His fate?"

Irromar bowed assent. "He is at this moment in my power; a prisoner in my

castle in the Teufelswald."

If the news gave Ferdinand an uncomfortable thrill, he did not show it. The pale face, with its stiff, yellow mustache and beard, remained impassive. Only in the eyes there was a light of fierce concern. Perhaps, after all, the knowledge that one phase of his uncertainty was at an end came as a relief

"Well?" Ferdinand had now to use his cunning; he would let suggestions come from the other side.

"I thought," the count answered, readily, "that the information might be of vital interest to your majesty."

"In what way, count?"

"It is not for me to dictate the use your majesty should make of it." His guard was good; it would have to be drawn out and weakened.

"And yet I dare be sworn," Ferdinand returned, with his cunning smile, "that you had a use for it in your mind, or you would hardly have ventured

hither."

Irromar understood the invitation. "Perhaps, sire, a use which may be to the advantage of both of us," he replied,

coolly.

Ferdinand was leaning sideways in his chair, with his hand playing at his sparse beard; it was a demeanor of sly reserve. "We should like to have your views, count, as to this double advan-

tage," he said.

"Certainly, sire," Irromar replied. "The prince is, as I have said, my prisoner, secretly hidden away where no man, unless I choose, can ever find him. He fell into my hands by an accident, and the fact is practically a secret which need never be known, save to those whose interest would be to ignore it. To all intents he is dead and buried. It is for your majesty to say whether he shall ever come to life again."

He paused. "Go on," Ferdinand

said, curtly.

"As to your majesty's interest and wishes in the matter," Irromar continued, in the same tone of guarded deference which yet seemed to mock as it flattered. "I do not presume to make a suggestion, or anticipate what may be in your majesty's mind. All that I wish to put forward is my hearty willingness to serve you, sire, in this matter. And that you may trust me."

Ferdinand, revolving keenly the crisis, smiled with a purposeful scorn which hid the inner working of his mind. "Confidence in Count Irromar

is a somewhat unreasonable demand, methinks," he observed.

"Without a guarantee, yes," was the ready rejoinder. "It suggests the second and minor advantage of the situation: that which affects my poor self."

"Ah?" Ferdinand was indifferently curious. Perhaps he felt he could, if expedient, secure that guarantee without

the count's active cooperation.

"The very disrepute of my antecedents," Irromar went on, with the confidence arising from a strong position, "is, although it naturally appears to the contrary, the very guarantee for my fidelity. Your majesty is justly incredulous; but let me explain away the apparent absurdity. In a word, I am sick of my present outlawry, legal and moral. My one great desire is to rehabilitate myself, to take up once more the position to which I was born, and which, in my hot-headed madness, I chose to throw away. There is but one hand from which I can hope to receive back what I have squandered—the good name, the noble position; but one countenance to which I can look for pardon and favor. If once that hand is held out, that countenance turned favorably toward me, am I likely to reject that royal generosity and return to my dog's life? Now, sire, have I made my meaning plain?"

"You have—quite plain. You are a bold man, count, to come here and make this proposition to us. Nobody but yourself would have conceived so bold a step. No one in any but our position would have seemed to invite it."

"Your majesty will hardly blame me for seizing a chance so momentous to both." Irromar returned, bluffly.

"At least," Ferdinand replied, guardedly, "we cannot blame you for hastening to impart to us news so important. That may weigh with us in the view we shall take in our judgment of you."

The count was quick enough to see the line Ferdinand was taking, and, with the impetuosity of a strong, impatient nature, he set himself to brush aside the barrier of shuffling behind which the king was intrenching himself.

"There is scarcely time or room for

the question of judgment to come in, sire," he said, emphatically. "I am a man of action, accustomed to go straightway to the point at issue. This matter clearly admits of no temporizing. Your majesty's judgment of me is at the moment of little consequence. My all-important quality is that I am the jailer of the one person in the world whose condition must supremely affect your majesty's welfare."

"That," replied Ferdinand, with a purposeful show of scorn, "is a matter upon which we do not invite your opinion. The king of Drax-Beroldstein must not be dictated to by the outlaw

of the Teufelswald."

The count flushed purple. "The king—" he began, hotly, then checked the words at his lips. Doubtless he saw Ferdinand's object in provoking him, and resolved to meet him at his own game. "I should be the last man to presume to usurp the functions of your majesty's advisers," he said, with a significant smile, "or interfere, unbidden, with aught that concerns you. I fear that already, in my zeal, I may have been guilty of officiousness. Is it, then, your pleasure, sire, that I set Prince Ludwig free?"

Ferdinand had settled his course, and that once accomplished, could keep to it firmly enough. "That," he answered, with an assumption of dignity, "is a question for our advisers. It is not to be determined in a moment, certainly not at the suggestion of Count Irromar. We are not unmindful of your zeal, count, and shall take it into consideration in dealing with you. But for the moment we must, as you will understand, at least make a show of doing our duty. You have set our laws at defiance, you have been a very scourge of a wide district of our kingdom. You" -and here a peculiar sneering smile spread over his face-"you, who have taken upon yourself so boldly to advise us, will recognize that we cannot afford to reward your long list of black deeds with immediate tokens of our favor. It would raise an easy and hideous suspicion. It would at once brand us as our cousin's murderer. No! Policy

of state must stand before all things, and that policy demands your arrest.

All through the speech Irromar's face had been growing darker, and at the last word he made a swift gesture of rage.

"Arrest? Your majesty is joking!"

It was all he could say, but there was clearly no jest in Ferdinand's crafty face as he signed to the group that, in scarcely veiled curiosity, stood apart. He had given his orders, and the men were ready. At a word from an alert official Count Irromar, inwardly raging and frowning threats, found himself surrounded and a prisoner.

"Your majesty," he cried, darkly, "will do well to consider this step you

are taking."

Ferdinand waved his hand with a gesture of dismissal. "We will see you again, count, you understand?" he said, significantly, as he rose and walked away.



"Policy demands your arrest."

CHAPTER XXIX.

FERDINAND'S SECOND VISITOR.

The man to whom Ferdinand turned in his perplexity was one Eugen Morvan. It was he who had practically set him on the throne, since he had been the instigator of the course of intrigue which had rendered possible the coup by which the crown had been seized. A fat, sensual-looking man of five and forty, one who to the church's certain advantage had stopped just short of becoming a priest, and, having thrown aside his deacon's cassock, had by devious paths found his way to the court, there, by luck, assurance, an easy-going philosophy and assiduous flattery, to attach himself to the person and fortunes of the prince who stood next but one to the throne.

That his patron should be so nearly a power and yet be none was of itself enough to make it certain that the intriguing, insinuating spirit at his elbow would never rest from prompting him to amend the accident of birth. And when the idea had been accepted and the scheme launched. Morvan had proved that his lazy, self-indulgent exterior masked a spirit of daring conception and resource. He was ambitious, too, from, of course, the most material of worldly considerations. He had a bad man's lust for power; power for evil, for selfish ends, for the gratification of every whim from revenge to appe-To have attempted to attach himself to Ludwig would have been absolutely futile. Bad men are keenly sensitive to their affinities and their antipathies. Ludovic would never have looked at that unctuous, knavish face but to order it from his court. Morvan knew that well, and hated him accordingly. Besides, to the rightful heir to the throne he could have been of no possible use. There could be no call there for the intriguing arts by which he sought to make himself indispensable. But when once he had Ferdinand committed to the scheme of usurpation-which, by an unlooked-for piece of luck, Ludwig's mysterious absence so strangely favored -that prince was in his power; bound

to him body and soul. Ferdinand dared not go back when the evil genius at his side urged him forward, and the result had indeed justified the confidence of the daring pilot who had seized the helm of his fortune.

"He is found."

Morvan had guessed it already. "I was sure of it, sire. Nothing else could have brought that ruffian to court."

Briefly, not without a sign of agitation, Ferdinand told what he had heard. It was the way of his shrewd adviser never to make light of dangers, however insignificant, lest he should lose the credit of surmounting them. His face was grave as he listened.

"So the crisis has come at last," he observed, with an air of confidence in his ability to meet it. "The time for final action has arrived. It is well. You have acted wisely, sire, in caging the wild beast. What is to be the next move?"

"It is on that," Ferdinand answered, "that I must have your advice. We must tread warily now."

"Your majesty's first steps have been cautious to admiration," Morvan returned, with what seemed a half-sneering laugh in his eye. "Yes. We have the game in hand, so far. We must be careful not to throw away the advantage."

"We can hardly employ this desperado to put him out of the way, and recognize the service by receiving him at our court."

The speech was tentative; Morvan, though he so understood, tactfully ig-

"Your majesty has rightly seen that course would be preposterous," he replied, craftily. "Happily, there is no need for it. Yes; it would, indeed, be a false step to put yourself in the power of that unprincipled bravo. You would never be safe for an hour. But we—that is, your majesty's position is strong enough without running such a monstrous risk. The ministers are yours, the court is yours, the army is yours, and I make bold to assert from positive knowledge, from trusty reports, that the people are yours. What, then, is

left for Ludwig, supposing, as is scarcely probable, that he has not already fallen a victim to that wolf's fangs?"

"But, if not, he is still to be feared."
Morvan's look was darkly significant.
"It will be our fault if ever he is in a position to trouble us."

Ferdinand's cunning eyes met the other's responsively. "Then what better means could we employ than this discredited outlaw; the most natural and irresponsible instrument—"

"And the most dangerous," Morvan put in, pursing his lips and shaking his "Say we give him a free hand and dangle royal favor before him. We should attach to the court a restless, scheming, ambitious spirit, the utterly unscrupulous holder of a dangerous secret, and, above all, a man of whom the constant sight would be hateful to your majesty. And to attempt to put him out of sight would be full of risk. Fo! For butcher's work one must live the life of a butcher. Blood is no sure cement for keeping on a crown. We have no Rollmar here, and so may well abjure his methods."

"Our scheme and victory have so far been bloodless," said Ferdinand, medi-

"Long may they remain so," replied his counselor, heartily. "No, sire, I have a better plan than this brigand's."

"Ah, yes?"

"If, as we believe, the people are with you, it is because you have gained a popularity which the absent one has forfeited. The greater fool he. Ludwig has got himself into an awkward corner; we know nothing of that. Let him extricate himself from the tiger's den as best he can. It will be certainly difficult, perhaps impossible, if report speaks truly of the Teufelswald tiger's methods. It might, perhaps, even be politic to send, not too soon, a small expedition to his rescue. It will look generous, and the mob loves generosity in others—much as it hates the quality inside its own skin. Who knows? Supposing our dear cousin should be rescued alive, he is Quixotic. Terms may be made; at worst the expedition can do your majesty no harm. But if the whisper of foul play should spread, as it would like wildfire, I would not wager on the crown being on your head that

day week."

Ferdinand had brightened as he listened; doubtless he was relieved at the necessity for blood guiltiness being set aside. And he felt that the alternative

plan was shrewd, too.

"My dear Eugen, you are wonderful," he exclaimed, fervently. "Yes; we will follow your advice. Ludwig is scarcely in a position to be formidable, and it will be our own fault if we let him become so. And in the meantime we keep the count where his knowledge

cannot leak out?"

A look came over Morvan's face which showed that the mild course he had advised did not altogether spring from his character. "It might be well," he said, with a touch of brutal significance, "to shut his mouth forever. Anyhow, having caught and caged the ferocious brute, it would be madness to let him out again. And—yes, his life is many times forfeit. He may as well pay the penalty. No harm in that. It would be a popular stroke."

As the count's fate was thus shortly decided, a second and even yet more extraordinary message than that which had announced him was brought to the king. No less a person than the Princess Ruperta, of Waldavia, had arrived at the palace and was urgently asking an audience. After the first sense of astonishment, Ferdinand came shrewdly to connect this visit with his cousin's fate, though the relation was not easy to see. Morvan was of the same opinion as, at the king's invitation, he accompanied him to the room where the interview was to take place.

To Ruperta the first anxious glance at the two men was unprepossessing enough. It was, however, no time to be influenced by impressions. The desperate chance of saving her lover filled her thoughts, as, raising herself from a suppliant's obeisance, she stood in her splendid beauty before Ferdinand. He, looking at her with eyes which could see nothing else, spoke a few words of gracious welcome, and inquired to what

he owed the honor of her visit and how he could serve her.

The story was soon told; it was already known to its hearers, but it was Morvan who was the quicker to comprehend that the teller was unaware of her lover's real name and rank. It was astounding, for a while almost incredible, but it gradually forced itself upon his conviction. Ferdinand was puzzled and a trifle less quick at divining the truth; he once had on his tongue the words which would have opened her eyes, but his confidant, alertly on the watch, interposed so significantly that he suddenly understood.

"It is to your majesty that in my extremity I have turned," poor Ruperta pleaded, perhaps with failing hope as she looked at the usurper's face with its utter absence of magnanimity. "There is no help or hope for me in my own land. If my father would befriend us, Rollmar would not let him; for the servant—I shame to speak it, though it is well known—is more powerful than his master. He hates me and has marked down for death the man I love; it is the fate of all who cross his

path."

"He designed your hand, princess, for our cousin Ludwig, unhappily lost or dead, did he not?" Ferdinand observed, disguising the object of his question under an appearance of sympathetic in-

terest.

"It was," she replied, "his abominable disregard for my happiness that drove me from my home. It was that, also, I imagine, that made Prince Ludwig a wanderer, since he seems to detest this scheme of Rollmar's as much as I."

"Then, princess, you have no idea as to what became of poor Ludwig?" Ferdinand asked, in simulated concern.

"I have never seen Prince Ludwig. He has taken care of that," she answered, with a trace of bitterness. "He need not have feared," she added, proudly. "There was no need to efface himself from human knowledge. But, perhaps, if he imagined me so poor a thing as to be a puppet in Rollmar's hands, he was right to run any risk to avoid me."

"He knows not what he has missed," said Ferdinand, with greedy admiration. "Happily, perhaps, he will never know it now."

"He is dead?" she asked, with womanly regret.

"There is little doubt of it."

"And the man on whose account I have come to plead with you?" she urged. "The subject and soldier of your majesty who has braved Rollmar and faced more than once the death prepared for him; you will not let him die?"

"Not if we can help it. But you know, princess, this Count Irromar is no easy man to deal with."

"You say Rollmar is already there with a force?" Morvan put in. "And he could not help you?"

"To rescue the man whose death he constantly seeks? Scarcely. It is from him that I have fled."

"And so," Ferdinand said, eagerly, "you have come to me for protection as well. It will be no less a pleasure than an honor to me to afford you an asylum, my princess, though in so doing I provoke the ill will of a powerful neighbor and put myself at issue with the most pitiless spirit in Europe. You have appealed to my chivalry, cousin; you have claimed my protection and help; I lay them all and myself at your feet."

He advanced, and, with an excess of gallantry, bent low and kissed her hand. It seemed as though his touch chilled her; perhaps she felt instinctively that he was false, knew, woman-like, that her cause appealed to him less than her beauty. But in her desperate eagerness she could not stay to weigh that. It was enough for the moment that she could compel his interest.

"Every hour," she urged, as his lips touched her hand, "every moment, is precious, since this brave life hangs on it. I know how unreasonable is my request, but my joy would be great in proportion if your majesty would speak the word of rescue."

"We will take measures at once,"

Ferdinand assured her, with a show of alacrity.

It was quickly arranged that Ruperta should be lodged at the house of one of the principal ladies of the court, and thither she was escorted with the respect due to her rank, Ferdinand, as he took his leave of her, reiterating the assurance of his readiness to serve her.

When he was left alone with Morvan, the evil eyes of the two schemers

met in mutual understanding.

"A royal princess, indeed," Morvan observed, with unctuous enthusiasm.

"You might do worse, sire, than to acquire your cousin's bride as well as his crown."

"I was thinking so," the reply came with ready eagerness. "That alliance would do more to settle me firmly on the throne than any other conceivable plan."

"It would at once and forever insure the support of Rollmar."

"It would. And with that our position would be strength itself."

"Quite unassailable. The old fox wants the crowns united. For the flesh and blood that happen to wear them he cares nothing. I rejoice, sire, that chance has thrown in your way an opportunity as glorious as it is unexpected."

Not a word would the crafty counselor speak of the most urgent factor, his master's personal feelings. He was sure enough of them.

"And Ludwig?"

As he spoke the word the king glanced with dark suggestion at his favorite.

Morvan gave a shrug and an evil laugh. "You must keep your word to the princess, sire."

Ferdinand read the mocking words by the light of the laugh. "While he lives—" he paused significantly.

"Yes," said Morvan, following the thought; "Princess Ruperta is a resolute young woman. I think it might be well to release Count Irromar with a hint. With Rollmar for a close ally that daredevil ceases to be a danger."

By Way of Parenthesis

SPRUCING UP.

AUNT PHOEBE—I declare for it, Mrs. Tubman, I really believe old Cap'n Peggington is figgerin' on marryin' again!

MRS. TUBMAN-Mercy sakes! That rickety, one-legged, old skoggin?

What in the world makes you think so?

AUNT PHOEBE—Well, Hi Spry says the cap'n painted up his wooden leg yesterday. Hi didn't tell it to me; but he told it to Ozro Bump, and Ozro repeated it to his sister, Hetty, and Het whispered it to Pheeny Partlow, and Pheeny told it to the clam-peddler over the back fence, and the clam-peddler told me, not ten minutes ago—so I guess it must be so.

JUST SO.

MRS. HOON—Well, of all things! How in the world did Pheeny Pine come to be married in a buggy in front of the parsonage?

FARMER HOON—Oh, the groom drove her to it.

DIFFERENT NATIONALITY.

GROCER—That woman in the flat across the way is Polish.

CLERK—Yes, and by the way she orders things I can see her husband's Finnish.

A SIGN OF POLISH.

SMYTHE—I cannot understand the report that Smallbrane used to shine in English society.

THORNE—Oh, that's all right. I believe it was at the knees and elbows.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

MISTRESS—Don't be so familiar, Mary. You must keep your place, you know.

MARY—Faith, Oi won't! Oi'll lave yez to-night, begorra!

A SMALL STAR.

WHEN William Waldorf Astor bought the Pall Mall Gazette it was generally expected over here that he would make a failure of it. That the investment turned out otherwise was variously accounted for, some claiming that the prestige of the paper had sustained it. Others claimed that it was Mr. Astor's brilliant management, when, as a matter of fact, he took no active part at all in the running of the paper. Somebody told Allan Forman that the Pall Mall Gazette was a "star" among British newspapers.

"No," replied Forman, firmly, "only an Astor-risk."



PORTUNATE indeed is the out-oftown girl who is able to visit New York in November. It is amazing to her that one short month can hold so much of surprise and interest. But, then, November is one of the few months of the year when New Yorkers are in New York.

It contains two of the greatest feasts of the year for the elect: a social one and a home one. Whatever is fetching and the latest in fashions is displayed for the first, and at its best, when the doors of the Horse Show swing open before the gay world; while on Thanksgiving Day the family reunion has become more and more the rule, and the table around which gather the children from far and near, exhibits all the newest ideas in decoration and cuisine.

The Horse Show is not a horse show for the out-of-town girl. It is first and always a show of pretty women and exquisite gowns. It is a universal exhibit in dress, leaving out no detail from the fullest of full dress to the severest of walking costumes. Moreover, the models are trained models, trained in the highest, most exclusive society. The gowns, too, as everyone knows, are the latest expression of Parisian taste. The subject of money is never considered, except to get the very best that money can buy. One might spend months in travel, visiting the centers of fashion abroad, without receiving such a liberal education in dress as the out-of-town girl will derive from her visit to the Horse Show.

Of course one so clever and so anxious to make the most of her limited means will be on the lookout for all the new ideas which give much in a little.

For instance, she is sure to be attracted by the interesting exhibit she will see of separate coats. Many of them will cleverly demonstrate the skill of the best French couturières. These coats, which will make their first appearance at the Horse Show, are in a variety of artistic designs. The Empire coat will be seen in many charming variations. Then, there will be the new Louis XV. coat, with the straight front waistcoat, and picturesque coats after the Henry II. model. The majority of these coats are three-quarter length, though the long coat entirely covering the gown will also be much in evidence.

This year's Horse Show will follow, at least in one respect, in the footsteps of its predecessor, the Horse Show of last year, in the manner in which it will emphasize the vogue for velvet. The most fashionable of the picturesque coats will be of velvet, charmingly trimmed with motifs of lace, or wrought with an embroidered silk design; and they will be further decorated with buttons of great beauty. Entire costumes of chiffon velvet will be worn by many of New York's best dressed women. The velvet Princess gowns will be among the most approved of the fashions; and velvet will be used lav-ishly as trimmings. Not only will the collar and cuffs of many of the cloth tailored suits be of velvet, but one, or

perhaps two, bands of velvet will be used as an inset trimming on the skirt.

Velvet hats will be worn with the velvet coats and costumes; and always the shade of velvet used for the hat

will be of the same tone as the costume—perhaps a little darker or just a tint lighter, but never of a contrasting

Broadcloth will also be much worn at this year's Horse Show. will be used, as well as velvet, for the separate coat, for the afternoon costume, and also for evening wear in the boxes. The new broadcloths are decidedly worth noticing, so lovely are they, with their soft, satiny finish and their charming variety of exquisite colors. The satin panne broadcloth is one

varieties.
And, then, there is the embroidered broadcloth, the shaded broadcloth, and even the invisible-check broadcloth. For evening wear the pastel shades will be used. Peach is a fashionable color in these new broadcloths, as well as white, with a soft tone of pale gray

through it; while yellow and pale blue will also be seen.

The out-of-town girl will be sure to observe that it is the medium-sized hat which the Horse Show will pronounce

> fashion's latest. Narrow brims in the front, odd-shaped crowns and tip-tilted effects will all be on view at the Horse Show millinery display. The hat with the bowl crown will be among the pronounced models, and ostrich feathers will be seen lying flat on the hat. Many of the hats at the Horse Show will have the feathers drooping over the back in a cachepeigne effect. The cachepeigne of lace will also be a pronounced feature of many of these hats.

panne broadcloth is one of the new A clasp, in the form of a gold bangle, holds together the new fur boa. The hat show in g wany shades of one color

will also be decidedly the vogue. The claret and Burgundy shades will be fashionable, and the many varying tints of plum, dahlia and amethyst.

The jewelry exhibit at the Horse Show will surely be of special interest to the out-of-town girl. To begin with,





Jack o' lanterns are used to decorate the Thanksgiving dinner table.

it cannot fail to astonish her to see how much jewelry the New York women are wearing. She, no doubt, has been brought up to believe that jewels belong only with full dress, and that the less jewelry worn in the daytime, the better. After attending the Horse Show, the out-of-town girl's ideas on this subject will have been revolutionized. Iewelry is the order of the day as well as the fashion of the night. Necklets are worn on almost every occasion; and dangles, brooches and earrings will all be seen in great variety at every session of this year's Horse Show. Necklets in festoon effect will be much the vogue, and many times the dangles which depend from them are strikingly large. Amethysts are extremely fashionable, used in this way, and so are pink topazes and tourmalines. Necklets of the old-fashioned

yellow gold are also in demand, with odd-shaped dangles of the gold. Jade beads alternating with gold beads are now used to form necklets, and amethyst and gold beads are also worn in this way.

Even the out-of-town girl who hasn't been in New York long knows that the long bead chains which were so fashionable a year or so ago are quite out of style now. However, the coin purse, the fan and the vinaigrette must dangle from something, and so the fashionable woman will introduce at the Horse Show a more or less inconspicuous long chain, to which she attaches some ornament or her fan or little purse.

The out-of-town girl with her eyes wide open for novelties will be sure to discover at the jewelry exhibit an odd little trinket just made to order for one of the most prominent of New York's

society leaders. It is an exquisitely modeled gold chrysanthemum, much smaller than the natural flower and just a trifle longer than the ordinary coin purse. These golden chysanthemums will be worn swinging from a fine gold chain. Somewhere hidden among its many gold petals is a spring, which, when touched, makes the chrysanthe-

mum open. The inside is hollow, and safely hidden away in this gold case is a little gold vinaigrette thickly inaigrette thickly studded with diamonds.

It is jewelry novelties such as these that will delight the heart of the out-of-town girl as she spies them here and there at the Horse Show jewelry ex-She hibit. will also see a number of small carved ivory elephants dangling from gold or jeweled chains. These ele-

phants are made so that their heads can come off when required, and they conceal from the public view either small change, a tiny powder puff or a vinaigrette. To the person who doesn't know what is what in the world of fashion, the little carved ivory elephants look much out of place dangling from below the bodice of the smartly dressed woman's gown. They look quite as if they had strayed away from the velvet shelves of the glass cabinet, where it

would seem as if they rightly belonged. Oriental jewelry will be seen at the Horse Show. Carved Chinese jade will be used for pendants, brooches and bracelets, mounted in antique gold designs.

An odd design for a hair ornament which will make its very first appearance at the Horse Show is a very yel-

low gold dragon. It is used in a number of ways, and is strikingly ef-fective. The dragon with outspread wings is poised on the head like a tiara, or it is used to form a barrette for holding the loose locks of hair in place at the back of the head; and again this odd de-sign will be seen as the motif for the top of shell and ivory combs.

The surprises at the Horse Show promise to be many. They will not be so



Chrysanthemums are embroidered on her bodice, and a gold chrysanthemum holds her vinaigrette.

much in the design of the costume or wrap as in the fact that things are not exactly what they seem. For instance, who would ever think of a carved ivory elephant being nothing more than a coin purse or a receptacle for holding an insignificant little puff to powder milady's nose?

Then, there are the fur coats, which will be full of surprises. Many of these have been designed specially for the purpose of display at the Horse Show.

Let me describe one sable coat that the out-of-town girl may discover at the Horse Show, if she keeps on the lookout for it. It is a short coat, loose fitting and reaching just below the hips, and is made of Russian sable, which, of course, means that it comes high. Worn in one way, the coat looks dark and inconspicuous. The fronts just come together, and the entire effect is very plain. But the woman who wears it, and who has seen the check which paid for it, knows of its hidden beauties, and when the right time comes she will reveal them to the passing throng. The fronts of the coat are faced with cream lace, and the design is outlined with gold threads; and when these lace-lined fronts are turned back, a marvelously beautiful waistcoat is seen. It is in the straight-front shape, and is made entirely of shimmering cloth of gold, while embroidered on this golden surface are fleurs-de-lis, shaded from white to purple. Green leaves are also embroidered on the gold, and the whole design is large and conspicuous. Then, there are buttons which have an amethyst for the center, surrounded by a narrow rim of silver and then a broader rim of gold. Imagine all this loveliness being hidden when the coat is worn with its front coming close together! Muffs with lace frills and good roomy pockets will also be seen at the Horse Show. And fur neck pieces there will be in plenty.

The fur boa, held together a little distance below the throat with a big jewel-studded gold bracelet, will be sure to attract attention. This sort of boa clasp is one of the novelties which

the Horse Show will reveal.

The fashion of combining two furs will be emphasized. Ermine and sable will be much worn in combination. Broadtail and all the varieties of fox will be as fashionable as ever. Chiffon velvet and fur will also join their forces in forming beautiful frocks and wraps. In the boxes many marabout neck pieces and muffs will be displayed. These fluffy, downy, feathery affairs were never so lovely as they are this year. The prettiest are in shaded ef-

fects, and many of them have a trifle of ostrich combined with them. For example, there will be a fichu with long stole ends made of marabout, shaded from the palest of pale green to a strikingly dark tint; and here and there through the neck piece will be a fleck of the white, curly ostrich. When such a feathery neck piece is worn, a big muff to match is carried. These feather accessories will be much worn in the boxes, with gowns of satin panne broadcloth in the delicate pastel shades.

After the Horse Show the Thanks-

giving feast.

Lucky indeed is the out-of-town girl who may be in New York to enjoy both. The college football game and the big family dinner are the two always-to-beremembered events of Thanksgiving Day. It is the one day of all others when even the fastidious New Yorker, who prides himself on being an epicure, will sit down with his family to enjoy a big dinner; and it is getting to be more and more a fad to have the dinner



The newest hair ornament is in the form of a gold dragon.

somewhat along the old-fashioned country style, with, of course, an inevitable modern touch or two, just to bring it up to the twentieth century

idea of correctness.

Perhaps the host or the hostess can remember the day when he or she ate his or her Thanksgiving dinner out in the country, at grandfather's farm, and perhaps they still remember the special flavor of the huge chicken pie which graced one end of the long-drawn-out table, while the big brown turkey occupied the place of honor at the opposite end. Whether they do remember or not, the Thanksgiving dinner of today is not complete without the chicken pie as well as the turkey. But no longer is it one big chicken; instead, each guest is served with a tempting little individual chicken pie, all for himself. And the same idea is carried out when the time in the dinner for the pie course Little individual pies are served to each guest, instead of the usual conventional piece of pie.

In the way of table decorations, Jacko'-lanterns are used with the most novel of effects. One big Jack-o'-lantern, which looks for all the world as if some country boy had cut the face in the side of a pumpkin, is used for the center piece. An electric light bulb or two is hidden away in the hollowed-out center of the Jack-o'-lantern, which is of pumpkin yellow papier-maché, and all around the Jack-o'-lantern fruits and vegetables are grouped. This idea is further carried out by having a tiny Jack-o'-lantern at each guest's plate, the place-card being attached to the bottom of each one. Candy turkeys and ducks are also used in place of bonbons.

The out-of-town girl will discover that, though her New York friends may believe in the well-selected dinner of but few courses for every day in the year, yet on Thanksgiving Day her most fashionable friends are going back to the idea of the big, old-fashioned din-

ner which lasts for hours.



The Last Cricket

HEY, piper, in the lean gray grass,
The blades that crackle as I pass;
Ho, piper, piping clear!
Pipe me the sweetest thing I know,
(Save yesterday),—aye, at it so!—
The last rose of the year!

Yet hold, my little piper there!
The wind has blown the brier bare,
That mocked us so with June.
They twain are gone the selfsame way—
The red last rose, and Yesterday—
What else is worth a tune?



BY M.E. MILLHOLEN

ACMASTERS had walked the November night out and the day in, though there was little of daylight in the fog, intermittent rain and clouds bulging black and heavy and low on the housetops in their presage of storm. Close on to eight o'clock he left the park at the West Seventy-second Street exit and turned Harlemward on Eighth Avenue. Hunger tripped him. Weariness shortened his breath. Occasionally he hunched his shoulders, as if to lift their weight off his feet, or pulled the shabby "derby" lower over his eyes and the scant collar of his ulster higher about his unshaven chin, shrinking, as it were, from the observation of the carwaiting groups on the opposite side of the tracks.

MacMasters was swathed in humiliation. Earlier in the morning he had asked a comfortable-looking man for a dime, and the memory of the chilling, comprehensive glance, the contemptuously turned shoulder and the oblivious silence that met his request was verdigris on his last little vanity—the vanity in jaunty endurance of adversity.

He had told himself every day of the three weeks spent on the streets that none could have endured the mutability of stock speculation with greater optimism or with a neater consideration of the feelings of acquaintances. He had dropped out like a gentleman, with no melodramatic splurge of last suppers or lighting his cigar with the only remaining bill or leaving the hotel scattering coin among bell boys and porters. Under the nourishment of bread lines and the repose of park benches his courage had waxed thin and pale, until with the stress of his two days' fast on it he put its last strength to the "touch." The thought of his downfall to beggary throbbed dirgelike over his self-respect.

At Eighty-fourth Street he paused and leaned against the stone-wall boundary of the park, with the rain, fluttering suddenly out of the clouds, beating the bristles on his cheeks.

MacMasters stared dully at a slender woman who hurried across from the opposite corner with the glint of a swinging chain at her side, and an umbrella hiding her face. She hailed the downtown car, and struggled onto the crowded platform, wrestling with the stubborn catch of her open umbrella.

As the car jerked forward, something bounded from the step to the track. MacMasters saw, and, recognizing it as the side bag that had bobbed at the woman's belt, opened his lips to call a warning, then set his teeth on the im-

pulse and waited, in an ague of hope. When the car was a blur in the fog he picked the bag up, shook it anxiously and was rewarded with a faint chink.

"Just enough for breakfast, That's all, that's all," he solaced that which said: "Pretty small, that; you'll rob a child next. Suppose that woman gets off and comes back to look for it. Suppose—"

"Suppose I don't get food," MacMasters argued back. "It's the 'island' or

the hospital."

He crossed to Columbus Avenue, found a small, lardodored lunch room and ordered breakfast. He put his hand numbly in his pocket to draw out the black leather bag. The gaslight loomed suddenly big and bright in his eyes, his brows twitched upward to counteract the stiffened curious tingling in his face, and his forehead grew coldly damp as the rhythmic roar of a train beat on his ears and ran into spectral sound of immeasurable, chilly dis-

The waiter lifted Wrestling with the stub MacMasters' head from the condiments on the table and

proffered advice.

"Perhaps—you're right," MacMasters gasped, a faint smile lying on his lips. "I'll sober up and go home."

"He took me for a drunk, not a hobo," he thought, as the waiter turned away, and it cheered him for the moment until the meaning of his promise mingling with the weakness attendant on fainting filled him with its tearful pathos.

Home! He wondered if memories of hotels cast the shadow of home on

his mind. He saw himself, a drifting fragment of humanity, homeless from infancy, motherless—by divorce—as a small boy, fatherless—by death—as a youth, passing from hotels to schools and back to hotels again; preserving no stability of environment, no engendering memories—save those of table and service—no friendships except of purchase. His father had left him enough means to make him a popular guest until MacMasters, stricken with ambi-

tion to govern Wall Street, knowing little, daring much, achieved that common metamorphosis of going in a bull and coming out a 1 amb neatly skinned down to a raw

penury.

The waiter came with coffee as MacMasters reached the point of self-pity. Between the coffee and the solid order he examined the contents of the bag. There was a handkerchief, a nail file, two "sale" advertisements. bit of chamois leather sprinkled with face powder, two keys tied with a ribbon, thirteen

leather sprinkled with face powder, two keys tied with a ribbon, thirteen dollars and ninety cents, and a rent receipt given to Miss Ruth Tuttle for twenty-two dollars for the fourth flat east of No. 128, in a street in the West Eighties. With every mouthful of food it became more apparent to him that the tenant of a twenty-two-dollar apartment could ill afford the loss of the bag. He decided to keep the ninety cents and take the rest to Miss Tuttle. He would not enter into explanation unless— Chance had taken him up in his darkest moments, and he was in

the hands of chance.



Wrestling with the stubborn catch of her umbrella.

It was fully an hour later when he turned into the block-white stone flats on one side, brownstone flats on the other—that held No. 128. He was sustained and soothed by breakfast and a shave. He was actuated by a sense of chivalry, and he had some small pride in the fact that the touchstone of necessity proved him above self-interest.

MacMasters mounted the four brassrailed steps and entered the vestibule of No. 128. His eye glanced over the twin

rows of glittering letter boxes and speaking tubes until that of Miss Ruth Tuttle met it. He put his thumb on the electric bell button and waited. Again and again he rang, but neither the speaking tube nor door latch responded. The rain beat with increasing force on the glass vestibule doors, and as he looked out on the murk and downpour of the day he felt such intense disinclination to submit to its rigor that the lightest waft of a possibility fluttered in his mind. He

stepped outside and dashed down the basement stairs leading to the janitor's

A woman, limp, shapeless and wringing soapsuds from her whitely furrowed hands, answered his knock and replied to the question on Miss Tuttle's whereabouts that she worked in a publishing house and left her flat every morning at eight o'clock, returned at six, and to see her he must call evenings or Sundays. Yes, she lived alone.

A crash and the wail of a child caused the door to be slammed hurriedly in MacMasters' face. He turned toward the entrance slowly, took out the bag and fumbled at the contents. After a short space employed in jingling the keys in his hand, MacMasters mounted the stairs, reëntered the vestibule and, fitting one of the keys to the hall door, unlatched it, and, going swiftly through the hall, went up the three flights that led to the fourth floor and the Tuttle flat. There he hesitated, glanced inquiringly over the banisters,

and, reassured as to his immunity from observation. slid the smaller of the keys into the spring lock and opened the

door.

He stepped into a tiny, dark hall, closed himself in with stealthy care, took a long breath and leaned against the door, his hand on the knob and his eyes shifting back and forth at the open doorways at each end of the hall.

There was an expectant hush on the place, through which the sibilant titter of steam heat,

the rapid ticking of a cheap clock and the faint tingling of rain on the window panes came as accentuations of the silence. To MacMasters' right the dining room beckoned with implied welcome in the partial view of a table laid with dishes and silver for one. He went into it on tiptoe, leaving on the matting-covered floor the prints of his wet shoes.

Beyond the dining room the kitchen lured him. So neat, so small, so twinkling with comfort-breeding utensils. MacMasters peeked into the refriger-



A woman, limp, shapeless and wringing soapsuds from her whitely furrowed hands.

ator, then, taking a knife from the well-scoured tub lids, cut off the tiniest sliver from a pie, closed the door of the ice box and carried his felonious explorations into the parlor, which had its little alcove fitted with a couch of many pillows and of more colors than any fond Jacob's sartorial imaginings.

The parlor mantel, with its array of photographs, bespoke the peaceful pre-sentiment of family ties. There was the patriarchal bearded man in full regalia of secret society; there was the motherly woman whose kindly face was marred with anxiety "to look pleasant"; there were young girls in confirmation gowns, with their feet closely united in embarrassment, and bridal pictures of sitting and huge-handed grooms and standing three-quarter view brides, the dress making the most of every inch of the plate. There, too, were the missionary aunt or cousin and her husband surrounded by a Chinese group; the sweet-faced mother with her two sleek and shining children, the photo-"Dobbs. graph marked Wash."; pictures of bearded ministers with shaven upper lips; of a rockingchair group on the porch of a happily built house; of a graduating class-in fact, of all that a woman might put on the mantel of a city flat to keep her memory green and lusty on home.

"I mean no harm," said MacMasters to the pictures, and he turned from them to the windows. "No harm," he repeated, softly, and slowly unbuttoned his ulster, took it off and hung it on the radiator to dry. A big Morris chair stood adjacent to the radiator. With apologetic hesitancy he turned it slowly about and sat down stiffly, then, gently yielding to its comfort, leaned back, stretched forth his legs, and, with a sigh of relief amalgamated with a grunt of pain, put the damp soles of his

shoes against the radiator.

How quiet the flat was! How distinctly the sound of that little nickel alarm clock ticked through the space from dining room to parlor! What a difference between the sound of rain clamoring musically on the window panes and its drumming on the crown

of a stiff hat! The whisper of steam—not, indeed, the virile cheer of a log fire, but soothing; a gregarious sound carrying its message of the warmth of a community of interests from the pallid slattern in the basement to the pattering feet of the child overhead—was the sole tie between the ten families under the same roof.

It was lonesome in the flat. The loneliness laid hold of MacMasters and set him to yearning for something, he knew not what; but it brought a painful cramp to his throat, and the thought of his mother was as bitter in his mind as quinine on the tongue. Only twentytwo dollars. No servant. But how neat and orderly! The soft light tints and wicker furnishings-lending a vernal atmosphere to the rooms and to MacMasters, telling of Miss Tuttle's youth-spoke of deft fingers that worked miracles with common things and left upon the very air an incantation that enthralled his mind. Thinking on the flat as an actuality, he passed through stages of retrospection, introspection, dreams of the might-havebeens, dreams of the may-bes, to that of dreamless sleep.

Out in the public hall feet thudded up the stairs, doors slammed, voices shrilled and grumbled, dinners sent up almost audible smells, and the raucity of half-past five whistles awoke Mac-Masters to his intrusion, and in a passion of fear he stumbled out into the

hall and down to the street.

The rain had ceased, but a moist salt wind whipped him coldly. He started toward Columbus Avenue, putting his hands in his pockets. The touch of hot metal burned on his fingers. It was the nickel trimming of the bag, well heated by the radiator. MacMasters stopped, half turned back toward the flat house, then faced forward and went on, scanning passing women with mingled hope and fear that in one he might recognize the figure of Miss Tuttle, of whom he had a vague and rapidly fading impression. He canvassed the potentialities of the flat guiltily, aware of their temptation to his condition, and lied to himself.



Put the damp soles of his shoes against the radiator.

"I'll take the bag back to-morrow," he promised. "To-morrow" buried his intent in to-morrow again, and that in turn with "yesterdays seven thousand years," nor did he ever disinter it in its

impersonal completeness.

He did return the following day about half after nine o'clock and with a shrewder sensibility on the value of his find, with more acute observation, went over the flat, and in taking day lodgings there yielded up his thoughts to the new influence it exerted over him. In pigeons of certain breed it is called "the homing instinct." In MacMasters the instinct had been overlaid with the vivid varnish of an irresponsible existence. His former associates had been men of the type who regard home as a storage house for unexhibitable distempers, a place to be sick in and a stupid resort. They had frequently congratulated him on his freedom from the domestic hobble. This had stuck one or more twocent postage stamp precepts on his mind in regard to the value and influence of women-precepts that had more wit than morality, more assertion than

Subjection to the elements doubtless loosened their hold on his mind, but of a fact they dropped off on the threshold of the flat on his second visit. Moreover, with the admirable consistency

of human nature, as he had never in his life done so shameful a thing to a woman as he was doing in entering and making use of Miss Tuttle's flat, yet never had he such tender reverence for women as that flat inspired in him.

True, he called the place a forced loan on which he would pay usurious interest when the slow freight of his fortunes pulled in. But day by day he dodged his creditor by taking pains against discovery. His precautions were infinite, varied, and ofttimes absurdly unnecessary. Every day that the keys unlocked the door and it swung wide to his entrance his doubts on Miss Tuttle's personality took ever stronger wings until they flew beyond the whistle of common sense and out of his mind.

Ruth was a name to conjure with. He saw a wisp of a girl with soft, dark eyes, a mouth firm and gracious, hands that held a benison in every gesture, and she possessed all the dainty, loving, iridescent qualities of a bygone woman-

hood.

Thereupon he stubbed the toe of his tripping imagination on the sordid fact that this radiant delight worked in a publishing house to pay the rent of the flat, while he, broad-shouldered and stalwart, dreamed in her chairs, sampled her ice box, fried eggs on her gas stove, sewed on his buttons with her thread

and practised economy on the money she had lost. MacMasters—intrinsically endowed with the average share no meager allowance—of masculine vanity, and that fostered by an exterior attractiveness and some magnetism wilted disconsolately under the pressure of his faults, self-analyzed and magni-

fied by the flat's influence.

Yet, when a day before Thanksgiving found him employed as clerk in a hotel—one in which he had proved a profitable guest and which the proprietor remembered by giving him a helping hand—MacMasters, after certain jubilant and arithmetical cogitations, decided that he would keep his stolen lodgings a little while longer. Partly in the desire for restitution, partly to bribe Miss Tuttle's favor through gifts, he spent a large share of his first week's salary on such things as he believed she would like.

When he arrived at the flat the day after the stores had delivered his presents, he was seized with a proprietorial delight in their disposition. His eyes were opened to the various adornments suitable for the flat, and he became ambitious—after the manner of men, who, falling in love with white muslin, think that a maiden's wildest flights of desire end in a silk dress—to try his taste in a selection of personal decorations for Ruth. Miss Tuttle was Ruth to Mac-Masters. He even went so far as to call her "little girl," or, worse yet, "Ruthie,"

when his dreams were vivid.

There was more than honesty or honor dependent now on the return of the bag and keys. MacMasters was in love-with the effective charm of domesticity, with the vague and fancywrought slender figure he dimly remembered stepping lightly through the fog and rain, with the hope that she would be as his fancy pictured her; and all this he called Ruth. For this he shopped and bargained, became humble and tremulous of his merits, and tried to develop those qualities that are called "middle-class virtues" because, lacking in ostentatious display, they concentrate on one the devotion desired by many.

Shortly before the holidays MacMas-

ters reluctantly procured a room in an adjoining block that was in keeping with his now penurious theory of living, but he did not return the keys. The flat was home to him; the first place for which he ever had sentiment.

Every chair and dish, table and scarf, pillow and book, spoke eloquently of Ruth. The silence that was his greeting when he entered was the caught and held breath of anticipation through which the little clock throbbed like a happy heart. How dared he return the keys until he had made his place more secure in Ruth's mind, and what better way than by shrouding his gifts in mys-

tery?

Christmas morning, as he lay on the narrow bed in his hall room, with an arm over his eyes and the meaning of the day making his loneliness unbearable, he found a desperate courage stirring him to rise, dress and lay before Ruth his sin of commission, to explain that of omission, and trust to the good will of the season for a tenderer consideration from her. He would plead the happiness he had felt in sending her his Christmas gift, insinuate what she was to him, dwell on the fact that the flat had been his salvation. As he dressed, the mirror encouraged him with its reflection.

"Hope she likes tan-colored men," he said, shaping his tie with careful hand. How he prinked! His brush spun like a flywheel over the thick yellow hair until it fairly glistened. With shakings and twistings and pulling of collar and settling of cuff and turning in dubious anxiety full fronts, quarter views and half backs to the looking-glass, MacMasters plaintively admitted that he had done his best, and "it had

got to do."

He started out briskly at the top of the block, his shoulders swinging with collegiate assurance, but before he reached 128 he had his lower lip between his teeth, his step was slow and his chin pressed tight to his collar. He laid his thumb tentatively on the Tuttle bell. Through the tube came a light, sweet voice:

"Yes. Hello! Who is it, please?"

MacMasters, smitten with embarrassment, stuttered, lost his courage and in-

continently fled.

"What a voice! Like pearls dropping into a golden bowl. I wonder where I cribbed that? It's good, anyway," he said to himself, as he walked about the deserted streets. "About twenty, I should judge. With such a

voice I'd marry her if she was fifty, but she's young; I know she's young."

MacMasters' romance did not interfere with his business prospects. The last of January brought him an increased salary, put him at the desk daytimes, and promised him the position of chief clerk at the summer hotel. He made several attempts to communicate his fortune to Miss Tuttle, but only ended in strolling up and down on the opposite side of the street, craning his neck toward the patches of light. four stories up, like a cowardly Romeo.

As a means of "breaking it to her gently," and lessening the chance of ruining his hopes by an abrupt confession, he conceived

the idea that leaving gifts inside the flat would convey to her some part of the facts of his case, and he would trust to her wits to trap him. As his visits to the flat were of necessity irregular, more of snatches at free moments than ordained calls, it added the zest of a game to his scheme.

Some days after he had made the beginning by putting a couple of new books on the dining table, he brought flowers and a more elaborate gift to lay on the altar of his unknown divinity. Something jangled as the hall door opened. MacMasters, startled, stepped within, stared at it, then mechanically put out his hand to test the sturdy links of a door chain. The realization of its meaning made him color a decent scarlet, and with the hope that she

> would understand he thrust the flowers in the links. Thereafter, the chain bore his floral

card.

He liked to think that Ruth opened the door shyly, eagerly, to see if her caller mysterious had been there; or with the posy in her hand sat down on rainy nights to her lonely dinner dreaming over the giver while the food chilled. Sometimes the thought was so exhilarating that he dangerously approximated the time of her home-coming.

Once at the foot of the stairs in the public hall, a young woman met him as he was coming down. From under her tilted hat he caught the flash of dark, bright eyes through the dusk of

the hall. There was the flutter of the slender figure past him, the faint odor of orris; then he waited and listened. On the first flight her light footfall was distinct; on the second he caught the soughing of her dress against the banisters, and on the third he leaned back and looked up to help his ears. Cautiously between the daylight, percolating through the skylight dirt, appeared a hat. MacMasters stared at the out-



Strolling up and down on the opposite side of the street.

line, and it disappeared. There was silence. Whether she stopped at the fourth floor or went to the fifth his ears could not discover.

As week by week went by he was irritatedly surprised that he still remained

the anonymous giver.

"Why don't she stay at home and not answer the bell when I ring?" he would say, crossly, hardly realizing that a working woman could not give up her time to watching for his infrequent visits. "Is she afraid that the things will stop if she catches me? It somehow isn't very womanly of her to let a man keep on coming to her flat and giving her presents and never doing a thing to stop it. She don't know what kind of a chap I might be. Then common gratitude ought to make her write at least a note of thanks. Maybe she's afraid I wouldn't be nice to know."

This unsatisfactory procrastination continued up to April. MacMasters was then sent out to the summer hotel to superintend the alterations to be made at the place. The absence from the flat, and the days that ran into a month from its influence, had a coalescing effect on the vagrancy of his

thoughts of her.

"She is not frivolous or she could not have stood the strain of curiosity," he argued; "nor middle-aged, for nameless gifts would have been an irritation. Women of years are matter-of-fact and loathe mysteries. She has humor, and a bit of pride. Her silence says, 'You started this, and I won't raise a finger to clear it up. When you are tired of playing Providence, you can explain;' and she is mischievously discreet enough not to write any note."

About four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon in May, MacMasters walked

down the block to No. 128 with tissue-wrapped flowers in his hand, head up, and decision in every step. He knew it was too early for Ruth to be at the flat, but he wanted her to find him there. Also he wanted time to lounge back and recapitulate. As he entered the familiar blue and brassy vestibule, the hall door stood open, and he passed through, took the stairs two steps at a time with the sense of homecoming strong within him.

The doors opening on the little hall were closed, and it was dark. His foot struck solidly on the bare floor as he

entered.

"House-cleaning," he commented, and boldly opened the parlor door. The room was naked. MacMasters strode

to the center.

"Ruth," he called, sharply, and turned about. The flowers dropped from his hand, and the paper over them broke and spread as he walked over them. In the kitchen the stationary ice box had a widely opened door, the tub lids were spotted and gray, there was a tinge of rust on the gasstove griddles. Above the throbbing sound of heavy drays rose the voices of children screaming at play and echoing through the flat's emptiness.

MacMasters stared about him, then walked to the window, put his arm on the casement and leaned his head against it. The May sunlight fell warm and brilliant about him, touching his

hair to gold.

And all that he was, all that he had dreamed, all that he had meant to be, all that was founded on her, all that the empty flat portended, came upon him thick as the motes in the flaring sunlight, and lay sickly on his heart.

"Ruth," he whispered.



A GREAT GAME.

S MITH—What kind of a game does your ball nine put up?

Jones—Well, if they played Sunday games I'd sooner go to church.



The number of people throughout the country who are attracted toward the stage and all that pertains to theatrical life is so large that we believe much interest will be taken in a series of articles dealing exclusively with this subject in all its branches. We invite communications from our readers asking for any theatrical information they may desire, and we will do our best to answer these questions satisfactorily in these pages. We refer not only to questions concerning the professional stage and those who appear upon it, but especially do we desire to be of service to amateurs, and will cheerfully give hints as to the selection of plays for private theatricals, the easting of the same, the seenery, the costumes, and in fact any point that may puzzle or interest the aspirant for histrionic honors. In this connection, we shall publish from time to time a little original play, which, while the professional rights are reserved, will be open to representation by such amateurs as care to perform it, and will apply for written permission.

PEGGY'S IDEAL

A COMEDIETTA

CHARACTERS:

PHILIP NORMAN, a young stock broker PEGGY DALE, his cousin

SCENE—A library in a country house. Doors back and at right. Window left. Down stage, a table, upon which are books, a piece of embroidery and a letter. Chairs right and left of table. Near window an arm-chair, over which is thrown a cloak.

Peggy discovered, alone, leaning upon the window sill.

Peggy (speaking to some one outside)—Good-by, papa.

A VOICE (outside)—Good-by, dear. Don't forget to give your cousin, Philip, who is coming from New York to-day, the letter I have left for him.

Peggy (laughing)—Yes, papa. (She leaves the window)—I think I know the reason that brings my cousin, the broker, to Greenville. For the last week, papa has done nothing but tell me of my cousin's rare good qualities

of mind and heart, of my cousin's business ability-and so I conclude, without any great effort of the imagination, that he wants me to marry my cousin. No, no, I have other plans in my head; these dear books (approaching the table and continuing in a solemn tone), by showing me life in its true light, have revealed to me my heart's destiny. (She sighs, and then goes on with a sort of mutinous gayety): Good heavens! Papa will laugh at me, will even be angry, perhaps, when I tell him that I have made up my mind to marry only a superior man (with enthusiasm), a poet. But I shall insist, and he will give in, as he always does, and help me to find the husband who alone can make me happy.

A Voice (outside)—I will tell Miss Peggy.

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PHILIP (outside)—No matter.

will find her myself.

Peggy-Philip's voice. Mercy! How my hair looks! Even if you don't want to marry people, that is no reason for looking like a fright before them! (She disappears, right, as Philip enters at back. He places his overcoat on the

armchair, near window.)

PHILIP—No one here? So much the better! I shall have time to think things over. No matter what my uncle says, if Peggy should see fit to reject me (He approaches the table.) Here is her embroidery. (With mock admiration.) What beautiful work! And here are the books she reads. (Picking up a book.) Oh, no, this is an account book. Well, all the better! I would like my wife to know some-(Opening other thing of accounts. books.) What are these? Tennyson, Longfellow, Goethe, Milton! Humph! my cousin has a fine taste in literature. (He sees the letter.) A letter addressed to me! Let us see what is in it. (Opens it and reads.) "My dear nephew: Please excuse my unavoidable absence, but I have to attend a meeting of the agricultural society." Humph! He wants to leave Peggy and me together. Well, I forgive you, dear uncle. "I regret this all the more, as I wanted to speak to you before your interview with Peggy. A great mis-fortune has happened, Phil." What's that? "Peggy has conceived a foolish passion—" (With a gasp.) What! "—for literature." Oh, the misfortune is not so bad as I imagined. I, too, love good books. "We live in a literary atmosphere. But what causes me the most uneasiness-" what is it? (Turning over letter) "-is that I suspect your cousin has set her heart on marrying a writer — a poet——" Well, I can settle the poets! '—a poet, a thinker, as she calls those literary fellows; one of those sympathetic and melancholy souls, as she has said to me, who have need of a consoling angel who understands them." What is all this nonsense? My little Peggy marry a poet! Why, there's no sense to it, and I'll knock all that fool-

ish idea out of her head. I'll say to her-well, as a matter of fact, what shall I say to her? If she has taken this fancy into her head, she won't give it up easily. I know her; she is a charming girl, but a spoiled child, who, since her mother's death, has twisted round her fingers that imbe-my uncle. But fancy her wanting to marry a poet! It is absurd! Oh, here she comes! (Enter Peggy.)

Peggy-I beg your pardon, Philip, for having kept you waiting. Father wanted me to give you-searches the table for the letter.)

PHILIP (showing letter which he has in his hand)-This letter?

Peggy—Then you know?
Philip—That I have some hours in which to renew my acquaintance with my dear little sister, as I used to call you. But, at the same time, I am wondering if I dare to resume familiar relations with the beautiful and intellectual young lady I see before me.

Peggy (aside)—He expresses him-

self well.

Philip-No, no, it is no longer of embroideries and laces that we must talk, as we used to, but of more serious things.

Peggy (aside)—He is going to pro-

pose, poor fellow!

PHILIP—Let me see! Suppose we talk of your plans for the future-of

your marriage, for instance.

Peggy (aside)—I thought so. But I must spare him unnecessary humiliation. (Aloud.) You are right, Philip. (She sits down, and motions him to do the same.) Six months ago, the last time you came to Greenville, I was nothing but a child, to whom a new dress was the greatest delight imag-But to-day, thanks to my eighteen years and a little over, to the experience I have had of life-

PHILIP (with comic appreciation)—

Peggy—Thanks especially to my continuous reading, during the long winter evenings, I have learned something of the serious side of this existence of ours. I have understood that, in that conjunction of souls which is called marriage, there should be, first of all-

PHILIP—Sympathy of tastes—con-

geniality.

Peggy—Exactly. And I have positively made up my mind that my only chance of happiness lies in marrying a literary man (with enthusiasm), a poet especially!

PHILIP—Really!

PEGGY—Yes, indeed. Things like that come to us by intuition, you know. And I have felt that I am born to be the devoted companion of one of those martyrs of thought.

Philip (consulting letter without Peggy's seeing him) — Martyrs of

thought!

Peggy—Of one of those sympathetic and melancholy souls whom the realities of life jar upon, who have need of——

PHILIP (finishing sentence)—Of a consoling angel who understands them.

Peggy-Eh? Ye-yes.

PHILIP—Well, I think that is a capi-

tal idea, my dear Peggy.

PEGGY (surprised)—Really? Well, then, since you approve, I must tell you of the husband of my choice. (She rises.)

PHILIP (rising, in alarm)—What! Such a man really exists?

Peggy—In my dreams.

PHILIP (reassured)—Oh, in your dreams. (Aside.) Well, that isn't so bad.

Peggy—He is a young man of medium height, like——

PHILIP—Like me.

Peggy—Well, yes, about your height.
Of fine figure—

PHILIP—Like—— Oh, no, not like

me

Peggy—Oh, I don't know. You have really a fine figure, Philip. (He makes a deprecatory gesture.) Oh, a sister can say that to a brother.

PHILIP—Very well. Then, I say that your poet will find in you the most charming wife imaginable. (Similar gesture of denial by Peggy.) Oh, a brother can say that to a sister.

Peggy-What a-boy you are! He has a broad, thoughtful forehead-

Philip — Who has? (Remembering.) Oh, your poet! I beg your par-

don-I forgot.

PEGGY—His hair is parted in the middle, and floats in a sort of aureole about his face. (Philip, without Peggy's noticing it, arranges his hair as she has described.) His intelligent face rises proudly above a slender neck.

Philip—Do you know, it sounds as though he might be quite a nice fellow.

Peggy-Doesn't it?

Philip—Oh, delightful. But suppose the original of this attractive portrait should never turn up.

Peggy—Oh!

PHILIP—Well, we might as well look at that side of it. There are no poets in Greenville.

Peggy—Nonsense! Don't you believe in fate? (Philip laughs.) Now, you laugh at me, and think me crazy, perhaps.

Philip—I certainly think you superstitious.

PEGGY—Superstitious! I have faith in my happiness, that's all, and I have the firm belief that some kind Providence will bring in my way the husband I am waiting for.

Philip—You have beaten me in the argument, Peggy, and I feel so overwhelmed that I scarcely dare to tell you what my conscience warns me I ought

to.

Peggy-What do you mean?

PHILIP—No, I never could hurt a heart so simple and ingenuous as yours. PEGGY—But you must tell me, Philip. I insist.

Philip—Oh, if you insist, that's another matter. (Aside.) Now to dispel one of her illusions! (Aloud.) Well, my poor Peggy, you are completely mistaken about those great men whose writings have fascinated you.

Peggy-Mistaken! How?

PHILIP—In the first place, those martyrs of thought often lead a very comfortable, agreeable existence; and then, those tender souls—in their books—are frequently possessed of a multitude of faults.

Peggy (incredulous)—What!

PHILIP—Eaten up with absurdities!

I know a poet who sleeps all day and works only at night-how would you like that?—pretending that only at night do his fellow beings cease to annoy him. I know another who goes out in the rain without a hat, declaring that the dew from heaven refreshes his throbbing brain. Another lives only on vegetables and milk, and makes his wife do it, too.

Peggy (crossing stage)—Are you

certain all that is so?

PHILIP—Certain? Of course I am. I know intimately any quantity of artists and authors.

Peggy (disdainfully) — You speak

well of your friends.

PHILIP — Between friends should be nothing but the truth. Why, only last evening, I witnessed a scene which I wish you could have seen as well. It would have opened your eyes.

PEGGY—What was it?
PHILIP—Now, just imagine—— But I don't know how to reproduce the words, the gestures, the absurdities of one of those great men you admire so much.

Peggy-How foolish! Of course,

you can give me an idea.

PHILIP—Oh, ves. I have it, Peggy. Do you remember the games of our childhood, the little charades we used to act?

Peggy-Of course.

PHILIP-Well, let's go back to those.

Peggy-What do you mean?

Philip—Let's act a little play. I will be Fox, a poet of my acquaintance, and you take the part of Mrs. Fox. I return home at eight o'clock in the evening. You have been waiting dinner for me over two hours, uneasy and hungry. Naturally you say to me-

Peggy (entering into the spirit of the thing)-How late you are, dear.

PHILIP (acting)—Late! Late! What do you mean by that? Why should I be bound by time? To men of genius, there is no such thing as time!

Peggy-I have been waiting dinner. Philip-Oh, well, if you are dying of hunger, we might as well eat. (Ceasing to act.) And we sit down to the table. (They sit, one on each

side of the table.) I take my soup without uttering a syllable. Annoyed at my silence, you ask if I have any news of some one of our friends. (Acting.) What's that? Why do you talk to me? You interrupted a beautiful flow of thought. Well, what was it you wanted to know?

Peggy (acting)—If you had heard anything of our friends, the Mayfields?

PHILIP (acting)—They are very well. Oh, no, I forgot! Your friend, Mrs. Mayfield's terrier, has the whooping cough and her baby has had its ears

Peggy-What!

PHILIP (acting)—Eh? Oh, I beg your pardon. Of course not. It's the baby who has the whooping cough, and the terrier has had its ears cut. There, I hope you're satisfied. But, my dear, you really shouldn't disturb my valuable meditations to trouble me with these vulgar details. You would be better employed in giving me your opinion as to some verses I have written-my elegy, you know. (In a very affected tone.) "The Wails of the Winds."

Peggy-I am all attention.

PHILIP (ceasing to act)—Oh, no, you wouldn't answer like that.

Peggy-Why not?

Philip—Because you know that I have already read to you "The Wails of the Winds" a dozen times. So you would naturally say: "But, my dear, I have heard your elegy a dozen times.

Peggy (repeating)-But, my dear, I have heard your elegy a dozen times.

PHILIP (acting)—I have altered it. You say you know the alterations? But I have changed the punctuation of the last verse, which makes the sense quite different. No, tell the truth, madam; say that my poetry bores you.

Peggy-Oh, how can you say so? PHILIP—Because it's true. You prefer this stuff. (He picks up books and reads titles.) "The Idylls of the King." "In Memoriam." "Locksley Hall." Of course, Tennyson everywhere, and Fox nowhere! (Rising.) Don't you know it offends me to have my tables littered up with other people's poetry, while my own works are so hidden away

that I can't place my hand on them, when I desire to read over my pearls of thought!

Peggy (ceasing to act)-What! Is

Mr. Fox like that?

PHILIP (ceasing to act)—All poets are like that, my dear Peggy. (Aside.) Rather hard on them, perhaps! But I'll teach them to turn my pretty cousin's head!

Peggy (sadly)—All? Philip—All. In different ways, of course, but they are all disagreeable.

Peggy-What a shame!

PHILIP—But it isn't right to blame them too much. It seems that it is their very genius itself, a sort of chronic fever, which makes them so unpleasant.

Peggy-Ah!

PHILIP—Yes. One of my friends, who is a physician, even declares that they are afflicted with-with celabelosis. Peggy (uneasily) — Good gracious!

What's that?

Philip—A sort of mild insanity.

Peggy-Good heavens!

Philip—So, you see, dear Peggy, it is all right to admire these great men, but beware of marrying them.

Peggy (with melancholy resignation)

Perhaps you're right.

PHILIP-To be sure I am. To find happiness, you should choose for a husband a well-balanced, even-tempered man, who has a solid business-a-a stock broker, for instance.

Peggy (quickly)—What's that you're

saying?

PHILIP (embarrassed)—I was saving- I was saying that a man who would give you an unalterable affection, a devotion every instant of his life-

Peggy - That man would be a phœnix—yes, a phœnix; and he is to be

found among stock brokers?

Philip—Did I mention stock—

Peggy-Certainly. Well, let me, in my turn, enlighten you as to people whom you are very poorly acquainted with—at least from the point of view which interests us.

Philip—What do you mean?

Peggy-There is one of my old schoolmates, who has been married for over a year to a stock broker. In the summer, her husband leaves her alone in the country, and only comes to spend Sundays with her.

PHILIP—He couldn't do otherwise. He has to attend to business during the

Peggy-Wait! This husband, who ought to be six times more amiable than any other, since he gives only one day a week to his wife, is not even pleasant on that one day.

PHILIP—Nonsense!

Peggy-I, too, let me tell you, have been present at a family scene, and I wish you could have been there as well. It would have opened your eyes.

PHILIP (aside)—Ouch! She had me

Peggy-It surely was not of a nature to encourage a young girl to intrust her future to-to a stock broker.

PHILIP—Tell me about it.

Peggy-Now, just imagineno, I don't know how to reproduce the words, the gestures, the And yet --- Well, why not? Since you, my dear cousin, remember so well our childish games, suppose we continue our little play-acting, which is so instructive to both of us.

PHILIP (aside)—She is making fun

Peggy—This time I will be the husband, and you shall be the wife.

PHILIP-What? You-

Peggy-It is the simplest thing in the world. Here, take this cloak. (She picks up the cloak lying on the armchair.)

Philip—But, Peggy-

PEGGY (throwing the cloak over his shoulders)—There. Now I'll put on your hat. Costumes are a great help in acting. (She takes Philip's hat.)

PHILIP (awkwardly adjusting the cloak. Aside)-I must look like an ass.

Peggy-Now we'll commence. Ask me what's the news in New York. I have just come from there.

PHILIP—But— (Aside.) Ah, I

have an idea!

Peggy-Go on.

Philip—Very well. I will begin. (Acting.) Well, my dear husband,

come here till I kiss you. (Approaching Peggy.)

Peggy (recoiling) - What are you

doing?

PHILIP—Getting into the spirit of my part. It seems to me that, after six days of separation, the first desire of a wife would be to-or, rather, no, you are right, the first duty of a husband is to kiss his wife. So come and kiss me.

Peggy-I won't do anything of the

sort, sir!

PHILIP—Then the scene won't be realistic, and realism is everything on

the stage.

Peggy-Is it, indeed? Well, since you are so scrupulous, know that the husband I am representing does not kiss his wife, even after six days of absence.

PHILIP (aside)—That was clever of her. (Acting.) Well, dear, what news do you bring from New York?

Peggy (putting the hat upon her head and acting) - Oh, everything slumped! The stock market is demoralized. (She struts back and forth.)

PHILIP (amazed)—Eh?

Peggy-P. L. & W. went off three points. The bears had it all their own

PHILIP—What, he tells those things

to his wife?

Peggy—You don't think I could have invented them, do you? But let us go on. You ask me about something else.

PHILIP—Very well. I'll ask you if you've been to call on our friends, the

Days.

Peggy (acting)—As if I had time to make silly calls. I have to slave night and day at my business.

PHILIP—Poor dear!

Peggy (ceasing to act)—No! No! You take things altogether too easily. (Petulantly stamping her foot.) You're not playing your part well at all!

PHILIP—What must I say, then? Peggy-Ask me if I remembered the Sousa march which I promised to bring

PHILIP (acting)—I hope you remembered to bring me that Sousa march.

Peggy (acting)—March! March! Of course I forgot it, madam! You women with your errands! Once for all, I

have no time for such nonsense, and I refuse to endure it any longer. Well, what have you got that cloak on for?

PHILIP (surprised) - Why, Peggy,

you put it on me yourself.

Peggy—Be still. I am acting my part. (Acting.) What have you got that cloak on for? Do you think you're going to drag me over to your mother's to play whist? You answer: Certainly, my dear. Don't we go there every Saturday?

PHILIP (imitating) — Certainly, my dear. Don't we go there every Satur-

day?

Peggy (acting)—For two nights I have scarcely slept, and I intend to go to bed early to-night. No, madam, no whist for me. (Ceasing to act.) And I throw myself down in an armchair. (Sits right of table.)

PHILIP—And what do I do?

Peggy—You—you take up your embroidery. (She points to embroidery, which Philip takes, and sits left of ta-

PHILIP—And I embroider—like this.

(Pricks his finger.) Ouch!

Peggy-While I sleep soundly and snore. (Rising.) There, there's your

stock broker for you!

PHILIP (rising)—Don't think they're all like that. There are, among those you accuse so bitterly, men who adore their wives, who load them with loving attentions-with diamonds.

Peggy-Ah!

PHILIP—I know others—these are bachelors—who love in secret—their their cousin-

Peggy—Ah! What do you mean by

that?

PHILIP—Your father must have spoken to you of a certain project-Peggy—I don't understand you.

Philip—Oh, yes, you do, Peggy. You understand that I love you.

Peggy-At last you cast aside your

mask, sir hypocrite.

PHILIP—Is it hypocrisy that I have loved you since we were children together?

Peggy (piqued)—Confess, at least, that it was to get rid of your rivals you so slandered the poets.

Philip—I exaggerated a little—but not much.

Peggy—Very well, the future will tell me if you have been sincere. But, remember this—I shall never be the wife of a declared enemy of poetry and its noble representatives.

PHILIP-But-

Peggy—Say no more on that subject, or you will force me to leave you alone.

(She moves toward door.)

PHILIP—Stop! I will be the one to go. There is nothing more for me to do here. You have destroyed the dream of

my life.

Peggy—As you have destroyed mine. Philip—Yes, you have returned me evil for evil. And yet, Peggy, I think I suffer more than you. I have destroyed only a phantom of your imagination. You have dealt me a worse blow than that. Good-day. (He goes to door.)

Peggy—Philip!

Philip—No; good-by forever. (Exit

Philip.)

Peggy—He is really gone. Poor boy! I was cruel to him. But why did he play with me as he did? No matter; I have refused him scornfully-I-suppose I call him back-if only to soften the manner of his rejection. (She goes to window.) Especially as it is begin-(Perceiving Philip's ning to rain. overcoat.) Why, he has forgotten his overcoat. He can't help noticing that before long. (She looks out of the window.) Yes, he is stopping-he hesitates. Ah! He is coming back. (Dreamily.) We have passed so many pleasant years together, the best, perhaps. What a shame that his tastes should be so opposed to mine! (Smiling.) He is there, quite near. I must leave the window. He might see me and foolishly imagine that I was watching him. (She sits down and takes up the embroidery. Enter Philip.)

Peggy (without raising her head)-

Is it you again?

PHILIP—Yes, I again.

Peggy-What do you want?

PHILIP (passionately) — Peggy! (She looks at him severely. He changes his tone.) I forgot my overcoat.

Peggy-It is there, on the chair.

PHILIP (taking up the overcoat)— Thank you. And now, for the last time,

good-by.

Peggy—Won't you wait to see papa? Philip—What would be the use? Besides—uncle—I—the agricultural society—— (He throws down his overcoat and says, feelingly): Oh, Peggy, we are two children, and for an hour we have taken pleasure in hurting one another.

Peggy-Whose fault was it?

PHILIP—Mine—mine alone, and I beg your pardon. Will you give me your hand, as you used to?

Peggy-There it is, you bad boy!

(She rises.)

PHILIP—Thanks. But how foolish for us to quarrel so, when we could employ our time so much better. In the first place, there wasn't any sense in what I said about the poets.

Peggy-Perhaps I was a little hard

upon the stock brokers.

Philip—Some poets are charming. Peggy—Some stock brokers are very

PHILIP—And I adore them.

Peggy-The poets?

PHILIP—Do you want a proof of it? (He seeks in his pocket, and gives her a little volume.) There it is.

Peggy-"Evangeline!"

PHILIP—Yes. Longfellow is my favorite poet.

Peggy (with delight)-You love

Longfellow!

PHILIP—Yes—although a stock broker. You keep the accounts of the household, I see, in spite of your poetical tastes. (He points to account book.)

Peggy—Ah, don't let's begin again. The lesson has been learned. You have taught me that heart and intelligence exist in all professions. And (timidly) I think the poet I looked for has arrived.

PHILIP—And his name, Peggy?

Peggy—Wait, Philip. This evening, when papa has come back, I will tell you.

CURTAIN.



CHAPTER XXIX.

AM going home," Vane had said to the policeman on the Embankment. He caught the night mail, and, there being no carriage to meet him, for he had not telegraphed, he walked from the station in the gray

light of the early morning.

The butler who met him in the hall started and allowed an exclamation to escape him, an exclamation of surprise and dismay; for even so strong a man as Dalesford cannot pass through the fiery furnace of dissipation in which Vane had lived for the last few months scatheless; and he looked wan and haggard, the shadow of his former self.

"Don't disturb my father," he said.

"I will go and have a bath."

He went up the stairs quietly; but the earl was awake, and he knew his son's footsteps as he passed along the corri-

dor; and he called to him.

Vane stopped, hesitated for a moment, then opened the door and went into the room. The earl was sitting up, his eyes fixed hungrily on the door, but he said not a word as his hand closed on Vane's.

"You've—you've come back at last," he said, after they had looked into each other's eyes for a moment or two. "Caught the night train? You—you look tired. Yes, yes! I'm—I'm glad you are back, Vane; very, very."

He fought for composure, fought with the shock Vane's appearance gave

him, and forced a smile.

"Î'm afraid I awoke you, sir," said Vane, in the voice which had been habitual with him of late; the voice from which all the old joy and gladness in life had gone, leaving it weary and toneless.

"No, no; I was awake. I don't sleep very well now-not in the morning.

Oh, yes; I'm quite well—quite; a trifling cold now and then—gout, I dare say. You're looking"—he hesitated a moment over the flimsy falsehood—"well."

"A little off-color," said Vane, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I shall pick

up here soon enough.'

"Yes, yes; Mabel is here—she'll be glad. Your Aunt Selina too. I—I

think I'll get up."

"No, no," said Vane, laying a restraining hand on the arm of the old man, for in his excitement he made as if to get out of bed. "Wait until after breakfast. I'm going to have a bath.

I'll look in as I go down."

Both of the men hated "scenes," and though they both knew that Vane's return was something like that of the Prodigal, they mutually shrank from any signs of emotion even while their hearts were drawn to each other as, perhaps, they had never before been drawn.

The earl nodded. "You must be tired—the long night journey—you must rest. Get some breakfast——" He stopped and dropped back with his

face turned from Vane.

Vane had his bath and, when he went down, found Mabel waiting for him at

the bottom of the stairs.

"Oh, Vane!" she cried, as she noted the change in him; then she bit her lip and flung her arms round his neck and pressed him to her with girlish and yet maternal abandon. "I'm so glad you've come back! We've missed you so! It's such a long time, you see. Have I creased your collar?" with a laugh that belied the tears in her bright eyes. "Never mind; I don't do it often, do I? We're not a demonstrative family. But I'm so glad; and Bertie will be glad; he's coming here to lunch after shooting. Come in to breakfast. Aunt Selina's hurrying up; but we won't wait.



She went to him and put her arm over his shoulder with tender sympathy.

We'll have it alone as we used to do in the old times."

There was rejoicing in the servants' hall as well as "above stairs" at the return of the son and heir; there was a flush on the butler's face as he hovered about Vane, and the footmen cast respectfully welcoming glances at him as they served him with discreet assiduity.

Mabel chatted away to him on home and local topics as if Vane had only been absent a few weeks, but her eyes when they sought his face covertly grew troubled and anxious; for she saw that though he had returned he had brought no good news with him, and that he only made a pretense of eating—he who had been used to make of breakfast a

solid and substantial foundation for the

Presently, after the servants had left the room, he caught one of those covert glances, and, looking at her steadily, said:

"No, Mabel, there is no news."

"Oh, Vane!" she cried, in a low voice.
"I had hoped that you had found her!"

He shook his head and went to the fireplace, holding his hands over the logs, so that his face was turned from her. She went to him and put her arm over his shoulder with tender sympathy.

thy.
"And you can discover nothing?" she whispered.

"Nothing," he said.

As he spoke the earl entered; he had not been able to remain in bed. Vane turned to him as if suddenly nerved for a painful task.

"I have just been telling Mabel that there is no news of—Diana," he said, in a low, dry voice. "And I have searched——" He paused. "Even if I had found her, I should have gained nothing but the relief from suspense. Diana will come back to us of her own accord or not at all. I know her. There is no more to be said, and"—his voice broke for a moment, then he steadied it and went on bravely—"no more shall be said. Ask Aunt Selina, all our friends, to respect our silence, sir."

The earl bowed his head.

"My poor boy!" he murmured, inaudibly. "But you are right. I, too, know Diana, and feel that, while the cause of her flight remains, she will not come back to us. And—and—your plans, Vane? Have you made any; you're going abroad, perhaps?" he added, with an attempt to hide his anxiety and dread; for the companionship of his son meant much to him.

"No," said Vane, grimly. "I intend remaining with you, if you'll have me, sir."

The earl checked the cry of joy and relief that sprang to his lips.

"Are you sure that it is—wise, Vane? Change of scene and—"

Vane smiled grimly. "I've tried it,

sir," he said. "No; I will stay here and play my part-like a man, if I can. I've been behaving more like an hysterical woman up to now-beg pardon, Mabel; a woman would have known better than to seek forgetfulness as I have been seeking it. But that's done with." He made a gesture of renunciation. "That's a fool's game, and unworthy of-the woman I love and shall love till I die. No, no, I won't say any more!" he broke off, as the earl's lips twitched and his eyes filled with tears. "How are the birds this year? Bertie getting good sport? I wonder whether he has found any snipe in the lower marshes? There used to be a good many; but they fell off last season. That's the worst of draining. Shall we take a drive, sir, or aren't you up to it?"

"Yes, yes; by all means!" responded the earl, eagerly. "We'll meet Bertie Selby and pick him up. Where has he

gone, Mabel?"

"To the western woods," she replied, as promptly as if she were his keeper. "He'll be so delighted. Don't be late for lunch. I'll tell them to have some

of your favorite curry, Vane." Happier than he had been for many a sad and weary month, the earl sat beside Vane and talked about the estate as they drove along the well-kept roads to the western lodge; but he talked and listened with an occasional sinking of the heart; for he saw that Vane's cheerfulness was only forced and assumed. and that the iron had eaten deeply into his heart. It was difficult for the father to realize that this thin, haggardfaced man, with the grave, preoccupied air, was the Vane who had taken life so easily, as if the world had been made for him; and the sun bidden to shine that he might bask in the warmth and gladness of its rays.

Presently they heard the sound of a gun, and came upon Bertie. He exclaimed at sight of Vane, but he, too. saw that there was no good news, and abated the eagerness of his greeting. But Vane's manner plainly indicated that he wished to avoid any expression of sympathy, and Bertie quickly caught

the proper tone.

They talked game all the way home, and through the lunch at which Lady Selina, who had received a hint from Mabel, bore herself as if nothing were the matter, and Vane had merely returned from an ordinary visit to town.

It was not until Mabel and he were alone that Bertie gave vent to his feel-

"How shockingly ill and changed he is!" he said, in an awed voice. "He looks years older, and-have you no-

ticed his eyes?"

"Of course I have," said Mabel, impatiently; "but I don't let him see that I have; and don't you. What we've got to do is to treat him as if nothing had happened. Not to fuss over him, mind! If there's anything Vane hates it is fuss: and at the first sign of it he would be off.'

"I suppose it's all a question of time,"

remarked Bertie, sadly.

"Oh, is it?" she retorted, ironically. "How long do you think it would take a man to get over the loss of Diana?"

"I know how long it would take me to get over the loss of-you, Mabel,"

he said.

"Oh, do you? A few months, I imagine. But fortunately for you the question doesn't arise. You can't lose what you haven't got, you know.'

"Oh, Mabel, if you'd only give me

the right-" he pleaded.

"Now, don't talk nonsense," she caught him up. "I'm too busy-busy thinking of Vane, and wondering what I can do to help him; to think of any-

thing else."

Vane took up his new life with a quiet resignation which was indicative of the change that had come over him on the night Diana, unknown to him, had found him asleep on the Embankment and kissed him. He interested himself in the affairs of the estate, or, if he did not interest himself, he discussed them with the earl and Mr. Starkey, and visited the tenants and work people. Mr. Starkey now had no difficulty in getting a hearing from Lord Dalesford, and was both surprised and delighted to find that his lordship possessed a capacity for mastering details



In the smoking-room with his pipe-the old brier he had so often smoked when Diana was by his side.

and figures however intricate. His new mode of living did not cost a third of his old reckless and extravagant one, and he joined Mr. Starkey in planning economies and cutting down those expenses which might be spared without decreasing the comfort of the people on the estate.

Vane had always been popular, for the English tenant and laborer will regard his landlord and master with respect and affection even when that landlord and master is rather hard; and the Wrayboroughs had always been, if anything, too generous and lenient. Little wonder that the tenants' and people's liking for "the young master," as they called him, grew to genuine affection when they found that he cared for their well-being and spent most of his time making their lives more prosperous and comfortable; so that Vane, as he rode or walked over the estate, met with a warm and hearty greeting from all; and especially from the children, who quickly came to look upon him as a frienda friend, however, who was to be regarded with an affection mixed with awe.

Often, as he passed the little school, in which a new mistress reigned in Diana's place, he would turn back and look in at the children with a smile on his grave, sad face; and not seldom he would pick up some mite of a boy and

give him a lift on Jess; or walk through the woods with two or three children as close to him as they could get, while he asked them about their lessons, their games, the birds' nesting, in the manner of a true though older chum.

They missed him when he went to visit the other estates; and when he returned, the news went round the village and was received with anticipatory joy.

Sometimes Mabel or Bertie accompanied him on his walks and rides; and Vane talked and laughed, if not with the debonair carelessness of old, with an assumption of cheerfulness; but he preferred solitude, and spent many hours of the day on Jess, or tramping through the covers with his gun. And it was then, when there was no eye to see him, that he yielded to the spirit of sadness, the black shadow of memory that held him in thrall; it was at such times that he communed with the past, and his heart was filled with an aching longing for the girl whom he could not forget.

For the rest, he played his part with a manly fortitude, and, though he would fain have lived to himself and his memory of the days that had fled, he did not shirk his social duties. At the earnest request of the hunt he took over the hounds, and did his duty by them; and it was perhaps when he was riding after a good fox, with a keen scent and an

open country, that he found most relief from the black care that darkened all his days. He did not discourage the earl's natural desire to display hospitality, and dinners were both given and accepted—the old-fashioned dinners at which the earl shone so conspicuously: and Vane in genial courtesy would run a good second to his father. But when the guests had gone, Vane would stand in the hall and look out at the night with thoughts that wandered toward the dinners at which Diana had been the acknowledged queen; and long after the rest of the household had retired he sat up in the smoking room with his pipe-the old brier he had so often smoked when Diana was by his sideand gave himself up to the past.

Where was she? Should he never

see her, hear of her, again?

Sometimes he would go up to London, but his old haunts of folly and sin knew him no more. He would look in at his club for his letters, scarcely staying for half an hour, then wander about the streets, the quiet streets of the poor, his head bent, but his eyes searching every woman's face; and now and again he would see a face and a figure that were like Diana's; but as he got nearer the resemblance would fail, and his heart would sink. On one of his visits he heard that the marriage of Desmond March with Miss Bangs had been fixed for an early date; but the news did not interest him. Indeed, nothing was really of interest to him; and his old friends, when he met them, were chilled by the aloofness of his manner, and presently began to avoid him.

And all the time the loving hearts of Mabel and his father were aching for him. They saw that he was only playing a part, the part of the Spartan boy who strove to conceal the stolen fox that was gnawing at his breast. The earl had grave cause for anxiety; for he was too often assailed by the dread that Vane would never marry, and that the title would pass to Desmond March, the blackleg, the man whose evil reputation stank aloud in the old

man's nostrils.

To women Vane was always courte-

ous, far more courteous and well-mannered than he had been in the old days; but it was too evident that no one of them, be she as charming and beautiful as she might, could warm his bereaved heart with the glow of love.

"One doesn't love a Diana for nothing," said Mabel, with womanly shrewdness. "There is no one like her; no one. Vane will never marry anyone else."

"It isn't likely," Bertie responded, with warm concurrence. "Do you think that I could ever marry anyone else but—but one person in the world?"

"That's another question; and one that doesn't interest me," retorted Mabel. "Besides, you don't know what you may do—when you're a man."

Of course the sudden and complete disappearance of Diana was discussed in the servants' hall, and, though it was with bated breath and genuine sympathy that the servants talked over the matter, for Diana had won the hearts of every man and maid of the Wrayborough household, the subject was carried to the outside world; and by a natural coincidence it reached the ears of Miss Bangs—through her maid, who had a cousin at Wedbury.

Miss Bangs, whose breeding, unfortunately, was not equal to her wealth, encouraged her servants to gossip; and she listened with open ears—and mouth—to the story of Diana's flight; and an hour or two later, when Desmond March paid her one of his frequent

visits, she said:

"Have you seen your cousin, Lord

Dalesford, lately, dear?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, with a smile and a shrug of his shoulders. "Saw him in town not long ago. He looked awfully seedy, and was walking with his eyes fixed on nothing, like a man in a dream. Oh, I'm afraid his appearance is not very hopeful for me—for us," he added, quickly, to hide the thought that, in the event of Vane's death, Miss Bangs would have no cause to interest herself in his succession. "He's the sort of man to live to ninety—unless he breaks his neck by an accident. But he looks only the shadow of his former self, confound him."

"Perhaps he's fretting after his ladylove," suggested Miss Bangs, with a

giggle.

Desmond March hated her when she giggled, but he pricked up his ears and asked her what she meant; and Miss Bangs retailed her maid's tittletattle.

"Quite a romance!" he said; and he went to the window and looked out with a gleam in his eyes. "So that's what he is looking for?" he said, thoughtfully. "She's never been heard of, you say? Rather strange, isn't it?"
"Very," assented Miss Bangs, de-

lighted at this display of interest by her fiance, whom she usually found not easy to interest. "I wonder he doesn't set the police to work."

Desmond March smiled. It was not worth while explaining to Miss Bangs that the Wrayboroughs were not in the habit of placing their private affairs in the hands of the police.

"Oh, he'll find her presently," he said.
"Find her, and make it up and marry her—it would be just my luck."

He left the house soon afterward, and as he walked along his lids drooped and the eyes behind them were sharp

and hard, like those of a bird of prey. He was tired of Miss Bangs, whose infatuation for him filled him with disgust—and made him, much to his annoyance, think of Lucy. If that love-sick cousin of his were only out of the way, he, Desmond March, would be saved from Miss Bangs. If he were only out of the way! The words kept repeating

themselves at the back of his brain for the rest of the day: haunted him even while he w a s playing cards at the Apollo; and kept him awake as he lay at night staring into darkness. the Then sudden-March turned on the light and sprang out of bed and stood with white face and quivering lips as if he had seen or heard something that had filled him with terror.



Vane reduced the letter to fragments and dropped them on the fire.

The paroxysm passed quickly, and with a laugh he went to the spirit decanter and poured out some brandy.

"It's—it's madness!" he muttered, as he set down the glass. "Sheer madness. And yet—and yet—if it could only be done!"

CHAPTER XXX.

One morning Vane took up the postbag and unlocked it and began to sort

out the letters.

"They look uncommonly like bills, Mabel," he said, as he handed her batch across. "Except this one. Bertie's handwriting. He's a good correspondent—he went to London only the day before yesterday."

Mabel colored up and affected to

disregard the letter.

"Oh, I asked him to get me something, and, of course, he's forgotten all about it and is writing to say so. He's a nice boy, and I rather like him, but I wish he had some brains—oh, what is the matter, Vane?" she broke off, for, looking up, she saw that his face had gone deathly white.

"Nothing," he said, but his voice was husky and shook. He looked at his watch. "I must go up to town on business," he said. "Will you order the dogcart for me? I must catch this

train."

There was only just time to drive to the station, and he got into the train as it was moving. Not once, but twenty times he looked at the letter which had moved him so greatly, and at every reperusal his heart beat more quickly. From the terminus he took a cab to Lawyer Fielding's office, and found him alone and on the point of leaving.

He looked hard at Vane as he took

his hand.

"You have heard news?" he said. Vane nodded and returned the law-

yer's gaze inquiringly.

"You, too, have heard, know—!" he said, swiftly,

Mr. Fielding narrowed his eyes and shut his lips tightly.

"Whatever I may have heard or

know, Lord Dalesford, I am pledged to silence."

Vane made a movement of repressed excitement and laid the letter on the table. Mr. Fielding took it up and read it, his eyebrows rising.

"So she has written!" he said. "I did not think she would; for only yesterday she bound me to secrecy. But a woman

always does the unexpected."

"You can tell me no more than this? Can throw no light on the letter?" asked Vane, with feverish eagerness.

Mr. Fielding shook his head, then read the letter aloud. It was scarcely a letter, for there were only a few lines:

I am leaving England, but I cannot do so without seeing you once again. I will be at the end of Spencer Street, by the river, at Chelsea, to-morrow night at ten o'clock; and will explain everything. Destroy this. D.

"It is strange," said Mr. Fielding, musingly.

"It is typed; the envelope also is

typed," said Vane.

"Yes; so I see. There is a reason for that. Miss Diana has a typewriter. No, no; I cannot tell you any more! My lips are sealed. I can only ask you to wait until ten o'clock this evening. Please God the dark cloud that has hung over her young life and yours may be dispelled."

"God grant it!" said Vane. "For her sake I must respect her confidence in you. It is joy enough for me to know

that she is alive-and well?"

Mr. Fielding shook his head. "Not another question, I beg, my lord!" he said.

Vane inclined his head. "Give me the letter," he said; "she bids me de-

stroy it."

As he tore the paper across, Mr. Fielding made a motion as if to stop him, but checked himself; and Vane reduced the letter to fragments and dropped them on the fire.

"You will not have long to wait," said Mr. Fielding. "I hope you will go and eat something; you look——"

Vane smiled gravely. "I trust at ten o'clock my troubles—and hers—will be over," he said, significantly. "Yes; I



A girlish figure, after pausing for an instant, as if transfixed, rushed toward them.

will get something to eat. It is probable that you will see me to-morrow

morning-both of us.' Mr. Fielding drew some papers toward him and bent over them; but he could not work; and at last he got up and, calling a cab, had himself driven to Alpha Street, the street in which Diana still lived.

He heard the click of the typewriter as Mrs. Burton opened the attic door to him. Both women were in mourning -poor Lucy had been buried three days ago-and both were looking worn and weary. Diana had rented a second room and Mrs. Burton presently went into it, leaving Diana and Mr. Fielding alone.

How late you are working, my dear!" he said. "Is it necessary, is it generous?"

She shook her head as if she had answered the question before. want to see me? Is it about-Mr. Bourne? Have you seen him?" she asked, in a low voice.

"No," he replied. "No; I have seen some one else-Lord Dalesford."

"Is-is he well?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Well? Oh, yes. Better than he has been for some time-of course!" he answered.

She glanced up at the "of course." With a little nod at her, he said, rather sharply:

"Why did you change your mind and write to him?"

He had considerately turned away to the fire, and he did not see the start and the flash of surprise in her eyes.

"And why, if you had decided to see him, did you not meet him at my office instead of making an appointment at the end of Spencer Street, and at night?"

A few months ago Diana would have exclaimed with amazement and repudiated any such appointment; but she had waded through the waters of a bitter experience; and she was on the alert. the defensive. She remained silent; and Mr. Fielding shrugged his shoulders.

"I see you do not mean to tell me. Ah, well, I am glad you have acted as you have. If you had seen Lord Dalesford, the joy, the hope, in his eyes, notwithstanding his suspense! But his suspense will be at an end at ten o'clock to-night!"

"To-night!" Diana's lips formed the words, and she glanced at the cheap clock on the mantel.

"Shall I go with you?" asked Mr. Fielding. "I think I ought to do so; to be near if-if you should want me.

"No," she said, in a low voice. "I will go alone. I wonder whether I shall ever be able to thank you for all

you have done for me?"

"If you really feel any gratitude for my poor and quite inefficient services, my dear," he said, promptly, "you will act on the advice I gave you when-when we discovered whose child you were, and at once make Lord Dalesford happy. He has suffered agonies through no fault of his own. There, there! Don't cry! I can't stand that, as you know. Go and meet him and let him bring you to me in the morning. Oh, my child, don't wreck a good man's life-to say nothing of your own-for a mistaken sense of honor. Honor! 'Pride' is the word. There, there! Sure you wouldn't like me to accompany you? It's a lonely spot you've chosen."

"No," she said again; "I will go

alone.'

When he had gone she sat and gazed at the fire, her heart beating painfully fast. By whom had the letter been written? She could think of no one but Bourne. Had he sent the letter with the intention of bringing her and Vane together again? Had he? It was impossible for her to conjecture the reason, solve the problem; but there was one thing plain to her. She must be at the place mentioned, even if she did not disclose her presence.

Vane walked to his club, and while the chop was being served, went into the library and got a "Postal Directory"; for in his excitement he had omitted to ask Mr. Fielding where

Spencer Street was.

He forced himself to eat the chop, and drank a little wine; smoked a cigar afterward, and tried not to look at the clock or listen to its striking of the slow

pacing hours.

At last it was time he started! He sprang up with a flush on his face, his eyes shining, his heart beating fast. A footman helped him on with his coat, and as he gave him his hat said:

"A cab, my lord?" "No-yes!" said Vane.

He told the man to drive him to the large thoroughfare from which Spencer Street struck, and leaned forward with painful eagerness. Discharging the cab, he walked quickly down the street, and found himself in a small,

open space close to the river.

The night was dark, and the faint gleams of a feeble gaslight in a dingy street lamp just revealed the squalor of the place. In front of him some barges were moored to the shore; at the end of the street was a boarding round the tottering remains of a ruined house. There was no one in sight, no sign of life save that supplied by a cat crawling toward some scrubby shrubs that grew in the garden of an empty house.

Vane shuddered as he thought of Diana, whom he would have screened from every ill wind, every evil sight, coming to such a spot. But it did not matter; he would take her away. Lady Selina was stopping in town; he would take her there. Yes; she should not

leave him again!

A wheezy clock in the tower of a neighboring church chimed the quarter to ten. He sighed impatiently. Would she be late? No, he felt that she would not. He proceeded to pace up and down and had come to the end of the street when he heard footsteps behind him. Quite convinced that he was not deceived, he turned-to meet a tall figure that flung itself upon him with one hand upraised.

In the murky light Vane caught the gleam of steel in the menacing hand and instinctively gripped the arm of his assailant and tried to shout; but a strong arm was across his throat, pressing it to the point of suffocation, and he could

only struggle in silence.

He was weakened by illness-and, alas! past dissipation-and the man who had attacked him had the advantage of him. Setting his teeth, Vane tried to free his neck and wrench round the arm with the knife; the two men swayed from side to side, giving and taking inch by inch, foot by foot, as the unknown foe tried to free his arm and

force Vane to his knees or on his back. And moving thus, they came directly under the light of the lamp, and Vane saw that he was struggling with Desmond March.

The signs of recognition flashed in his eyes, and his lips framed the name. With a tremendous effort, inspired by fierce indignation, he pressed on Desmond March's breast with such force that March felt his breastbone giving, and with a snarl like that of a dog he, too, made a fearful effort and swung Vane round and almost to his knees.

At that moment, the critical moment, they both heard the scream of a woman; and a girlish figure, after pausing for an instant, as if transfixed with horror, rushed toward them.

Vane looked round and saw that it was Diana. His terror for her unnerved him and caused him to release his grasp. Desmond March shook it off, and with another snarl struck downward twice. Then, as Diana-flung herself upon him, he hurled her away and darted up the wharf. But suddenly stopped, for a man was coming toward him; not running, but slowly, and bent, as an animal is bent when it is about to spring.

He was almost upon March, had almost got his hands at his throat, when March swerved aside, dashed across the road and sprang upon one of the barges.

The man followed, but, in his blind rush, his foot slipped, and he fell into the hold; and Desmond March, leaping almost over him, gained the quay, and in an instant had disappeared.

So desolate, so unfrequented, was the spot—the bargemen were drinking at a neighboring tavern—that Diana's cries for help met with no response for some minutes, and in a frenzy of terror and anguish she knelt beside Vane, essaying to stanch the blood that flowed from his wounds, and every now and then calling upon him in distracted tones.

At last a policeman heard, and came running to the spot, flashed his lantern on the white, drawn face against her bosom, and blew his whistle.

"Let me see him, miss," he said.

"Why, he's a gentleman! And he's badly hurt, I'm afraid; stabbed in two places."

He looked at her suspiciously, and when, in a hoarse whisper, she said: "Yes, I saw him do it; he has escaped," he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a nasty place, this, miss," he muttered. "Scarcely a night but what there's something happens; and it isn't the first time highway robbery with violence has been done here. His watch is there, all right; and his money, too—I suppose you came up in time and frightened the man off? I wish my mate would come! Ah, here he is! Gentleman been stabbed, George, badly stabbed, I'm afraid. You get a cab at the top of the street and we'll take him to the hospital. You'd better come, too, miss. I'll try and stop the bleeding with my handkerchief."

The cab came rattling up, and Vane was lifted in, and with his head still on her bosom was driven slowly to the hospital

She was, of course, shut out of the examination room, but she threw herself down on the bench in the hall, and one of the policemen stood near her, as if on guard.

But presently the door opened and one of the house physicians came out to her

"Yes; he is alive," he said, answering the anguished inquiry of her eyes. "He has been badly stabbed; and but for your coming up as you did, I've no doubt that—— Ah, you're not going to faint? Porter, a glass of water!"

Diana put it to her lips, then rose, fighting against the deathly stupor that threatened to overcome her.

"Can—can I see him?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

The surgeon hesitated. "It's not usual; he is in a very critical condition. Well, I'll see."

He went away, but returned very quickly.

"Well, just for a moment," he said. "You will not speak?"

Her lips formed an assent, and she followed him into the room; and, closing her eyes for a moment, went up to

the bed on which Vane lay. Then, with clinched hands and throbbing heart, she bent over him and looked at his white face, as if her soul were in her eyes.

The surgeon touched her arm, and she followed him into the hall again, where the policeman was waiting for

her.

"We have found the gentleman's cardcase," said the surgeon. "You will like to know his name; he is Lord Dalesford. Let me see, that's Lord Wrayborough's eldest son. We shall, of course, communicate with the family at once."

The policeman drew nearer.

"I shall have to trouble you to come to the police station, I'm afraid, miss," he said. "I've kept the cab."

At the police station an inspector asked a few perfunctory questions, and

Diana was dismissed.

A guarded telegram was sent to Lord Wrayborough, and he and Mabel reached the hospital in the afternoon. Vane was conscious, but so weak that he could scarcely speak, and they sat beside him in speechless fear for a little while and then went sadly away.

CHAPTER XXXI.

As the clock struck the following morning, Diana, closely veiled, was among the small group of persons waiting in the hall; and presently the surgeon came out to her.

"I'll give you ten minutes," he said, gravely; "and I'm afraid I shall have to cut those short if he is at all excited. He is better, but—oh, very weak,

of course."

Fighting for calm, striving to bring the color to her white lips, to drive the agony from her eyes, Diana followed him into the room in which Vane lay.

"Diana!" breathed the man on the

The nurse went to the other end of the room, casting a meaning glance at Diana, who sank on her knees beside the bed, and, taking Vane's hand, laid it against her cheek in silence. He trembled at her touch, but controlled himself, for he knew that if he showed any excitement they would take her from him.

"Diana! Come back to me! Come back to me! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"Hush!" she said, her eyes filling with tears, her lips quivering. "Yes; I—I had to come; if—if only for the last time. Oh, Vane, Vane!"

He smiled at her.

"Not the last time, dearest," he said. There was silence for a moment, then he whispered: "The second time you have saved my life, Diana. And you think it does not belong to you—even now! You—you weren't hurt, dearest? The dread has haunted me, tortured me, even when I was able to think of nothing else."

"No, no," she said; then suddenly but firmly: "Vane, it was the same man! I saw him distinctly! Though

only for a moment."

He nodded almost carelessly. "Yes; it was my cousin, Desmond March." "Desmond March!" she bit her lip

to keep back the cry.

"Desmond March," he said. "How did you find out that he had written to me? Mr. Fielding— Ah, yes! Clever fellow, Desmond! Nice cousin! I didn't think he'd go as far as this. And yet"—he sighed—"he's a bad lot, Diana. But you have told no one?" he asked, with a touch of anxiety. "No, no, of course not!"

She shook her head. "No-I-I waited until I had seen you. I will do

just as you wish."

"Yes," he said, with a smile. "From this time on, dearest. Diana, why did you leave me?"

"Because—— Hush!" she faltered.
"There is not time, and—and I must

not excite vou."

"All right," he said, easily. "I can wait. It's enough for me that you have come back to me. How long the time has been! All right, nurse," he said, with a smile, as she came up to them looking significantly at her watch. "Give me another minute. This young lady is going to marry me when you've turned me out warranted sound."

The blood rushed to Diana's face,

and she fought with the mingled joy and misery in her heart: the joy of listening to his voice, of seeing his face, the misery that rose from the thought that she would soon hear and see him for the last time.

Something in his voice, as it hesitated and broke, touched the nurse, and, even while shaking her head, she drew back. He tried to rise on his elbow, but Diana stretched out her hand and laid it on his breast. He winced, then smiled up at her.

"I'll get up, right up, if you don't

slipped into a ward, and waited, trembling, until they had gone on, for she had recognized in them the earl and Mabel.

Immediately Vane was strong enough the detective was at his bedside; but he was surprised, and not a little disappointed, to find that his lordship could render him very little assistance toward the arrest of the assassin who had attacked him. It seemed that Lord Dalesford had no capacity for description, and no very clear idea of the kind of man his assailant was.



Diana sank on her knees beside the bed, and, taking Vane's hand, laid it against her cheek in silence.

kiss me," he said, with a touch of fever in his eyes.

What could she do? She bent and slowly let her lips touch his, her eyes streaming with tears. The nurse returned to the bedside with a stern resolve in her face.

"You must go now," she said. "I can't let you stay another minute, not one single moment!"

Diana, dropping her veil to hide her face, touched the nurse's hand gratefully and went out. As she was passing along the corridor she saw an old man approaching, leaning on the arm of a young girl. Diana drew back and

As he got better—but how slowly he progressed!—visitors came more frequently. The earl and Mabel lived only to count the hours they spent away from him. The earl would sit and hold his son's thin, wasted hand, scarcely speaking, but every now and then turning his pathetic eyes on Vane, as it to assure himself of the improvement in his condition. And Mabel, though she was not so silent and told him the news with characteristic comments, looked at him with a vague questioning in her glance. But Vane held his tongue. It was not yet time to speak.

Lady Selina came frequently; but

her chief desire was to get Vane to the house in Grosvenor Square, "to be nursed," as she put it, emphatically, ignoring the fact that he was being nursed with that absolute devotion and skill which can only be experienced at a hospital, with its staff of famous surgeons, and its band of self-sacrificing women, whose unselfish lives shine out like stars in this murky, selfish world of ours.

Of course Bertie came; and always came when Mabel was unaccompanied, and as invariably expressed surprise at seeing her. Vane would lie back and listen to them as they tried to hide their love-making under a mask of quarreling and arguing, a mask so palpably transparent that it made even the nurse

laugh.

Diana's visits were carefully timed, so that she should not meet the others. As Vane got stronger, her manner gradually changed. With her joy in his recovery was mingled the sadness of the coming parting; it was like a dark shadow on the happiness of the last few fleeting weeks.

"I am going to get up to-morrow,

dearest."

"If you are good," said the nurse, sternly. "I mean if you will sit still and

not insist upon walking about.'

"Avaunt, tyrant!" retorted Vane. "Do you know, Di, that if she had her wicked will she'd keep me here for the next six months. I'm afraid she's fallen in love with me. Oh, nurse, think of that other poor young man who trusts you so entirely. Oh, yes, nurse, I love you very much; but you see I'm engaged, like yourself, so that, alas! it can't be."

The nurse laughed. "Lord Dalesford is the most impudent patient I have ever had," she said to Diana. "I don't envy you."

Diana tried to smile, but the tears came into her eyes as she turned her

head away. Should she tell him today, tell him that she was not fit to be his wife, that, though she was not the daughter of a convict, she was his niece; had lived on his money; was contaminated by his relationship? Not to-day. Let her have one more day. Her plans were made, her resolution irrevocable.

He felt her trembling more than usual at their parting that afternoon, and he looked with loving scrutiny into her eyes. But she slipped from his arms and left him without a word.

Some time later that same day, the nurse came into the room and, after a moment or two of watchful silence.

said:

"There is another visitor, Lord Dalesford. It is a man-he will not give his name-who says he wishes to see you on a matter of the greatest importance. I have been down to the hall to see him, and I think from his manner it is business of importance. Will you see him for a few minutes only, if I let him come up?"

"Let 'em all come!" said Vane, cheerfully; another day or two and he would be out and able to "look after" Diana. Never again would he lose sight of her. It was of this he was thinking.

The nurse went down and presently returned and ushered in the visitor.

"A quarter of an hour," she said, as she closed the door on them.

That night Diana, bending over Mrs. Burton, kissed her and said, in a low

but firm voice:

"Mother, we are leaving England the day after to-morrow. I have not told you before because-I was afraid of Mr. Fielding, of-of everyone. But no one must try to stop me. We must go; we must!"

Mrs. Burton inclined her head.

"I understand, Diana," she faltered, meekly. "I shall be ready."



THE Horse Show frocks are finished—which means that the fashions for the season are

'At first glance it would seem as if all the new creations were designed only for the women who never have to give a thought to the cost of their frocks and frills.

But the women who are forced to make every cent count know differently. It has become an art with them to make much out of a little, consequently they see the new fashions through different eyes from those of the women of wealth.

To be sure, as far as appearances go, it does seem to be a most extravagant age; but many an imported gown can be duplicated for less than one-third the cost of the original, if one only knows how.

It is not only in the ability to combine fabrics and artistically manipulate trimmings that the New York and Paris dressmakers excel, but it is for this knowledge, combined with their study of the individual figure, that they receive such high prices.

It is an interesting fact in this age of extravagance to discover that the materials which the shops are showing are selling at quite moderate prices.

Broadcloth is the material of the hour, and yet it can be bought in a good quality and with a lustrous finish, fifty inches wide, at a dollar a yard. Soft finished silks come as low as fifty cents a yard, and there are crêpe-de-chines and éoliennes at seventy-five cents a

yard. Of course, there are high-priced silks, costly chiffon velvets and high novelty broadcloths at correspondingly high prices, but then it is pleasant to know that there is a changing scale of prices.

It is the same way with the laces and other trimmings. Of course, if one can afford it, one should have a separate waist of real Irish crochet or point Venise, but if one can't, there are many inexpensive heavy cotton crochet laces, which do very well in producing a smart effect. Deep band trimmings of embroidered silk, frequently woven with gold or silver threads, are among the fashionable skirt trimmings for evening gowns. That they are expensive goes without saving. However, very near the same effect can be obtained by buying the Pompadour or the brocaded ribbons which the shops are showing, and using them in the same way as the expensive bands of embroidered silk.

The girl who knows even a little about embroidery can do wonders with her needle in making effective and Frenchy-looking trimmings for her new frocks-for both machine and hand embroidery on bands, waistcoats, cuffs, revers and separate motifs are lavishly shown on the imported model gowns. If the lace is not real, separate motifs may be bought in the shops for very little money, and it is remarkable to see what clever results can be obtained by embroidering these separate lace flowers or designs in silk threads or a combination of tiny beads and gilt threads; and as a trimming, if artistically applied, they cannot fail to give an air of Parisian elegance to a cloth, silk or velvet costume.

A Fashionable Empire Coat



No. 5181—Empire Coat. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size 36 bust, 6½ yards of 24 inch material, 4¾ yards of 44 inch material or 4 yards of 52 inch material.

The Latest Princess Gown



No. 5179—Tucked Princess Gown with Flounce. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures. Quantity of material required for medium size, 36 inches, 13 yards of 21 inch material, 10 yards of 27 inch material or 61/2 yards of 44 inch material.

What the Children Are Wearing



No. 5160—Child's Tucked Plaited Dress. Pattern cut for 1, 2, 4 and 6 year sizes. Quantity of material required for 4 year size, 2½ yards 27 inch material, 2½ yards 32 inch material or 2½ yards 44 inch material, with 1 yard of banding for collar and cuffs.

WHAT the children are wearing is an ever changing subject, for they are constantly growing out of their frocks, to say nothing of wearing them out, and needing new ones.

For the woman who is dressmaker, seamstress and mother all in one, there never seems a time when the little folks of her family are not in need of some-

thing new to wear.

The new designs shown on these pages ought to be helpful to the busy woman. Though they are all in the latest style, they are yet simple and extremely easy to make, especially with the aid of the pattern which may be obtained for each one. Here are two smart little dresses, one for a kindergarten girl and one for a school girl somewhat older. The dress No. 5160 is a little one-piece model, tucked to give a box-plaited effect. It would be useful made up in heavy linen, so that it might be easily laundered; or it could be made of cashmere if preferred.

The other frock, for an older girl, No. 5170, is made with a waist and skirt which are laid in tucks that are turned toward one another, giving an inverted plait effect. The waist and skirt are joined by the belt, and the skirt is cut in five gores. A light-weight serge will prove a very serviceable material for such a dress, as will also poplinette. A deep red is a good color to choose, or nut-brown or lapis-lazuli blue.

A design which could be used either as a rain coat or a coat for general everyday wear is shown in illustration No. 5145. It is a simple double-breasted model, made with big pockets and the fashionable shawl collar. As for the material, cravenette cloth in any dark shade may be used, or serge or cheviot which have been submitted to the rain-proof process. If the small girl



No. 5155—Girl's Dress with Pointed Bertha. To be made with high or low neck, long or short sleeves. Pattern cut for 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. Quantity of material required for 10 year size, 5 yards 27 inch material, 4¾ yards 32 inch material or 4 yards 44 inch material, with ¾ of a yard 18 inches wide for the yoke and 3 yards of banding to trim as illustrated.

happens to have a fashionable mother, she will probably wear this coat made of gum satin, which is the newest mate-

rial for rain coats.

A practical coat for the littlest girl in the family is shown in illustration No. 5167. It would be very attractive made up in white corduroy or downy lamb's wool, or it would still look well in a dark shade of cloth trimmed with braid, if something more practical were desired.



No. 5145—Girl's Rain Coat. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. Quantity of material required for 10 year size, 4¾ yards 27 inch material, 2½ yards 44 inch material or 2¾ yards of 52 inch material.

Of course, even if she is a very hard working little school girl, she still needs a dress-up frock or two for party wear or Sundays. The dainty little model shown in illustration No. 5155 can be made with either high or low neck, or short or long sleeves. The waist is made over a plain body lining, and is trimmed with a becoming bertha, while the skirt is straight and gathered at its upper edge. The two are joined beneath the belt, which may be of ribbon, embroidery or velvet. Albatross would make up effectively into a dress of this sort, or silk cashmere or chiffon taffeta may be used.

The skirts of children's dresses are



No. 5170—Girl's Costume. Pattern cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14 year sizes. Quantity of material required for 12 year size, 6½ yards 27 inch material, 6 yards 32 inch material or 3¾ yards 44 inch material.

all very full this season, and the prettiest of the expensive frocks show much hand work in the way of fine embroidery and fancy stitches. Many of these little dresses are of white nainsook or cotton chiffon.



No. 5167—Child's Long Coat. To be made with full or leg o' mutton sleeves. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes. Quantity of material required for 6 year size, 4½ yards 27 inch material, 2¼ yards 44 inch material or 2½ yards of 52 inch material with 4½ yards of banding.

Coats for the College Girl

S MART indeed are the new winter coats worn by the college girl. No ordinary school-girl garments will please this most fastidious young woman, nor will styles designed for grown folks satisfy her. The college girl has become a most important person in the fashion world. Gowns and coats must be created for her alone, following the very latest ideas in design and trimming

No. 5169—Misses' Tourist Coat, Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

which can be adapted to her tall and slender figure.

There are, to be sure, any number of girls who are short and rather stout, but the general impression of a college girl is tall and slender—a girl who is constantly growing out of her clothes before they show any signs of wear, and a consequent source of much anxiety to the mother who makes them.

Odd effects are not disdained by this young woman, for she seldom wears her clothes more than one season, and can afford to have something out of the ordinary, leaving the more practical styles for her grown-up sister.

With the exception of a few short, fitted jackets of heavy cloth, the college girl's coats this season are three-quarter and full length. They afford ample protection on stormy days and keep her comparatively short skirts from flying about in windy weather.

Charming Empire coats of velvet or velveteen, with short yokes and full sleeves, are worn for dress occasions. The short-waisted effect is emphasized by bands of lace or Persian embroidery applied at the edge of the yoke.

More practical and suitable for everyday wear are the loose box or tourist coats of fancy worsteds or rough tweeds, with mannish velvet collars and cuffs. The newest coats are provided with convenient patch pockets that trim the plain, loose fronts, and will keep the tips of the fingers warm when the severe weather comes.

Illustration No. 5169 shows one of these coats made with loose fronts and backs, fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are faced and turned back to form revers. Fancy cuffs trim the regulation coat sleeves. Fullness at the back is drawn in with a narrow belt.

Protective rain coats have long since taken the place of the troublesome mackintosh, but for winter wear, even rain coats are not practical. It is a wise college girl who has her long coat made of cloaking that has been rain-proofed or "crayenetted." Completely

covered by this smartly-made garment, she may venture out in all sorts of weather, knowing that she is suitably dressed for sunshine or storm.

An excellent model for this kind of a coat is No. 5173. Tucks at the back give the effect of a double box plait above the belt, and provide ample fullness below. The fronts are fitted snugly with darts on the shoulders. The sleeves have abundant fullness on the shoulders, and are tucked to fit the lower arm closely. The neck is completed with a fancy collar, which is absolutely flat and does not interfere with the comfort. When fancy cloakings are used for this coat, collar, cuffs, belt and patch pockets of velvet make a most effective trimming. The plainer tailored finish is preferable

for broadcloth or beaver. Many outside garments this season are generously trimmed with buttons. are used for fastening, but a number are decoratively applied. This coat affords an opportunity of using buttons in two different sizes. They may be of bone metal. although quite the latest thing is a button covered with cloth to match the coat and finished with

wooden rim.

Coats with military capes have a jaunty air all their own, and are well liked by the college girl. 5173
Blue or gray coats have capes lined with red, yellow or white. The front edges are turned back, forming long, narrow revers, and fasten with buttons that may have been

No. 5173—Misses' Long Coat. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

borrowed from one of brother's uniforms to add a truly military touch.

House Gowns and Fancy Wrappers

HOUSE gowns-those dainty toilets designed especially for home wear -are, without a doubt, the most important costumes in the wardrobe of the woman with a limited purse. If she is clever with her needle, these dresses may be made at home with comparatively little cost, and attain an individuality of style and workmanship seldom found in dressmaker-made costumes.

There are many attractive and inexpensive woolen fabrics suitable for home gowns. Albatross, cashmere, voile and wool crêpe are among the prettiest; and all lend themselves gracefully to innumerable ways of tucking

and shirring.

The costume shown in Nos. 5166-5164 is an example of this sort of dress. The waist is tucked and trimmed with bands of Persian embroidery. sleeves show the latest tendency to keep all fullness above the elbow, and are finished with fitted cuffs or under-Tucks fit the skirt smoothly around the hips and provide fashionable fullness below that point. The deep, full flounce gives additional flare at the foot, while tucks at the lower edge increase the sweeping effect.

This style of dress may be worn at a home luncheon, afternoon tea or any informal function, when even the most elaborate tea gown would be out of

place.

Matinées and tea gowns may be intended exclusively for boudoir wear, but they are as tastefully trimmed and beautifully made as if they were to be used as evening toilets. Gowns of soft China silk, crepe meteor, louisine and crêpe-de-chine are so lavishly trimmed with lace that the foundation is almost concealed. Latticed ribbons and bands of insertion are fashioned into broad collars, ruffles and stoles. Empire body portions are trimmed with rows and rows of fine Valenciennes lace, giving a lovely, fluffy appearance to this part of

Room gowns that are easily slipped on and off appeal to the comfort-loving woman. While kimonos have been

worn for so many years that they long since ceased to be novelties, the newest ones are truly Oriental in appearance. This is, no doubt, due to the prevailing liking for everything Japanese, for the latest kimonos are most accurate copies of the Geisha girl's gowns. The most beautiful fabrics imaginable are imported direct from Japan, especially for kimonos, and can be purchased at any of the large shops. The embroidery is worked in gold and silver threads that never tarnish.

For short dressing sacques, popular fancy turns to the kimono shapes that reach about five inches below the waist line. Some are made with yokes, and others have the fullness on the shoulders tucked to a voke depth. Many are belted in at the back and loose in front, while the most comfortable looking ones hang straight from the shoulders. For these, one may find soft flannels, and even cheaper flannelettes, designed in highly colored Persian figures or more delicate backgrounds, with weird looking dragons or birds in several shades of the same color. Trimming bands of plain silk or flannel finish these gowns of fancy material.

Wrappers and loose kimonos are seldom seen outside of the wearer's own boudoir, but the most circumspect of women can appear at the morning meal in a dainty breakfast jacket, and wear it while she performs her early house-Some of these jackets hold duties. are exquisite little affairs made of wool batiste, albatross or veiling in white, or delicate shades of blue, pink and lavender. They have yokes of fine lace, to which the body portions are attached. The sleeves are quite complicated in design, seldom reaching below the elbow, although shaped ruffles, from eight to ten inches deep, are frequently attached to the arm bands. There are many different uses to which ribbon-run beading may be put in these jackets. It edges sleeves, ruffles and collars, or outlines yokes, while occasional rosettes of the ribbon add a distinctive note of color.



No. 5166—Fancy Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5164—Tucked Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

Fabulous prices are asked for handmade silken negligées, in which lingerie or "religieuse" tucks are arranged in clusters alternating with bands of lace. The return of old-fashioned smocking adds another to the now endless ways of introducing hand sewing. Here, too, the clever needlewoman excels, and can make garments equal to those imported from Paris.

Short matinées of sheer white fabrics or silk are usually accompanied by petti-

coats to match. The deeply flounced skirts are trimmed with many yards of lace and ribbon. These "boudoir sets" are trimmed to match the prevailing color in the room in which they are to be worn.

Home gown illus-No. 5093 trates a most fascinating indoor toilet made of Dresden silk, combined with crêpe in the palest shade of pink. White lace and black velvet ribbon are effectively applied. The gown has a graceful Watteau plait at the back, and fancy capes give a desirable broad effect to the shoulders. The full front is shirred and drawn in at the waist with velvet ribbon. The uncomfortable collar is omitted, and a soft lace frill used to finish the neck. Elbow sleeves are gathered to form two puffs. The pattern

provides for full-length sleeves and, standing collar.

All lists of necessary articles for school girls' outfits include one eiderdown bathrobe. These lounging gowns are worn in her room during study hour, and are made in some bright color, bound with silk of a contrasting shade. Bath robe No. 5180 is easily made. Loose fronts and backs are joined with shoulder and under-arm seams. The neck is completed with a

modish shawl collar. Loose flowing sleeves are trimmed with turnover cuffs.

Some girls prefer to have their bath robes made of Turkish toweling, and it is no wonder, because some of the new towelings are very pretty in design and coloring. It may be purchased by the yard, and a "bath complete outfit" made of one material. These outfits include bath robe, bath towels, and even slippers, to match. The slippers can be made by covering ready-made bath slippers with the toweling. Then, too, the bands of linen which finish the edges of the robe may be embroidered with the wearer's monogram in drop script letters. These are the simplest kind of letters to embroider, and may be traced with outline stitches worked with cotton.



No. 5180—Misses' Bath Robe. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.



No. 5093—Tea or Home Gown. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

New Fashions in Little Things

THE latest pocketbooks are a source of wonder to the uninitiated. Instead of being made purposely to carry solely the coin of the realm, they have hidden away in some mysterious manner not only such things as a papier poudre book, a tiny mirror, nail file and a small comb, but the very cutest little pair of collapsible opera glasses you could conceive of.

The gloves of the moment are twotone affairs. They are made of glacé kid and fasten with pearl stud buttons. The upper part of the glove turns over in cuff effect, to show that it is lined with a contrasting color. These gloves are very lovely in white, with the upper portion lined with peach color kid or faint almond green, but they are also shown in such shades as Burgundy red and orchid purple—made purposely to match the shade of the gown—while the upper portion is lined with a lighter shade of kid, reflecting in tone the costume's trimming.

Wide belts of gold ribbon or gold tissue are all the fashion; and gold ribbon is also used to hold in place fluffy

neck ruffs of tulle.

A white plaited tulle neck ruff, seen recently at a French importer's, was tied in front with gold ribbons, which were arranged with long loops and ends.

A big, fluffy, airy muff, which was for sale with the ruff, was also of white tulle, with gold ribbon streamers caught up in loops at each end.



A Simple Costume of Silk Serge

BROADCLOTH, the season's loveliest fabric, must divide honors with the new silk serge which tucks and drapes so gracefully and wears so well. This material is used for street or house gowns, and comes in all the rich fruit and wine shades, as well as the softer tones of rosewood, amethyst, China blue and linden green.

A simple costume of serge that may be used for many occasions is shown in illustration Nos. 5177-5178. The waist is quite elaborate in effect, while in reality it is very easily made. The foundation is a fitted lining, which should be carefully boned. Most of the new waists are mounted on boned lin-

ings.

The fronts and back are laid in wide plaits on the shoulders, which are stitched down to a yoke depth. The fronts also have narrow tucks in the center. Full puff sleeves are finished with deep cuffs. Trimming bands of lace are applied to give the effect of a bolero. The design may be used for a separate blouse and developed in any

of the fancy striped or spotted waist-

ings

The skirt is one of the most fashionable of the new plaited gored models. It fits perfectly smooth around the hips and fastens at the back under inverted plaits. Extensions at each seam below the hips are laid in plaits that turn toward each other. They are finished at the top with the pointed edges of a simulated yoke. Rows of machine stitching on the hem, and small buttons, add to the tailored finish.

Narrow velvet ribbon, which is so much used at present on gowns of all descriptions, could be attractively applied on this costume. Bands of lace on the waist may be replaced by velvet ribbon, and several rows of ribbon used

to finish the top of the hem.

The new shadow plaids are especially appropriate for plaited skirts with metal or bone buttons for trimming. The waist accompanying a plaid skirt should be made of plain material, of a color to match the most prominent shade in the plaid.



No. 5177—Fancy Blouse with Bolero Effect. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5178—Seven Gored Plaited Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist

measures.



No. 5144—Girl's One Piece Apron Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year

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A PRONS made of rubber sheeting are such serviceable little garments for after-school wear that mothers are glad of the protection they afford. When soiled they are easily cleaned with a damp sponge, and do not increase the size of the family laundry in such an alarming manner as lawn or gingham aprons.

A simple style for rubber sheeting is shown in illustration No. 5144. The apron is made in one piece, the straps being crossed at the back and brought over the shoulders. They are fastened to the front with buttons and button-holes worked through the pointed ends.

In its plain form, the apron is suited to chambray and gingham for ordinary wear. Very dressy aprons may also be made in any fine white material and attractively trimmed with frills of embroidery or lace.

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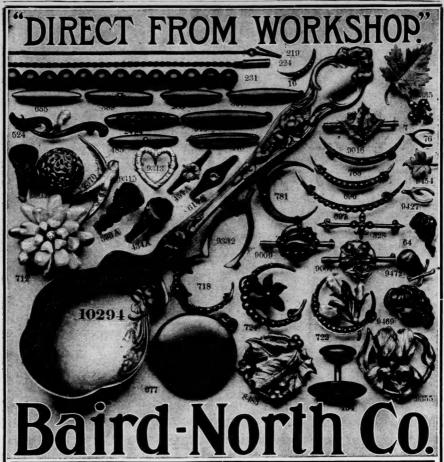
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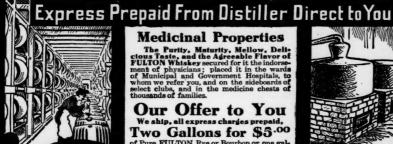
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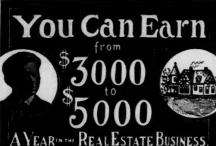
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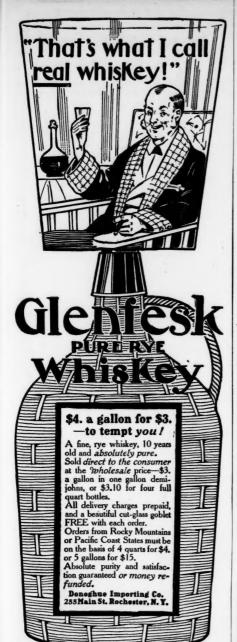
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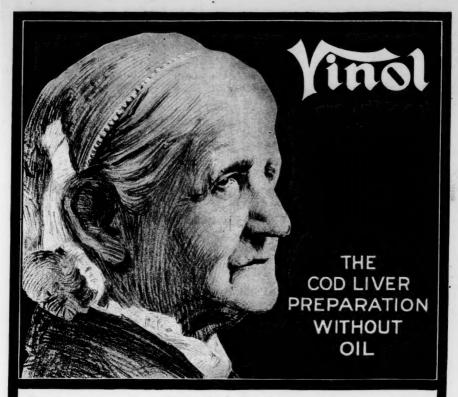
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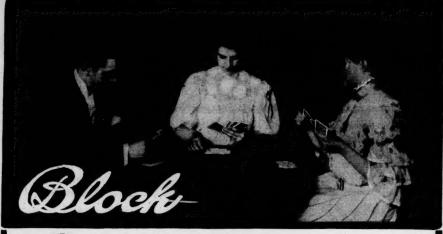
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